The Ground that Breathes Through All

A Journey into Energy, Cosmic Awareness, and Compassionate Intelligence

Introduction

The Ground That Breaths Through All

Beneath the movement of thought, beneath belief, fear, ambition, and the restless activity of becoming, there is a stillness untouched by time. It holds the stars and the human heart in the same quiet order. It is not yours or mine; it does not belong to any tradition or authority. It is the living essence of existence itself — the Ground that breathes through all.

This book is an invitation to come upon that Ground directly. Not through belief, method, or discipline, not through spiritual effort or philosophical argument, but through the simple, profound act of observing the mind as it actually is.

When one watches fear, hurt, pleasure, comparison, and ambition without judgement or escape, a new clarity unfolds. In that clarity, thought realises its own limitation. It becomes quiet — naturally, without force. And in that silence, awareness reveals a different order: an intelligence that is not personal, a compassion that is not cultivated, a love that has no opposite.

Energy, order, and intelligence in the cosmos are not separate from the energy, order, and intelligence in a mind that is free from the "me." When the noise of the self fades, this unity becomes perceptible. Compassion then is not an achievement, but the effortless fragrance of a mind without conflict.

For this reason, the cover of this book does not display the familiar image of deliberate meditation. Instead, it shows a surgeon at work — a human being acting with total attention, precision, responsibility, and care. This is not a symbol of profession; it is a symbol of presence. It reflects the timeless truth that the sacred is not found away from life, but in the

midst of it — in relationship, in action, in watching with complete attentiveness whatever one is doing.

These pages are not teachings to be followed. They are a mirror in which the movement of the mind may be seen clearly. And in that seeing, without authority, without conclusion, without motive, the Ground reveals itself — as pure awareness, as intelligence, as compassion, as the immeasurable movement of life.

May this book serve as a gentle companion in that seeing.

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The Ground as One Indivisible Movement

The Ground—
the immensely immense energy
from which all existence flowers—
is not divided.

Its expressions may appear different to the mind:
energy,
supreme intelligence,
cosmic order,
awareness,
life,
love,
compassion.
But these are not separate streams.
They are a single, indivisible movement.

Thought fragments them.
Thought says:
“First energy,
then intelligence,
then compassion,
then love.”
But the Ground has no sequence.
It has no before and after,
no cause and effect.
It is *one timeless pulse*.

In that pulse,
energy is intelligence,
intelligence is order,
order is compassion,
compassion is awareness,

awareness is love,
and love is the very fabric
of the cosmos itself.

To the mind conditioned by time,
this seems impossible.
We are trained to see life in stages—
growth, decay, success, failure,
evolution and progress.
But the Ground is not in time.
It does not evolve.
It is whole from the beginning.

When the mind is free of its fragmentation,
it perceives this wholeness directly.
In that seeing,
the divisions between energy and intelligence,
between awareness and compassion,
between the cosmos and the human heart,
vanish completely.

One realises that:

Awareness is compassion.
Compassion is intelligence.
Intelligence is order.
Order is love.
Love is the movement of life.
Life is the breath of the cosmos.
The cosmos is the unfolding of the Ground.

All are one movement—
not flowing into one another like steps,
but existing simultaneously
as the single flame of reality.

This is why the Ground cannot be sought.
It cannot be cultivated through practice,

nor approached through effort.
For anything reached through effort
belongs to time,
and the Ground is beyond time.

It flowers only
in a mind that is silent,
that is free of the noise of becoming,
that sees the futility
of its own fragmentation.

In such a mind
the Ground reveals itself
not as an idea
but as a living presence—
a stillness that holds galaxies,
a tenderness that heals sorrow,
an intelligence beyond measure.

Then one realises
that the immense energy of creation,
the supreme intelligence of the cosmos,
the order of the universe,
the light of pure awareness,
the fragrance of love,
and the compassion that dissolves suffering,
are not many movements
but **one movement**—
one seamless, sacred flow
without division,
without distance,
without the shadow of the self.

To live in that movement
is the essence
of true freedom.

***

The Ground—
that immeasurable vastness,
that immensely immense energy—
is not many things.
It is not broken
into layers of meaning
or steps of evolution.

It is one movement.

In that movement
energy becomes intelligence,
intelligence becomes order,
order becomes awareness,
awareness becomes compassion,
and compassion becomes
the quiet love
that holds the cosmos together.

But these are only words.
In truth
there is no “becomes.”
There is no sequence.
There is no path.

Energy–intelligence–order–awareness–love—
they are a single flame
seen through the prism of thought
as if they were separate colours.

When thought is silent,
the prism disappears
and only the flame remains.

The Ground is that flame—
burning without smoke,
moving without time,
unfolding without division.

In that flame,
life and cosmos,
mind and creation,
the seen and the unseen,
are one indivisible wholeness.

To touch that wholeness
even for a moment
is to know
a compassion without cause,
a love without object,
a clarity without effort.

For the Ground
never splits itself.
It is thought
that breaks the whole.

When the mind is quiet,
the Ground shines
as the single movement
of all existence—
the timeless pulse
from which
everything flows
and to which
everything returns.

One movement.
One flame.
One Ground.

And in that unity
is the beauty
of all life.

***

There is a ground—

not of belief,
not of tradition,
not of philosophy—
but a ground that is the origin
of all life,
all intelligence,
all compassion.

It is not separate from the universe;
it *is* the universe.
It is not separate from the human mind;
it is the very source
from which the mind arises
before it is shaped by thought.

This ground has no centre
and no circumference.
It is not yours or mine.
It is not Eastern or Western.
It does not belong to saints or sages.
It is the untouched,
undivided,
unmeasured reality
that quietly sustains all things.

The ground is not something to be found—
one cannot seek it,
because seeking implies distance.
The ground is here
when the self is not.

Thought cannot enter it.
Desire cannot touch it.
Fear cannot cloud it.
For the ground is not an experience
produced by the mind.
It is the vastness

that becomes visible
only when the mind is utterly still.

When thought ends—
not through discipline,
not through force,
but because it sees its own limitation—
there is a silence
that is not of time.
In that silence
the ground reveals itself.

The ground is energy—
but not the energy of force.
It is the energy of being,
the energy that holds galaxies together
and keeps a seed alive
in the dark earth.

The ground is order—
not the order imposed by systems or control,
but an order that flows
like the rhythm of tides,
the cycle of seasons,
the precise unfolding of life
in every form.

The ground is intelligence—
not the cleverness of thought,
but the compassion
that sees the whole movement of life
as one movement.

When the ground touches the mind,
there is clarity.
When it touches the heart,
there is compassion.

When it touches action,
there is no conflict.

To live in the ground
is to live without division—
to see the world
without the shadow of the “me,”
to respond to life
without the distortions of fear,
ambition,
or memory.

The ground is always unfolding,
moment by moment.
It unfolds in a leaf,
in a star,
in a human glance,
in silence,
in sorrow,
in joy.
But its unfolding is distorted
when the mind clings to accumulation—
accumulated knowledge,
accumulated hurts,
accumulated images.

To see this distortion
is the beginning of wisdom.

When the mind frees itself
from the weight of the known,
the ground flows through it
like a clear river
moving without resistance.

Then one lives
not from thought

but from a deeper intelligence—
the intelligence of the ground itself.

And in that living
there is peace,
there is beauty,
and there is a love
that belongs to no one
because it is the very fragrance
of the ground.

***

There is a ground—
silent, timeless,
older than the first star,
nearer than your own breath.

It is the ground
from which all things rise
and into which all things fall—
the pulse behind creation,
the flame behind awareness,
the breath behind life.

This ground is not far away.
It is not hidden in scriptures,
nor guarded by any guru.
It is here—
beneath the noise of thought,
beneath the shadow of the “me,”
beneath the restless movement of becoming.

When thought quiets itself,
like dust settling after a long storm,
the ground reveals its face—
clear, vast, untouched.
The ground is energy,
not the energy of effort,

but the effortless radiance
that moves galaxies
and causes a single leaf
to open at dawn.

The ground is order,
not the order created by discipline,
but the living harmony
that flows in the wind,
in the curve of a river,
in the quiet intelligence
of a compassionate act.

The ground is love—
not desire,
not attachment,
not sentiment,
but the love that exists
when the self is not.

In a mind free of accumulation—
free of yesterday's wounds,
free of tomorrow's ambitions—
the ground unfolds
moment after moment,
like a river that never repeats
its own waters.

But when the mind clings
to what it has gathered—
to knowledge,
to beliefs,
to images,
to the heavy stone of the "me"—
the natural unfolding is clouded.

To see this clouding
is the beginning of light.

And in that light
the ground moves again—
pure, unbroken,
breathing through all things.

To touch this ground
even for a moment
is to feel a different kind of life—
a life without conflict,
a life without division,
a life that is whole.

You do not walk toward this ground.
You **fall into it**
when the walls of the self
quietly dissolve.

For the ground is not found—
it is revealed
in the stillness
where the heart listens
and the mind is quiet.

And in that stillness
you discover
that the ground is you,
and you are the movement
of the ground.

***

Before time whispered its first second,
before darkness learned to hold light,
before creation took its first breath—
there was the Ground.

Not a place,
not a heaven,
not a hidden realm for the chosen—

but an immeasurable presence,
a vast, luminous stillness
from which all things arise
and into which all things return.

This Ground is the womb of stars,
the cradle of galaxies,
the silent intelligence
that spins the universe
without effort.

It is the breath
behind your breath.

It is the flame
behind consciousness.

It is the unfathomable depth
behind a moment of pure awareness.

When the mind is restless,
caught in the web of becoming,
the Ground remains hidden—
not because it withdraws,
but because thought creates
a veil of its own noise.

The Ground is always here,
glowing beneath the surface
of every heartbeat,
every leaf,
every movement of life.
It waits for the mind
to become simple again.

When thought falls silent—
silent without resistance,
without suppression,

without the struggle
to be silent—
the Ground reveals itself
like a dawn breaking within.

In that inner dawn
you feel a presence
vaster than the universe,
yet closer than your own pulse.

The Ground is energy—
not mechanical energy,
not the energy of motion or force,
but the sacred vitality
that animates existence,
the current of life
that flows through star and cell alike.

The Ground is order—
not the order of systems,
but the cosmic rhythm
that binds galaxies,
that turns seasons,
that moves the tide,
that guides the unfolding of a flower
as though singing it into life.

The Ground is compassion—
not sentiment,
not emotion,
but the essence of unity—
the truth that nothing is separate,
that all beings are woven
into one seamless fabric of existence.

In the light of this Ground,
the “me” dissolves
like mist in the morning sun.

For the “me,”
with all its fears,
its ambitions,
its wounds,
its endless pursuit—
is only the shadow
cast by thought.

When the shadow ends,
the Ground shines.

And in that shining
there is no seeker,
no path,
no journey.
There is only seeing—
pure, unmediated,
like the first vision
of a world just born.

In such seeing
you do not touch the Ground;
the Ground touches you.
It moves through you
as clarity,
as gentleness,
as the effortless intelligence
that knows exactly
when to act
and when to be still.

Every moment becomes sacred
because every moment
is the Ground
unfolding itself.

To live in this unfolding
is to be free of fear,

free of conflict,
free of the heavy burden
of becoming.

It is to live in a dimension
where time has no authority,
where sorrow ends effortlessly,
where love is as natural
as the light of a star.

The Ground is not separate from you.
It *is* you
when you are not anything.

In the silence
where the self disappears,
you are the Ground—
and the Ground
is the infinite heartbeat
of creation itself.

***

In the beginning that never began,
before a single star dared to shine,
there was the Ground—
a vast, formless radiance
breathing without breath,
unfolding without time.

It is the Root of all roots,
the Invisible Source
from which galaxies spiral
and a single tear forms
in the corner of a human eye.

The Ground holds both immensities—
the explosion of a supernova

and the trembling of a leaf—
in one indivisible movement.

It is the heartbeat of the cosmos,
beating in silence.

It is the intelligence in a cell,
awakening without instruction.

It is the hidden order
that keeps a star from collapsing
and a human being from breaking
when compassion suddenly fills the heart.

The Ground is not somewhere else.
It is not a throne above the clouds,
not a realm beyond death.
It is here—
beneath the noise of thought,
beneath the architecture of the self,
beneath the restless echo
of yesterday's sorrow.

When thought quiets itself,
like dust settling in a long-abandoned temple,
the Ground becomes luminous.
It rises from within
like a slow dawn
spreading across a dark horizon.

You feel it in the vastness of the night sky,
in the humility of a desert,
in the echo of a mountain valley
that answers without words.

You feel it in yourself
when the "me," with all its anxieties,
steps aside.

For the Ground is energy—
not the energy of motion,
but the energy of being,
the silent tide
that lifts worlds into existence.

The Ground is order—
the cosmic mathematics
written into the architecture of space,
the dance of stars
that never stumble.

The Ground is compassion—
the soft gravity
that binds life to life,
that makes a human being
feel the pain of another
as his own.

When the mind is unburdened,
when it is free of accumulation,
the Ground flows through it
like starlight through a clear window.

Then perception becomes vast,
action becomes effortless,
and love becomes the natural fragrance
of the heart.

To touch this Ground
is to touch the very intelligence
that sustains the universe.
Not as a mystical experience,
not as a reward,
but as the simple flowering
of a quiet mind.

For in the silence
where the self ends,
you discover
that the Ground is not apart from you—
the Ground is what you are
when nothing stands between you
and the infinite.

And in that moment
the cosmos recognises itself
through your eyes.

***

The ground of life—
the immeasurable, timeless source—
unfolds itself
moment to moment.
It is a movement of pure creation,
a continuous flowering
that needs no direction,
no interpreter,
no controller.

But this unfolding becomes distorted
the moment the mind begins to accumulate—
accumulated knowledge,
accumulated hurts,
accumulated images,
accumulated conclusions.
From this accumulation
springs the “me”:
the centre that wants,
the centre that fears,
the centre that clings.

And where the “me” operates,
the natural unfolding of life
gets polluted.

It is like a clear stream
that becomes muddy
the instant hands stir its bottom.
The water itself is pure,
but the movement of the “me”
clouds it.

Krishnamurti would say:
Life is always new.
It is thought that is always old.
And when the old interferes with the new,
there is conflict.

When memory, belief, and desire
interfere with perception,
the unfolding of the ground
loses its grace.
It becomes twisted
into patterns of becoming—
“I must be better,”
“I must succeed,”
“I must become spiritual,”
“I must not fail.”

But when the mind is quiet—
not disciplined into quietness,
not forced,
not suppressed—
but simply quiet
because it sees the futility of its own noise,
then the ground unfolds
in extraordinary simplicity.

There is grace in that unfolding,
because there is no distortion.
There is no “me”
to interfere with the moment.
There is only the movement of life
revealing itself
in its own rhythm.

This unfolding is intelligence.
It is compassion.
It is order.
It is the cosmic tide
that flows through every living being.

In such a state
there is no past interfering with the present,
no accumulated shadow colouring perception.
One is the unfolding itself—
a movement without centre,
a clarity without conclusion.

To live in this unfolding
is to live without conflict,
without effort,
without the burden of becoming.
It is to be in harmony
with the ground that breathes through all things.

***

The Ground is not a place.
It is not a realm above the stars,
nor a secret hidden in holy books.
It is the immeasurable—
the vast, luminous womb
from which all existence rises
and into which all existence dissolves.

And this Ground,
this immensely immense energy,
is not divided.

To the mind caught in time
it appears as many things—
energy,
supreme intelligence,
cosmic order,
pure awareness,
life,
love,
compassion.
But these are only reflections
of a single, timeless reality.

In truth
there is no separation.
Energy is intelligence.
Intelligence is order.
Order is the heartbeat of awareness.
Awareness is the fragrance of compassion.
Compassion is the very body of love.
And love is the hidden architecture
of the cosmos.

All are one movement—
one sacred pulse
breathing through eternity.

Thought divides this wholeness
as a prism divides white light
into colours.
It says:
“First energy,
then order,
then love.”

But the Ground knows no such steps.
It is complete
in every moment.

When the mind becomes still,
still as a moonlit lake
that receives the stars without rippling,
the Ground reveals itself.
Not as an experience,
not as a vision,
but as a living presence—
an immense, silent radiance
moving through all things.

In that radiance
there is no centre.
There is no “I” to observe,
no “you” to separate,
no path to walk.
There is only the one flame—
the flame that births galaxies,
that sings through the wind,
that breathes through a newborn child,
that flowers as compassion
in a human heart
freed from fear.

This is the Ground—
the eternal, indivisible movement
where cosmos and consciousness
are one.

To touch it
is not to enter another world
but to awaken to this one—
stripped of illusion,

stripped of time,
stripped of the shadow of the self.

For in the Ground
everything is one sacred pulse:
energy, order, intelligence, love—
a single, infinite movement
without beginning,
without end.

And in that movement
lies the mystery
and the immeasurable beauty
of existence.

***

Across the endless sweep of existence,
beyond the reach of time,
before the first star learned to shine,
there is the Ground—
a fathomless radiance,
an ocean without shores,
the heart of all hearts.

This Ground is not many things.
It has no fragments,
no layers,
no hierarchies.
It does not unfold in steps—
first energy,
then intelligence,
then compassion.
It unfolds as one boundless movement
where everything is everything.

In the Ground,
energy is intelligence,

the fire that holds galaxies in their spiralling dance.
Intelligence is order,
the silent mathematics behind the birth of worlds.
Order is awareness,
the light that sees without the shadow of the "me."
Awareness is love,
the gentle gravity binding all life to all life.
Love is compassion,
the fragrance of a cosmos that knows no separation.

They are not different currents.
They are one cosmic tide
flowing through creation
as a single, seamless pulse.

But thought cannot see this.
Thought breaks the whole
into glittering fragments
and calls each fragment a truth.
It says:
"This is energy.
That is love.
Here is order.
There is compassion."
Yet this division
is only the mind reflecting the Ground
through the prism of time.

Remove the prism—
and the Ground is one flame.

When the mind becomes clear,
clear as the night sky
untouched by dust,
this oneness is felt
not as an idea

but as the living breath
of existence.

You feel it in the slow rising of a moon
lifting itself through space
with silent majesty.
You feel it in the pulse of your own heart
that beats without permission,
sustained by a mystery
older than the stars.
You feel it in the tenderness
that arises without cause
when you truly see another human being.

For the same Ground
that spins galaxies
moves as compassion
in a single human mind
when it is free of illusion.

In that moment
the cosmos is not outside you.
It is not vastness “out there.”
It is the depth of your own awareness
unfolding without the interference of thought.

Energy–intelligence–order–awareness–love–compassion—
these are not separate notes
in a long cosmic song.
They are one chord,
one eternal vibration,
one immeasurable movement
singing itself
through every star,
every tree,
every breath,
every moment of pure seeing.

In this seeing,
you are not the observer.
You are the movement itself—
a wave in the infinite ocean
of the Ground.

One Ground.
One cosmos.
One sacred, unbroken,
boundless movement.

***

There is an immeasurable ground —
not a concept, not something to be believed in —
but the very essence of existence itself:
immensely immense energy,
supreme intelligence,
and perfect order.

From that ground arises the whole of manifestation —
matter, life, mind, and the stars.
The same intelligence that holds the galaxies in their rhythm
beats in the heart of a bird,
moves in the sap of a tree,
and breathes through every living being.

Matter is not apart from the ground;
it *is* the ground, condensed.
Life is not separate from matter;
it is matter quickened with awareness.
And compassion is not something added later —
it is the fragrance of that very intelligence
when the mind is quiet.

So, there is only one movement —
energy, intelligence, order, compassion —
not divided, not sequential,
but one indivisible reality.

The only disorder in this vast harmony
is within the field of the human psyche —
in thought.
Thought, being the movement of the known,
is a mechanical, electro-biochemical process.
It has its place in the practical world,
but when it enters the realm of the psyche,
it creates the illusion of division —
the "me" and the "not-me,"
the observer and the observed.

That illusion breeds fear, conflict, and sorrow.
It is like a wave that believes itself separate from the sea.

When the mind sees this whole movement clearly —
not as an idea, but as a living fact —
the illusion of division ends.
Then thought falls silent in its own understanding.
And in that silence,
the ground, the cosmos, and life
are perceived as one and the same.

The perceiver *is* the perceived;
the observer *is* the movement of life itself.
Then there is order —
not imposed, but natural, timeless, whole.

***

Before space stretched,
before time whispered,
there was only the Ground—
immensely immense,
beyond direction or name.

A stillness
that is energy,
an order
that is intelligence,

a wholeness
that is compassion.

From that infinite silence
arose the dance of matter—
not apart,
but of the same essence.
The stars were born of it,
and the atom sang its song.
In each leaf, in each heartbeat,
that supreme order breathed.

Matter became life;
life became aware.
Yet the flame that burns in the sun,
the pulse that beats in man,
and the tenderness that heals—
are not three things,
but one indivisible movement
of energy, intelligence, and love.

Only in the field of the psyche
did disorder arise—
a ripple called *thought*,
the echo of memory,
the electro-biochemical murmur
that said, *I am separate.*

From that whisper
sprang the world of conflict—
the seeker and the sought,
the image and the dream.

But when that movement is seen
for what it is—
a mechanical shadow,
a reflex of the past—
it dissolves in the light of seeing.

Then the observer is no more;
only observation remains—
pure, whole, timeless.

In that stillness,
the Ground and the cosmos
and life itself
are one breath.
Order flowers without effort,
compassion flows without motive,
and silence is the song
of the eternal.

***

Compassion is not something to be cultivated.
It is not born of effort, discipline, or practice.
It is not sentiment, emotion, sympathy, or pity.
All these belong to the realm of thought,
and thought is always partial.

True compassion is the **expression of the Ground**—
the immeasurable source of all existence—
moving through life.

The Ground is pure order:
the order of the galaxies,
the precision of a leaf unfolding,
the rhythm of birth and decay,
the silent harmony that holds
the entire cosmos together.

When that Ground manifests as life,
as you and me,
its order expresses itself as **compassion**
—if the mind does not interfere.

But when thought creates the "me,"
with its fears, desires, attachments,
its ambitions and hurts,
the natural order of the Ground

is blocked.
It becomes distorted,
fragmented,
narrowed into self-concern.

Compassion disappears
when the self occupies the heart.

But when the self is not—
when the mind sees the illusion of the "me"
and lets it go without struggle—
the order of the Ground
flows freely through life.

That flow **is compassion**.

Compassion is not a feeling you generate.
It is the intelligence of the universe
moving without obstruction
through a mind that is quiet,
through a heart that is empty of self.

Just as gravity keeps the stars in place,
compassion keeps human relationship
in harmony.
Just as order governs the cosmos,
compassion governs a life
that is free from the "me."

Compassion is the cosmos
acting through a mind
that has ended conflict.

It is the fragrance
of the Ground
when thought is silent.

Poem

Compassion is not a feeling,
not a virtue to be grown,

not a tenderness practised
by the willing heart.

It is the Ground itself
moving through life—
the silent order of the cosmos
expressing its beauty
in human form.

The stars keep their rhythm
without intention;
the river finds the sea
without effort.
In the same way,
compassion flows
when the mind is quiet,
when the self is not.

Thought cannot touch it.
Thought may imitate kindness,
may cultivate goodness,
may rehearse noble words—
but compassion is beyond all this.
It belongs to another dimension,
beyond time,
beyond motive,
beyond the narrowness
of the “me.”

When the self fades,
like mist in morning sunlight,
the order of the Ground
shines through.
And that shining
is compassion—
limitless,
natural,
whole.

It is not yours or mine.
It has no boundary,
no preference,
no reward.
It is the breath of the universe
moving freely
through a heart
that is empty of self.

Compassion is the cosmos
alive within us,
the vast intelligence of creation
acting through a mind
that has ended conflict.

It is the fragrance of the Ground
when thought is silent,
the music of existence
when the "me" is gone.

***

The Ground is not a concept,
not a belief,
not a metaphysical idea.
It is the source from which all existence unfolds—
the source of energy,
of intelligence,
of order,
of awareness,
of compassion.

To speak of the Ground
is to speak of the immeasurable.
It is **immensely immense energy**—
not the mechanical energy of machines,
not the emotional energy of the mind,
but the living, integral pulse
that moves the stars in their courses,

that shapes the leaf,
that breathes through all creation.

It is **supreme intelligence**—
an intelligence not born of thought,
not cultivated through experience,
not sharpened by knowledge.
This intelligence is inherent in existence itself:
in the rhythm of tides,
in the arc of planets,
in the precision of a cell dividing,
in the compassion of a mind
that has ended its centre.

It is the **cosmos**—
not as something external,
but as the totality of order
in which all life takes place.
The Ground is the order behind all movement,
the harmony that holds
the smallest grain of sand
and the largest galaxy.

It is **thought-free awareness**—
the stillness in which perception is whole,
the clarity in which the observer dissolves,
the silence in which truth reveals itself.
This awareness is not cultivated;
it arises when the noise of thought ends.

And it is **compassion**—
not sentiment,
not the polite kindness of society,
but compassion as the natural expression
of a mind free from division.
When the self is not,
compassion flows
as effortlessly as fragrance from a flower.

These are not different qualities,
not different realms.
They are **one indivisible movement**—
the movement of the Ground.

Energy is intelligence.
Intelligence is order.
Order is awareness.
Awareness is compassion.
Compassion is the Ground
acting through life.

To divide these is to lose their essence.
To see them as one
is to touch the sacred.

The Ground is not reached by effort;
it is revealed
when the mind is quiet,
when thought knows its own limitation,
when the “me” has ended
like a shadow disappearing in light.

Then the Ground
is not something outside you.
It is not separate from you.
It is the very movement
of your being
when the self is absent.

That movement
is the sacred.
That movement
is life.
That movement
is the Ground—
one, indivisible, immeasurable.

Poem

The Ground is not an idea,
not a vision,
not something to be sought or imagined.
It is the silent source
from which all life unfolds—
the pulse behind the star,
the whisper behind the leaf,
the breath within all breathing.

It is **immensely immense energy**—
not the energy of effort or desire,
but the endless movement
that spins galaxies into being,
that shapes the seed,
that holds the universe
within a single, timeless order.

It is **supreme intelligence**—
an intelligence not born of thought,
not sharpened by memory,
not limited by knowledge,
but the intelligence
that brings harmony to the cosmos,
precision to a falling leaf,
compassion to a mind
freed of the "me."

It is the **cosmos itself**—
a vastness without centre,
a beauty without beginning,
an order that sustains
every particle of existence.
This order is not imposed;
it is the very nature of the Ground.

It is **thought-free awareness**—
a stillness where perception is whole,
where seeing is without the seer,
where the heart is unburdened
by the past and its shadows.

And it is **compassion**—
not the sentiment of emotion,
not the softness of virtue,
but the boundless tenderness
that flows naturally
from a mind without division,
a mind that knows itself
as part of all life.

These are not many things,
but one.
Energy is intelligence.
Intelligence is order.
Order is awareness.
Awareness is compassion.
Compassion is the Ground
moving as life.

To divide them
is to lose sight of the whole.
To see them as one
is to touch the sacred.

When thought falls silent
and the “me” dissolves
like mist in morning light,
the Ground shines of itself—
immeasurable,
indivisible,
alive.

In that shining
you are not separate.
You are the movement
of the Ground
in the simple act
of being.

*****

The Ground Is Existence, Awareness, and Compassion

To say *"the Ground is existence, awareness, and compassion"*
is true —
but only if we understand the immensity behind those words.

For Krishnamurti, the **Ground** is not a concept,
not a belief,
not an idea shaped by thought.

It is **that which IS**
before thought begins,
before the self appears,
before experience accumulates.

It is the **source of all movement**
yet itself unmoving.
It is the **order of the cosmos**
expressing itself in every leaf,
every star,
every heartbeat.

It is not *your* awareness
or *my* compassion.
It is not personal.
It is not divided.
It is not born in time.

It is the **one indivisible movement**
from which all creation flows.

The Ground is Existence

Not existence as "I exist,"

not continuation of the person,
not survival of the self.

Existence here means:

- the fact of being without centre,
- the fact of life without becoming,
- the fact of presence without identity.

It is existence
without the burden of the "me."

The Ground simply *is.*

The Ground is Awareness

Not awareness manufactured through discipline,
not concentration,
not mindfulness,
not the trick of watching thought
with another fragment of thought.

This awareness is:

- choiceless,
- effortless,
- without direction,
- without motive,
- without observer.

It is a flame that burns by itself
the moment the mind stops interfering.

Awareness is the **light of the Ground**
shining through the brain
when the "me" is quiet.

The Ground is Compassion

Not sentiment,
not morality,
not duty,
not pity,
not the opposite of cruelty.

Compassion is the natural perfume
of a mind
that has ended conflict.

When the self is not,
compassion *is*.

It flows without asking,
without expecting,
without choosing.

It is the action of intelligence,
not the action of thought.

The Ground is indivisible.

Existence, awareness, compassion
are not three qualities
but **one single movement.**

They arise together,
flow together,
end together.

You cannot separate:

- existence from awareness,
- awareness from compassion,
- compassion from intelligence,
- intelligence from order,

- order from the cosmos.

To separate is the movement of thought.
To see as one is the movement of truth.

Krishnamurti would also say:

You cannot reach the Ground
through effort,
through ideas,
through moral striving,
through spiritual ambition.

The Ground is not at the end of a path.
It is only revealed
when the mind becomes utterly quiet
—naturally quiet—
because it sees the falseness
of every movement of the self.

When the "me" ends
completely,
totally,
without residue—

the Ground shines
as existence,
as awareness,
as compassion,
as the whole of life.

It is not attained.
It is uncovered.

It is what has always been.

Poem

The Ground
is not a place you reach,
not a summit you climb,
not a secret hidden in scriptures
or in the minds of the wise.

The Ground
is the pulse of existence itself—
the quiet breathing
of a universe without beginning
and without end.

It is the stillness
before the first star opened its eyes,
the silence
before thought carved its first word
into the mind.

The Ground
is awareness—
not the strained watching
of a restless observer,
but the effortless light
that shines
when the watcher dissolves.

It is the clarity
that needs no training,
the seeing
that has no motive,
the flame
that burns without fuel.

The Ground
is compassion—
not sentiment,
not the trembling of the heart
for another's sorrow,

but the untouched fragrance
of a mind
that has ended conflict.

When there is no “me,”
compassion flows
like a spring in the desert,
unasked,
unmeasured,
unbound.

The Ground
is all these
and none of these—
for existence, awareness, compassion
are not three rivers,
but one indivisible sea
moving as a single wave.

Break it apart,
and the mind creates illusion.
See it whole,
and the mind becomes still.

And in that stillness,
the Ground reveals itself—
not as something attained,
but as what has always been:

the immense energy
that holds galaxies in its hand,
the silent order
that breathes through every leaf,
the nameless love
at the heart of all life.
The Ground is you
when you are not the “you”
you think you are.

It is the vastness
that remains
when the self
has ended.

***

Before time began,
before light learned to shine,
before space stretched its ancient arms
across the velvet emptiness,
there was *only the Ground*—
silent, immeasurable,
overflowing with a presence
that has no name.

The Ground
is not something outside you,
nor something within.
It is not above the stars
nor hidden in caves of the heart.
It is the very fabric
from which both stars and hearts are woven.

It is existence—
not the small, fragile existence
of a person seeking survival,
but the cosmic being-ness
that hums beneath galaxies,
whispers through dark matter,
and breathes through the dust
from which worlds rise and fall.

It is awareness—
not the watchfulness of the thinker,
but the ancient, boundless clarity
that existed
before thought was born.

A light that illumines itself
without needing a flame,
a seeing that is older
than creation's first dawn.

It is compassion—
not an emotion,
not a stirring of the heart,
but the infinite tenderness
inherent in the very order of the cosmos.
The same compassion
that lets a star collapse
to give birth to light,
that lets a seed split
to become a forest,
that lets life rise and dissolve
without fear,
without resistance.

The Ground is not three things—
existence, awareness, compassion—
but one indivisible mystery
moving as all three
in a single cosmic breath.

You can hear it
in the rhythm of galaxies,
in the curve of a leaf,
in the rise and fall
of every living chest.
It is the unbroken song
that binds the universe
into one seamless, sacred whole.

The Ground calls to you
not through scriptures,
not through prophets,

not through doctrines,
but through silence—
a silence so vast
that the self cannot enter.
A silence so deep
that thought loses all authority.
A silence so alive
that it becomes the music
of the cosmos itself.

To touch this Ground
is not to ascend,
not to achieve,
not to purify,
but to **end**—
to end the illusion of separateness,
to end the centre that resists,
to end the "me" that seeks.

And in that ending
you discover
what has always been here:

The Ground is the beginning
and the ending
and the space between.
It is the star
and the emptiness around it.
It is the heartbeat
and the silence that holds it.
It is life,
it is death,
it is love,
it is awareness—
one infinite, indivisible movement.

To live from this Ground
is to live as the cosmos lives—
without fear,
without division,
without becoming.

Just a vast,
luminous unfolding,
moment to moment,
in the eternal now.

***

The Ground is Orderly Existence, Thought-Free Awareness, Compassion

The Ground of all existence—
the source from which stars are born
and into which they disappear—
moves in absolute order.
Not the order made by discipline,
not the order imposed by authority,
but an order that springs
from a boundless intelligence.

This Ground expresses itself
in every leaf that opens,
in the rhythm of the tides,
in the birth and death of galaxies.
It is a movement without confusion,
without division,
without conflict.

Thought cannot touch this Ground.
Thought is of time;
the Ground is timeless.
Thought is a fragment;

the Ground is whole.
Thought can function beautifully
in the field of action,
but it cannot enter the realm
of the sacred.

When the mind sees the limitation of thought—
sees it clearly,
without resistance,
without escape—
there is a silence that is not cultivated.
A silence that comes naturally
when the noise of becoming ends.

Out of that silence
arises **thought-free awareness**—
a state of deep attention
in which the observer and the observed
are not separate.
This awareness is not effort,
not concentration,
not control.
It is simply seeing,
as the sky sees the bird,
without preference,
without distortion.

And in that awareness
flowers **compassion**.
Compassion is not sentiment,
not pity,
not goodness arranged by thought.
It is the natural fragrance
of a mind that is free
from the centre of the self.

Compassion is the order of the Ground
made manifest in daily living.
It is intelligence in action,
love in action—
a love without boundary,
without motive,
without measure.

So, the Ground,
thought-free awareness,
and compassion
are not separate movements.

They are one movement—
one indivisible flame.

The Ground **is** order.
Order **is** awareness
when thought is quiet.
Awareness **is** compassion
when the self is not.

In that unity
life becomes whole,
simple,
and sacred.

Poem

The Ground of all things
moves in perfect order—
not the order of rule or discipline,
but the order of the stars
finding their paths in silence,
the order of a leaf unfolding
without effort.

It is an order
born of a vast intelligence,
an ancient stillness
from which all life arises
and to which all life returns.

Thought cannot touch this Ground.
Thought is small—
a tremor of memory,
a spark of the brain,
a fragment caught in time.
The Ground is boundless,
whole,
beyond the reach
of the word.

When thought sees its own limit,
the mind grows quiet—
not forced,
not trained,
but quiet as a lake
when the winds have gone.

From that quiet
flowers thought-free awareness—
a seeing without the seer,
a clarity without choice,
a perception untouched
by the past.

In that gentle, choiceless light
something sacred appears:
compassion.

Not the compassion of emotion,
not the pity of the strong
for the weak,
but compassion as being—

the natural fragrance
of a mind without a centre,
a heart without a boundary.

The Ground
is this awareness.
This awareness
is compassion.
Compassion
is the order of the Ground
moving as life.

They are not three,
but one flame—
one indivisible movement
of creation and ending,
silence and love,
order and beauty.

When the self is absent,
this flame burns naturally
in the heart.

And in that flame
life becomes whole,
simple,
and immeasurably sacred.

*****

The Order

The ground of existence—
the source from which all things arise—
moves in extreme order.
Not the order made by man,
not the order of discipline or control,
but an order born of profound intelligence.

Look at the stars in their timeless rhythm,
the curve of a leaf,
the pulse of the heart,
the birth and death of galaxies—
each movement held
in an immeasurable, unbroken harmony.

There is no disorder in the cosmos.
The cosmos knows no confusion;
it knows only the flow of energy,
the flowering and ending of form,
the dance of creation and dissolution
in perfect unity.

The disorder we see
is not in the ground
but in the human mind.
It is born of thought—
thought that divides,
that measures,
that compares,
that seeks its own continuity.

Thought breaks the wholeness of life
into fragments:

me and *you,*
mine and *not mine,*
life and *death,*
success and *failure.*
And in these fragments
it creates conflict
and calls it reality.

But thought is limited—
an electrochemical movement
carrying the residue of memory.
It can function beautifully in the field of action,
but when it enters the realm of the psyche
it breeds confusion.

The mind then projects its own disorder
onto the world
and says, *"Life is chaotic."*
But the chaos is in thought,
not in life.

When the mind sees this clearly—
when it observes thought
as it actually is,
without escape,
without justification—
then thought falls silent
in its own understanding.

In that silence,
the extreme order of the ground
is revealed.
It is not something to be attained,
not something to be practised;

it is always there,
waiting behind the screen of thought.

When the illusion of disorder ends,
life unfolds
in the same vast intelligence
that moves the stars.

And in that movement
there is compassion,
there is beauty,
there is the sacred.

Poem

The ground of all things
moves in a vast, unbroken order—
not the order of rules and reasons,
but the order of the stars,
of the tide,
of a leaf unfolding at dawn.

In that ground
there is no confusion,
no conflict,
no separate centre.
Only an endless intelligence
flowing as creation and ending,
silence and song,
breath and stillness.

But the mind looks at the world
through the dust of thought
and cries, *"There is disorder,*

there is chaos,
there is darkness."

The darkness is in the mind,
not in the ground.
Thought divides
and lives in the division—
the "me" and the "not-me,"
the past and the future,
the hope and the fear.

From this narrow cell of thought
arises the disorder we call life—
the struggle,
the sorrow,
the endless search for meaning
in fragments.

But thought is a small thing,
a trembling spark of memory
moving through the brain.
Useful for the day's labour,
fatal in the field of the heart.

When the mind sees thought
for what it is—
a limited movement,
a tool and nothing more—
then noise ends
like a wind falling asleep.

And in that quiet
the immense order of the ground
shines everywhere—
in the touch of sunlight,

in the cry of a bird,
in the simple act of being.

Then life flows
with the same intelligence
that guides the galaxies.
And that order,
that vast compassion,
is the sacred
behind all things.

*****

Truth is a pathless land

To see that **truth is a pathless land** is not a matter of belief;
it requires a mind that is **free**,
a mind that is alive with inquiry,
a mind that questions, doubts, and does not accept
authority—
whether that authority is ancient or modern,
Eastern or Western,
religious or psychological.

But to doubt is dangerous—
dangerous not to truth,
but to the structure of the self.
Because doubt shakes the foundation of everything
the mind depends on for security:
its beliefs, its gurus, its methods,
its comforting rituals,
its carefully cultivated hopes.

When you question—truly question—
you begin to see the false as false.
And that is what people fear.

Systems are offered everywhere:

- meditation systems,
- yoga systems,
- spiritual ladders,
- psychological techniques,
- step-by-step enlightenment packages.

These systems promise security:
“Do this and you will be safe.”

“Follow this and you will succeed.”
“Practice this and you will attain the highest.”

This promise of safety
is what makes systems popular.
People want to be **guided, protected, enclosed**,
because inwardly they feel uncertain,
fearful,
lonely.
They long for a hand to hold,
even if that hand leads them into illusion.

And so, systems become **rackets**—
perhaps sophisticated,
polished,
ancient,
ornamented with scripture or science—
but still rackets.
The moment you surrender your own intelligence
to a method or a teacher,
you cease to observe for yourself.
You cease to learn.
You cease to be free.

Institutions—religious, spiritual, political—

have never liberated man from sorrow.
They have offered explanations,
promises,
hopes,
beliefs—
but the ache of loneliness remains,
the fear of death remains,
the struggle for identity remains.

We know this.
Yet systems continue to attract
the **thoughtless**,

the weary,
the frightened.
Because systems give the illusion
of certainty.
They give the illusion
of progress.
They give the illusion
of protection.

But truth has no path.

A path implies a distance,
a goal,
a traveller,
a method,
and continuity in time.
But truth is not in time.
It is not the result of accumulation.
It is not reached through practice.
It is not attained by becoming.

When someone says, *"There is no path,"*
there is immense beauty in that statement—
because it places the whole responsibility
on **you**.
On your own clarity,
your own perception,
your own seeing.

There is great strength
in a mind that rejects all authority
except the authority of direct observation.

But most people turn away from this
because they are frightened
to stand alone.
To be inwardly naked,
without the coverings of belief,

without the comfort of systems,
without the security of tradition.

Yet it is only in such aloneness

that the mind becomes truly free.
And only a free mind
can discover
that truth is indeed
a pathless land.

Poem

To see that **truth is a pathless land**,
your mind must be free—
free to look,
free to question,
free to doubt.

And doubt, my friend,
is dangerous—
dangerous not to truth,
but to the fragile structure
of the “me”
that seeks comfort
in belief.

A mind that doubts
has already stepped out
of the familiar.
It begins to ask,
“Do systems really help,
or have they become
subtle rackets?”

Whether the racket
is draped in Indian tradition

or Western philosophy,
whether it speaks Sanskrit
or psychoanalysis—
it is still a racket
when it promises salvation
in exchange for obedience.

For the moment you accept a system,
you feel enclosed,
protected,
safe—
or you think you do.
And because most people
are frightened inwardly,
frightened of being alone
with themselves,
systems become immensely popular.

It is easier to follow a method
than to look at oneself.
Easier to bow to a teacher
than to face one's own fear.
Easier to repeat mantras
than to watch the movement
of thought.

Institutions have never saved man—
not political institutions,
not religious ones.
They have not freed him
from sorrow,
from pain,
from loneliness,
from the deep ache of existence.

We know this.
History shouts it.

But systems still attract
the weary,
the thoughtless,
the frightened—
for systems offer
the illusion of certainty,
the illusion of progress,
the illusion of protection.

But someone says,
"There is **no path**."
And in that simple declaration
there is an immense beauty,
an extraordinary strength.

For it invites you
to walk alone—
not in isolation,
not in despair,
but in complete freedom
from authority,
tradition,
and the tyranny of methods.

Yet you reject it—
not because it is false,
but because you have grown
accustomed to safety,
accustomed to guidance,
accustomed to the walls
that imprison you.

To stand without a system
is to stand without support.
To stand without a teacher
is to stand without comfort.

To stand without belief
is to stand without illusion.

But only in this aloneness—
this vast, inward unclinging—
does the mind become
utterly clear.

And only such a mind
can discover
that truth
is truly
a pathless land.

*****

On God

Man has sought God through centuries—
in temples of stone,
in words carved by tradition,
in the echo of his own fear.

He has built images
out of his longing for comfort,
called them sacred,
and bowed before them.

But that which is made by the hand or mind
cannot be the timeless.
The image may glitter in sunlight,
but its maker still trembles in darkness.

Belief is born of fear—
the fear of being alone,
the fear of death,
the fear of not knowing.
Out of that fear we create
the protector, the father, the eternal friend.
And thus, the mind that invents God
is worshipping itself.

Truth is not in the word “God,”
nor in the chants that praise it.
It is not in the scriptures
nor in the saints who interpret them.
It cannot be found through the path of time,
for time itself is the maker of illusion.

To find the real,
the mind must come to the end of the search—

not to despair,
but to stillness.
When thought is silent,
when the seeker disappears,
there is a vastness without center,
a light without source.

That is not a God of man's making.
It has no name,
no church, no scripture.
It is the sacredness that comes
when the heart is utterly still—
when love and intelligence are one.

In that silence,
the heavens are not separate from the earth,
nor is the human apart from the divine.
The flower, the star, the tear, the smile—
all are movements of the same timeless essence.

When the mind is free of the image,
the sacred is.
And in that seeing,
God is not found—
He is no longer needed.

***

Man built God
when fear entered his heart.
He shaped the Infinite
in the image of his longing,
and knelt before his own creation.

He called it holy,
sang hymns to it,
and wept for mercy—
but it was his own voice
echoing in the empty chamber of desire.

The hand that made the idol
trembled with fear;
the lips that prayed
still carried the poison of thought.

He sought the Eternal
through the movement of time,
but time can never touch
what has no beginning and no end.

He asked, *"Where is God?"*
and the question itself
was the wall that hid the answer.

God is not in temples nor texts,
not in the words that divide,
nor in the beliefs that bind.

When thought grows silent
as a leaf before dawn,
when the heart has no motive
to seek or to find,
then there is something
that is not made,
not imagined,
not born of fear.

It is not yours or mine—
it simply *is*.
It breathes through all things,

moves in the flower and the star,
and whispers in the still mind
that has ended its search.

The sacred cannot be sought,
for seeking is separation.
It is there
when the seeker is not.

Then love is,
order is,
the vast intelligence of life is—
and one no longer says “God.”
For in that silence,
nothing is named,
and all is holy.

*****

Belief destroys the Sacred

Belief is detrimental to life —
not only to human life,
but to the life of the earth itself.

Belief divides.
Belief blinds.
Belief becomes the screen through which one looks,
and what is seen is no longer truth,
but the projection of one's own fear and desire.

Man believes in God,
and in that belief he finds comfort —
a promise of protection,
a hope beyond death.
But the very need for comfort
is the seed of illusion.

When one believes in God,
one ceases to *see* the sacred.
Belief becomes the substitute for perception.
One no longer listens to the song of the bird,
no longer feels the wonder of the sunset,
because the mind is filled with the image of what *should be.*

Religion, born of belief,
becomes organized thought —
an institution of authority,
a system of fear.
Men kill, hate, and sacrifice
in the name of what they believe.
They divide humanity
into believers and non-believers,
holy and unholy,

and upon that division
they build their altars.

But what is belief?
A word, a memory, a thought —
nothing more.
And thought is of time;
it is born of the past,
and therefore can never touch the eternal.

Belief in help from God
is belief in one's own helplessness.
Belief in salvation
is belief in one's own bondage.
Thus belief nourishes fear
and calls it faith.

When the mind clings to belief,
it cannot see what *is*.
Only the mind that sees directly —
without the lens of doctrine,
without the noise of hope or fear —
comes upon the sacred.

That seeing is intelligence;
that intelligence is compassion.
And in that compassion
there is true religion —
not born of belief,
but of understanding.

Belief destroys the earth
because it divides man from man,
man from nature,
and man from himself.
But when belief ends,

there is attention —
and in that attention,
the whole of life flowers.

***

Belief is a veil
that darkens the eyes.
It promises heaven
and builds walls on earth.

Man believes in God
because he fears himself;
he believes in help from above
because he will not look within.

He kneels before the image
his own thought has carved,
and worships the echo
of his longing.

Out of belief is born religion—
with priests and rituals,
with words that divide the living flame
into holy and unholy.

Men sacrifice love for faith,
kill for peace,
and pray for compassion
while their hearts are closed.

Belief is the shadow of fear;
it grows where light is not.
It blinds the mind
and numbs the heart.

To believe is to stop seeing.
The flower fades

when you name it sacred.
The sacred is not to be believed in—
it *is*,
when the mind is silent.

When belief ends,
the sky is vast again,
the tree is a miracle,
and the heart beats with the earth.

Then love is not of creed or cause;
it is like rain—
falling on all things,
without measure or memory.

In that love,
there is no believer and no unbeliever,
no temple and no altar.
Only the living silence
that holds the stars and the heart
in one unbroken breath.

When belief ends,
life begins—
fresh, untamed, whole—
and the sacred
is everywhere.

***

Belief in God —
is it truth,
or a tranquilizer?

When man suffers,
he turns to belief.
He says, *"God will help me, God will protect me."*

In that very hope
is the seed of illusion.
Belief gives comfort,
and comfort dulls the ache of fear.
But to escape fear
is not to end it.

Belief acts as a soothing drug.
It puts the restless mind to sleep;
it offers assurance
where there is confusion.
It gives strength —
but strength born of illusion
is weakness.

You may say, *"Without belief, life is empty."*
But is it belief that gives meaning,
or the quiet seeing of what is?
When the mind clings to belief,
it stops looking.
It lives in words,
in symbols,
in images created by thought.

The believer and the non-believer
are not opposites —
both are bound by thought,
by the need to be certain.
Both are afraid to stand alone
in the vastness of the unknown.

Belief in God divides —
your God, my God, their God.
And in that division
lie centuries of war and sorrow.

Truth needs no belief.
What is true is simply there,
as sunlight needs no worshipper.
You see it,
or you do not.
And you do not see it
through the eyes of hope.

When the mind is free from belief,
there is neither believer nor atheist —
there is only clear perception.
Then love is not commanded,
and goodness is not cultivated.
They arise naturally,
as fragrance from a flower.

A mind burdened with belief
cannot know the sacred.
It can only repeat,
imitate,
conform.
But a mind that is quiet —
without faith, without fear,
without the need for assurance —
that mind discovers the real.

When belief ends,
truth begins.
And in that truth
there is no comfort —
but there is peace.

Poem

Man suffers,
so he believes.
He is afraid of darkness,
so he lights a candle of words
and calls it *God.*

He says, *"I have faith,"*
but faith is often
fear in disguise—
a refuge built
to escape the storm within.

Belief is a pillow
for the weary mind.
It soothes,
it comforts,
it lulls thought to sleep—
but sleep is not peace.

The believer feels secure,
but his security
is a dream woven by thought.
He lives by promises,
by hopes beyond death,
and calls that living.

Belief divides—
your God, my God,
your truth, my truth.
And upon that division
man builds temples
and digs graves.

Truth needs no belief.
The sun does not wait
for eyes to worship it.

It simply shines—
clear, unclaimed, whole.

When belief ends,
fear stands naked—
and if you look at it
without turning away,
the fear ends too.

Then there is quiet—
not born of comfort,
but of understanding.
A quiet that has no centre,
no authority,
no follower.

That quiet mind
is the sacred itself—
not imagined,
not believed,
but real.

Belief may comfort,
but only truth can free.
And truth is seen
only when the mind
is no longer drugged
by belief.

*****

True Religion

Religion is not in the temples,
nor in the chants that echo through stone halls.
It is not bound in scripture,
nor kept alive by rituals repeated without love.

What man calls religion
is often a marketplace of fear —
the hope for reward,
the dread of punishment,
the comfort of belonging.
But what is born of fear
cannot be sacred.

True religion begins
when all beliefs have ended,
when the mind stands alone,
stripped of authority and tradition,
utterly naked before life.

Then there is no Hindu,
no Christian,
no Muslim,
no Buddhist —
only the human being,
the earth,
and the sky that shelters both.

True religion is not belief —
it is **seeing**.
Seeing the beauty of a leaf
without naming it,
hearing the cry of a child

without measuring your response,
feeling the pulse of compassion
that moves without motive.

It is not in the seeking of God,
but in the ending of the seeker.
When the mind is free from thought's noise,
from ambition, envy, and sorrow,
there comes a silence
that is not cultivated —
a silence that holds
the movement of stars and the breath of life
in one undivided order.

In that silence,
there is no path,
no teacher,
no disciple.
There is only the sacredness
that is always here,
waiting to be seen.

True religion
is not the pursuit of the divine —
it is the ending of illusion.
And in that ending
flowers the beauty of the eternal,
the compassion that needs no name,
the love that has no opposite.

***

Religion is not in temples,
nor in the chanting halls;
not in the book revered,
nor in the mind that repeats.

It is not born of belief,
nor nourished by fear;
it is not the cry for reward,
nor the trembling before sin.

The true is never organized.
It has no priest, no path, no promise.
It flowers in the mind
that has ended seeking.

When the heart no longer asks,
“Who will save me?”
and the mind is quiet
without the noise of becoming,
there begins the fragrance
of true religion.

It is in the way one looks at a tree,
without the word *tree*,
in the compassion
that moves without reason,
in the silence
that holds both sorrow and joy
without choosing either.

True religion is not belief in God—
it is the death of belief.
It is not faith in something—
it is freedom from everything
that thought has built.

It is seeing life whole:
the beggar and the king,
the ant and the star,
as movements of one sacred order.

Then every step is prayer,
every breath is worship,
every act is communion.

Where the self is not,
God is.
Where love is,
religion begins.

*****

Am I Deceiving Myself?

The most subtle and dangerous form of deception
is **self-deception**.
For when the mind deceives itself,
there is no external enemy to warn it,
no signal from outside
to say, “Take care.”

So, the real question is:
How does one know that one is not deceiving oneself?

The moment you say,
“Yes, I am completely clear,
completely right,
completely certain,”
you have already closed the door.
Certainty, in psychological matters,
is the beginning of blindness.

Krishnamurti would say:
Never accept, never conclude, never affirm.
For the instant you conclude,
you stop observing.
And where observation ends,
illusion begins.

If you say,
“I am sure I am not deceiving myself,”
you have shut the window on enquiry.
You have made an image of clarity
and clung to it.
That very image becomes the deception.

But if you say, honestly,
“I am not sure.

Perhaps I am deceiving myself;
let me look,"
then the mind remains open,
vulnerable,
sensitive.
It is alive to discovery.

This openness is not doubt.
It is *freedom from conclusion*.
It is the refusal to cling
to the comfort of certainty.

Self-deception thrives
where there is desire—
the desire to be someone,
the desire to appear noble,
the desire to be spiritual,
the desire to succeed.
Thought protects these desires
by building pleasant illusions around them.

To see this deception
the mind needs clarity,
and clarity comes only when you observe
without motive.

So, you watch yourself—
your reactions, your fears, your pleasures,
your opinions, your beliefs—
not to judge them,
not to suppress them,
but simply to see
what is actually taking place.

In such seeing,
the false reveals itself effortlessly.

You don’t have to fight illusion;
you only have to look.
The moment you look clearly,
illusion dissolves,
because illusion lives only in darkness.

Therefore, the right question is never:
“Am I free from deception?”
but rather:
“Am I watching without conclusion?”

As long as the mind keeps examining,
keeps observing,
keeps learning anew,
it cannot be deceived—
for deception requires belief,
and observation has no belief.

In the flame of attention,
self-deception burns away naturally,
as mist disappears
when the sun rises.

***

Question:

Am I deceiving myself with the teachings of J. Krishnamurti?

Answer:

Why do you ask whether you are deceiving yourself?
Because somewhere, faintly, there is a whisper of doubt,
a tremor of uncertainty.
And that is a very healthy tremor.

The moment you say,
“I understand Krishnamurti completely,”
or
“I am living his teachings without distortion,”
you have already deceived yourself.

But when you ask with honesty,
“Am I deceiving myself?”
you have opened the door to *seeing*.

Self-deception begins
the moment you make his teachings into an authority,
a system,
a comfort,
or a refuge.
Then you are no longer looking;
you are merely following.

Krishnamurti’s teachings are not a path to walk upon
but a mirror to look into.
If you use the mirror to decorate yourself,
you are deceiving yourself.
If you use it to see your face as it actually is,
deception ends.

So, the right question is not:
“Am I deceiving myself with his teachings?”
but:
“How am I using these teachings?”

If you are using them to confirm what you already believe,
you are deceiving yourself.
If you use them to escape from your sorrow,
to build an image of being spiritual,
to feel superior,
you are deceiving yourself.

But if you listen to them as you would listen
to the movement of your own mind—
without acceptance,
without rejection,
without the desire to become something—
then you are not deceived.

To sit quietly
and watch your motives,
your fears,
your attachments,
your hidden pleasures—
that is the essence of the teaching.
Not the following of words.

If the teaching becomes a belief, it is poison.
If it becomes a living observation, it is clarity.

So do not ask:
“Am I deceiving myself?”
Ask instead:
“Am I watching myself without distortion?”

Where there is such watching,
self-deception cannot exist.
It withers away in the light of awareness
as a shadow disappears in the morning sun.

*****

Choiceless Awareness — The Art of Pure Observation

1. What Is Choiceless Awareness?

Most of us look at life through the habits of judgment, comparison, and memory.
We see not what is, but what the mind wants to see, or fears to see.
We interpret, label, accept, reject—never allowing anything to reveal itself fully.

Choiceless awareness is the ending of this habitual interference.

It is the simple act of observing without the observer—
watching the movement of thought and feeling
without naming,
without resisting,
without choosing what should or should not be.

It is not a technique,
not a method,
not something to practise.
It is the natural clarity that appears
when the mind is completely attentive.

Choiceless awareness is the mind looking at itself
without distortion.

2. Why Do We Usually Fail to Observe Clearly?

Because the observer—the “me”—steps in.

The moment a thought arises, we say,
“I like it,”
“I don’t like it,”
“This is good,”
“This is bad,”
“This is mine,”
“This should not be.”

That very movement of the “me”
creates a division
between the thinker and the thought.

Once this division is created,
conflict begins.

Choiceless awareness is the ending of division.
It is to see that the thinker is the thought,
the observer is the observed.

Then observation becomes simple, direct, free.

3. Observing Thought Without Naming It

Sit quietly—not in any posture,
not in any deliberate meditation—
but naturally, as you would sit to listen deeply.

A thought arises.
Do not call it “anger,”
“Memory,”
“Desire,”

or “fear.”
Do not push it away
or invite it to stay.

Just watch it.

See how a thought moves—
how it rises from memory,
how it demands attention,
how it fades away.

If you do not name it,
do not judge it,
do not hold it,
the thought reveals its entire structure.

In that watching
the mind becomes extraordinarily quiet—
not because you forced it to be still,
but because observing ends the noise.

4. Observing Feeling Without the Word

Now observe a feeling—
hurt, pleasure, loneliness, irritation, joy.

Do not call it by its familiar name.
The word is the past;
the word is memory.
The word prevents direct perception.

Feel the sensation in the body—
the tightening in the chest,

the quickening of breath,
the warmth,
the contraction.

Observe it without conclusion.

When you look without naming,
you discover that the feeling is just a movement—
vibrations in the body and mind.

The story disappears;
the “I am hurt” or “I am lonely” dissolves.

There is only pure sensation,
without a centre to suffer it.

This is freedom.

5. Observing Another Without an Image

We rarely see another human being
as they actually are.

We carry images—
a friend,
an enemy,
a partner,
a rival,
a colleague—
all built from past memories.

These images stand between you and the other.
You relate not to the person,

but to your own mental picture of them.

Choiceless awareness is to look at another
without the screen of memory.

See the person
as if for the first time—
their tone,
their gesture,
their eyes,
their movement—
without the past saying,
“He always…”
“She never…”
“I know what they are.”

When this image-making ends,
relationship becomes fresh,
alive,
free from conflict.

To see another without the burden of the past
is the beginning of compassion.

6. Observing a Thing Without Knowledge

Look at a leaf,
a flower,
a cloud,
a teacup on the table.

Ordinarily you name it immediately:
“Rose,”

“Tree,”
“Bird,”
“Star.”

The word stops you from seeing.

Choiceless awareness is to look freshly,
without letting accumulated knowledge
interfere with perception.

Do not deny knowledge—
you will still use it when needed—
but let it not colour your seeing.

Look at a simple object
as though you had never seen it before.

See the colours,
the textures,
the shape,
the delicate movement.

When knowledge does not rush in,
the object reveals a beauty
that is ordinarily hidden.

The mind becomes young again,
innocent again.

7. Choiceless Awareness in Daily Life

Choiceless awareness is not confined
to moments of quiet observation.

It is needed
when you speak,
when you listen,
when you walk,
when you work,
when you meet another human being.

It is to be aware of irritation as it arises,
aware of pleasure as it flowers,
aware of fear as it whispers—
not later,
not after analysis,
but in the very moment of its movement.

This awareness does not choose,
does not condemn,
does not justify.
It simply sees.

And in seeing,
the movement of the mind
becomes transparent.
The “me” loses its authority.
Thought finds its proper place.

8. The Flowering of Insight

When there is choiceless awareness,
the mind is completely attentive.
In that attention
there is no observer,
no centre,

no resistance.

This attention is light.
It illuminates the whole field of consciousness.

In that illumination,
conflict ends.
Fear melts.
Loneliness dissolves.
The self loses its tight grip.

From this ending
a new quality of mind is born—
quiet,
alert,
compassionate,
intelligent.

This intelligence
is not personal;
it is not born of thought.
It is the natural flowering
of a mind that sees without distortion.

This is choiceless awareness—
the ground of true freedom.

Poem

Sit quietly for a moment—
not to meditate,
not to achieve,
not to become,

but simply to be.

Let the mind settle
as dust settles
when the wind has wandered away.

In that stillness,
a different kind of seeing begins.

1. The Art of Seeing Without the Seer

To observe choicelessly
is to look without the burden of the “me.”
The “me” selects, rejects, judges, remembers—
and in its choosing,
it blinds itself.

Choiceless awareness is the ending
of this inner chooser.

It is the clear flame
that is neither for nor against,
neither holding nor pushing away.
It is seeing without the seer,
hearing without the hearer,
feeling without the feeler.

It is the quiet miracle
of perception without a centre.

2. Watching Thought Without the Word

A thought arises—

light as a bubble,
swift as a bird,
ancient as memory itself.

Do not call it anger,
pleasure,
fear,
desire.
Naming is the movement of yesterday.
Naming turns the living moment
into a dead conclusion.

Just watch it—
its birth,
its shimmering life,
its fading.

When you watch without the word,
the thought reveals its entire story
in a single glance.
And in that glance,
the mind grows still—
not by effort,
but by understanding.

3. Feeling Without the Past

Observe a feeling
as it blossoms in the body—
the tightening,
the quickening,
the warmth,
the tremor.

Do not call it sorrow or joy.
Do not weave a narrative.
Do not say “This is happening to me.”

Look as though you were watching
the sea change colour at dusk—
without desire,
without fear.

The unnamed feeling
opens itself like a flower
that hides nothing.

And when the word does not interfere,
the feeling ends gently,
like a wave returning to the vast sea
from which it arose.

4. Seeing Another Without the Image

We never meet each other—
we meet only our images.

You look at someone you know,
and instantly the past whispers:
“He hurt me.”
“She ignored me.”
“I know who they are.”

The image steps between you
and the living person
like a curtain of old dust.

To look at another without the image
is to meet them
as if the world were new.

Their eyes,
their voice,
their movement
are no longer shaped
by your conclusions.

In that freshness
love begins—
not as attachment,
but as a gentle,
unpremeditated tenderness.

5. Seeing a Thing as Though for the First Time

Pick up a leaf,
a stone,
a cup,
a fallen petal.

Let the word slip away.
Look without the weight of knowledge.

See how light rests on its surface,
how shadow curves across its edge,
how an ordinary object
carries the quiet dignity
of existence.

When knowledge does not rush in,
the world reveals its innocence—
and the mind,
tasting that innocence,
becomes innocent itself.

6. Awareness in the Midst of Living

Choiceless awareness
is not found only in silence.
It is there
when irritation sparks,
when pleasure rises,
when fear whispers,
when desire takes wing.

To be aware in the instant of movement—
not after,
not in reflection—
is to shine a light
on the hidden machinery of the mind.

That very light
ends the machinery.

No struggle is needed.
No discipline.
No practice.

Awareness itself
is the action that transforms.

7. The Flowering of the Free Mind

When observation is clear,
when the word does not interfere,
when the observer is absent,
a strange, gentle beauty fills the mind.

Thought becomes quiet,
not because it is controlled,
but because it understands its own limits.

Emotion softens,
not because it is suppressed,
but because it is seen
without the drama of the past.

The self loses its loudness,
its urgency,
its insistence.

In its place
there is a vast, unhurried space
where compassion flows like a silent river.

This compassion
is not cultivated,
not practiced,
not born of will.
It is the natural fragrance
of a mind that sees.

This is choiceless awareness—
the mind as clear as the open sky,
the heart as tender as a leaf in spring,
the whole being

alive without effort,
still without force.

To live in such awareness
is to touch the Ground
that breathes through all things.

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A Dialogue

Student: Sir, everyone speaks of awareness, meditation, mindfulness.
But what does it actually mean to observe?
And what is choiceless awareness?

Teacher: Let us begin very simply.
When you look at a tree, or a cloud, or another human being—
what is it that sees?

Student: My eyes, my mind.

Teacher: Your eyes see, yes.
But does the mind see?
Or does it instantly interfere?

When you look at the tree, does your mind not say,
“That is a neem tree,”
“It must be fifty years old,”
“I like it,”
“I don’t like it”?

You understand?
The naming, the judging, the remembering—
all of that rushes in like a wave
and covers the pure perception.

Choiceless awareness is to look
before that wave comes.

1. Seeing Thought Without the Thinker

Student: But thoughts come so quickly.
How can I observe them without naming?

Teacher: Watch a single thought as though you are watching a bird in flight.
Do not chase it.
Do not try to stop it.
Just watch.

When a thought arises—
before you call it “anger,”
before you call it “regret,”
before you say “I should not think this”—
watch its movement.

See how it appears from memory,
demands attention,
and fades.

The moment you name it,
you bring the whole past into it.
Then you are no longer watching the thought—
you are watching the word.

Student: So, to watch without naming is to see clearly?

Teacher: Exactly.
The word is the past.
The thought without the word
is simply a movement.
And in observing that movement,
the mind becomes quiet—naturally, without effort.

2. Feeling Without the Story

Student: And what about feelings?
Sometimes feelings are overwhelming.

Teacher: Only because you give them a story.

A feeling arises—
a tightening in the chest,
a sudden warmth,
a trembling.

Immediately the mind says,
“I am hurt,”
“I am lonely,”
“This is unfair,”
“She shouldn’t have said that.”

This story strengthens the feeling.

Now look at the feeling without the story.
Without calling it by any name.
Feel the sensation as you would feel

the first drop of rain on the skin—
fresh, without memory.

Student: Then the feeling becomes lighter?

Teacher: Not lighter—
understood.
And anything that is completely understood
comes to an end without struggle.

3. Seeing Another Without Image

Student: Sir, you often say we never truly see each other.
Is that really so?

Teacher: Look at someone you know very well—
a friend, your mother, your colleague.

Instantly the image arises:
“He always hurts me,”
“She is kind,”
“He is selfish,”
“I know what she is like.”

These images are built from yesterday.
And through them you try to meet a living human being
today.

The image stands between you and them—
like a wall.

To see another without the image
is to meet them freshly,

as though you had never met them before.

Student: That sounds difficult.

Teacher: It is not difficult—
it is simply uncommon.
The moment you see the image arise,
observe it.
Do not fight it.
Do not justify it.
See it.

In seeing the image,
the image loses its power.

Then relationship becomes clear,
simple, compassionate.

4. Seeing a Thing Without Knowledge

Student: Can we also look at things without the past?

Teacher: Naturally.
Pick up a flower, a stone, a cup.
Do not say, “This is jasmine,”
“This is granite,”
“This is ceramic.”

Just look.
Let the object reveal itself.

Knowledge has its place—
you need it to function.

But in pure observation,
knowledge becomes a hindrance.

When you look without the past,
the simplest object
has a freshness,
an innocence.

The mind that sees without the past
becomes innocent too.

5. Awareness in Living

Student: Sir, is choiceless awareness something we practise?
Should I do it every morning?

Teacher: The moment you practise,
you have made it into a method.
A method implies repetition.
Repetition dulls the mind.

Awareness is not a habit.
It is a flame—
alive in the moment.

Be aware as you walk,
when you speak,
when irritation arises,
when pleasure begins,
when fear whispers.

Just observe the movement—

not later,
but in the very instant it is happening.

Student: And if I fail?

Teacher: To see that you have not been aware
is awareness.

The moment you notice you were inattentive,
attention has returned.

6. The Flowering of Insight

Student: What happens when the mind observes
choicelessly?

Teacher: It becomes extraordinarily sensitive.
Sensitive without fragility.
Sensitive without sentiment.

In that sensitivity,
thought takes its rightful place.
Emotion becomes clear.
The self loses its heavy importance.

A mind that observes without choice
is a mind that is free.
A free mind is naturally compassionate,
naturally intelligent.

This intelligence is not yours or mine.
It is the movement of the Ground—
silent, timeless, whole.

7. Choiceless Awareness Is Freedom

Student: So choiceless awareness is the essence of meditation?

Teacher: Yes—
but not meditation as you know it.
Not methods,
not discipline,
not repetition.

Choiceless awareness is the mind in which
there is no centre,
no authority,
no division.

It is the mind that sees.

And in seeing,
there is freedom.

Student: Sir, you speak of choiceless awareness.
But what does it mean in the vastness of life?
In this universe of galaxies, stars, dark matter…
what is it to simply observe?

Teacher: Let us begin at the beginning.
Before stars were born,
before time was measured,
before a single atom vibrated—
there was a stillness.

In that stillness
there was no “observer,”
no “thing observed,”
no division.

Choiceless awareness
is a taste of that ancient stillness
in the living mind.

1. Seeing Without the Seer

Student: How can the mind touch such stillness
while living in this noisy world?

Teacher: Listen carefully.

A star does not try to shine;
it shines because it is.
A river does not choose its direction;
it flows because that is its nature.

Awareness that is choiceless
is like this.
It does not try.
It simply observes.

When you look at a thought
without naming it,
you are looking with the clarity
of a night sky without clouds.

When you look without the “me,”
your mind becomes as vast

as the cosmos itself.

2. Observing Thought as a Cosmic Ripple

Student: Thought feels so personal.
How can I observe it without being caught in it?

Teacher: Thought is like a ripple
on the surface of the cosmic ocean.

It arises from memory—
tiny waves formed by yesterday's winds.
Watch it as you would watch
a wave travel across a moonlit sea.
Do not jump into it.
Do not try to still it.
Do not call it good or bad.

Just see the ripple.

Seeing the ripple is the ending of its power.

3. Feeling Without the Story—

Like a Star Without Its Orbit

Student: And feelings?
They pull me like gravity.

Teacher: Only because you give them an orbit.

A feeling arises—
a tightening in the chest,

a warmth behind the eyes.
You say,
“This is sorrow,”
“This is joy,”
“This is mine.”

The naming gives the feeling a centre,
like a planet bound to its sun.

But if you observe the feeling
without naming,
without orbit,
without centre—
the feeling is simply energy,
like starlight crossing the endless dark.

It appears,
shines,
and fades.

No resistance.
No conflict.

Just movement.

4. Seeing Another Without Image—

As One Sees a Star Newly Born

Student: Sir, you say we never see each other clearly.
Why?

Teacher: Because we look through telescopes of the past.

We see our images,
not the living person before us.

To see another
without a trace of memory,
without the dust of hurt or expectation—
is to see them
as you would see a star newly born:
fresh,
vast,
untouched by yesterday.

In such seeing
relationship is light,
unburdened,
immeasurable.

5. Seeing a Thing Without Knowledge—

Like the First Human Who Saw the Sky**

Student: Can I really look at the world without knowledge?

Teacher: Knowledge has its place—
to build, to function, to communicate.
But knowledge must not dictate perception.

Look at a leaf
as though you were the first human
to ever see a leaf.
Look at a stone
as though it had just fallen
from a distant, unknown world.

When the mind does not rush
to label and classify,
the ordinary is revealed
as extraordinary.

The cosmos is seen
in a blade of grass.

6. Awareness in Life—

The Universe in Each Moment

Student: How can this choiceless awareness
live with me through the day?

Teacher: It is already there
in the quiet moment
before thought begins.

It is there
when irritation flares
like a tiny meteor.
It is there
when pleasure glows
like a soft sun.
It is there
when fear rises
like a sudden eclipse.

To observe these movements
in the very instant they arise—
that is awareness.

The observer is not separate
from what is observed.
All is one field,
one fabric,
one movement.

This realisation
is the beginning of intelligence.

7. The Flowering of a Boundless Mind

Student: And what happens
when the mind observes this way?

Teacher: It becomes vast.

Not vast with ideas,
but vast in silence.

In that vastness
thought becomes gentle—
like a small star in a wide sky.
Feeling becomes clear—
like a moon reflected in still water.
And the “me,”
with all its noise,
dissolves
like mist at dawn.

In such a mind
compassion flows
without effort.

Love shines
without motive.
Intelligence moves
without direction.

This is choiceless awareness—
the mind as open as the universe,
the heart as light as stardust,
the whole being
moving in the vast rhythm
of the Ground that breathes through all.

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- When the observer ends, the whole universe begins to see.
- Awareness is the sky in which all stars rise and fade.
- The cosmos is not outside you; it awakens when the "me" is silent.
- In choiceless awareness, the mind becomes as vast as the night sky.
- When the self dissolves, you hear the heartbeat of the universe.
- Pure observation is the light of a thousand suns without a flame.
- A quiet mind is the universe looking at itself.
- The Ground breathes through galaxies and through your silence.

- The end of the “me” is the beginning of the infinite.
- The moment without choice holds the whole of creation.
- In choiceless awareness, the mind becomes as boundless as the cosmos.
- The moment you observe without the “me,” you stand in the centre of infinity.
- Choiceless awareness is the universe learning to look through you.
- When the mind sees without choosing, it moves with the rhythm of the stars.
- The instant the observer ends, awareness expands like a newborn galaxy.
- To observe without choice is to touch the Ground that breathes through all worlds.
- Choiceless awareness is the silent field in which all thought arises and disappears.
- A single moment of pure observation reveals the immensity of existence.
- In choiceless seeing, the self falls away and only the vastness remains.
- Awareness without choosing is the cosmos in meditation.
- To observe without preference is to stand at the centre of creation.

- Choiceless awareness is the starless sky in which all light is born.

- When attention is whole, even the smallest thought reflects the infinite.

- Pure observation is the universe awakening to itself.

- In choiceless awareness, you taste the silence from which galaxies rise.

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Living in Thought-Free Awareness

From Student Life till the Last Breath

To understand how to live in thought-free awareness,
we must begin at the very beginning—
in childhood, in student life—
because the seed of the human mind is planted there.
If the seed is corrupted by fear, comparison, and ambition,
then the whole tree of life grows crooked.
If the seed is nurtured in awareness,
the whole movement of living becomes effortless and beautiful.

This is not a doctrine,
not a path,
not a system.
Truth has no path.
But one can observe,
learn,
and understand the movement of life
from the moment one begins to think
until the moment thought naturally ends in death.

Let us walk through that journey together.

1. The Student Years: The Beginning of Conditioning

A child enters school innocent, curious, alert.
But society immediately begins its work:

- "Be better than the other."
- "You must become something."
- "You must succeed."

- “You must compare.”

And so, the first wound is inflicted: **comparison**.
Comparison breeds fear,
and fear breeds imitation,
and imitation kills the flame of intelligence.

A young mind must instead learn to **observe**.

Not observe to judge,
not observe to accumulate knowledge,
but to look at things as they are:

- the beauty of a tree,
- the movement of clouds,
- the feeling of jealousy,
- the ache of loneliness,
- the impulse of desire.

A student must learn what no school teaches:

Be aware of your thoughts,

your fears,
your impulses,
your reactions—
simply watch them without trying to change them.

This watching is the beginning of thought-free awareness.

2. Entering Youth: The Pressure to Become

As one grows older,
society tightens its grip:

- career,
- marriage,

- success,
- status,
- security,
- achievement.

The young person is told that life is a climb.
And so he climbs—
over others,
over his own heart,
over the truth.

In this climb he loses sensitivity,
loses innocence,
loses the quiet intelligence
that is his natural state.

To live in thought-free awareness
during youth,
one must **understand the nature of desire**:

Desire arises as:

1. **perception** — you see something beautiful
2. **sensation** — you feel pleasure
3. **thought** — thought captures the pleasure
4. **desire** — thought demands its repetition

Desire is not the problem;
clinging to it is.

When you **watch desire without yielding to it or fighting it**,
it loses its grip.
In that watching there is freedom.
That freedom is awareness.

3. Work and Responsibility: Living Without Becoming

In adulthood one faces the storm:

- responsibility,
- relationships,
- money,
- uncertainty,
- security.

This is the time when the “me” becomes strongest,
most defensive,
most fearful.

But this is also the time where great beauty is possible—
if one understands the movement of thought.

Thought must operate in its own field:
planning, organising, speaking, earning.
But thought must never enter the field of:

- relationship,
- identity,
- love,
- self-worth,
- psychological security.

The moment thought enters these fields,
there is confusion.

To live in thought-free awareness as an adult means:

to act efficiently in daily life

while inwardly remaining still,
silent,

watchful,
free from psychological thought.

When insulted—watch.
When praised—watch.
When hurt—watch.
When ambitious—watch.
When lonely—watch.

This watching dissolves the centre.
And when the centre dissolves,
relationships become simple,
actions become clear,
life becomes light.

4. Middle Age: Seeing the Illusion of the Self

By middle age, most people are burdened:

- memories,
- failures,
- regrets,
- fears,
- successes,
- identities.

These become heavy luggage.
But one can drop this luggage instantly
through **clarity**,
not effort.

Question everything the mind clings to:

- Why do I need a title?
- Why do I need recognition?

- Why do I hold onto hurt?
- Why do I fear losing what I have?

The mind discovers that the **self is memory**,
nothing more.
A bundle of experiences,
pictures,
wounds,
and hopes.

To see this is to be free.
Not gradually—
instantly.

The self is an illusion created by thought.
When this illusion is seen,
the mind becomes astonishingly light,
sensitive,
capable of compassion.

This compassion is the order of the cosmos
moving in a human mind.

5. Old Age: The Beauty of Ending

In old age, one confronts death.
Most fear it
because they have lived
accumulating, defending, possessing.

But one who has lived in awareness
experiences something extraordinary:

The mind that dies each day

has no fear of dying.

To die to the past,
to end each moment completely,
to live without carrying
hurt,
achievement,
identity—
this is to be young
even in old age.

Death then is not an enemy
but a continuation of ending—
a natural movement
of the Ground returning to itself.

Such a person meets death
as one meets a familiar friend.

6. The Ending of Thought: The Beginning of the Sacred

From student life to one's last breath,
the essence of living in thought-free awareness is this:

To see thought as a tool,

never as a master.

When thought becomes quiet,
when the "me" loses its grip,
when the observer ends,
there is a different type of perception—
a wholeness that is untouched by time.

In this perception:

- a leaf is holy,
- a human being is the world,
- love is without opposite,

- life is without fear,
- death is without sorrow.

This is not mystical.
This is the flowering of a mind
completely free of its own past.

This is the Ground perceiving itself
through a human being.

7. Living From First Breath to Last in Awareness

So how does one live this way,
from childhood to the final moment?

Very simply:

- Observe every movement of thought.
- Do not accept authority in inward matters.
- Do not compare yourself with another.
- Do not accumulate psychological content.
- Let each moment end completely.
- Watch desire without resistance.
- See fear as it arises.
- Let hurt end instantly.
- Act in the world with clarity,
  but remain inwardly silent.

Awareness is the only discipline—

and it has no method.

Awareness is freedom.
Freedom is love.
Love is the order of the universe.

To live in this order
is to live in the immeasurable—
from the first day of school
to the last breath of life.

Poems

1. The Child's Dawn

A child comes into the world
with eyes that see without naming,
ears that hear without comparing,
a heart untouched
by the weight of becoming.

There is innocence—
not the innocence of ignorance,
but the innocence of wholeness,
a freshness like the first morning light
on a quiet hill.

But soon the world enters him—
the world of marks and medals,
of praise and blame,
of competition and fear.

They say,
"Be better than him,"
"Rise higher than her,"
"Become something important."

And the young mind
begins to tremble
under the burden of becoming.

Comparison scratches the mirror of the heart.
Ambition plants the seed of fear.
Desire begins its restless whisper.
The flame of attention grows dull
under the weight of the known.

Yet all along,
a quiet voice within waits—
a voice that says,
“Watch.
Look.
Listen.”
The voice of awareness
that never ages.

2. The Youth’s Storm

Youth is fire—
the fire of longing,
of discovery,
of questioning,
of touching the edges
of the world and the self.

Desire moves like a wild river.
Pleasure carves its pathways.
Fear hides in shadows
of insecurity and loneliness.

But the young heart
can learn the art of watching—
watching desire rise and fall
like a wave that does not need to be caught,
watching fear tremble
like a fragile leaf in wind,
watching ambition
spin its bright illusions
toward a future that never arrives.

To watch without resistance,
to observe without escape—
this is the first fragrance
of thought-free awareness.

Then one discovers
that the mind can remain still
even when life moves fast,
that clarity can bloom
even in the chaos of youth,
that freedom can rise
from the ashes of restless desire.

3. The Adult's Burden

Adulthood arrives
like a storm with many winds:
responsibility,
relationship,
security,
success,
the weight of daily living.

The "me" thickens—
layers of identity,
layers of memory,
layers of wounds,
layers of pride.

The world demands efficiency,
but the heart asks for peace.
The mind becomes a battlefield
between duty and fear,
ambition and loneliness,
desire and disappointment.

Yet even here,
in the crowded streets of adulthood,
thought-free awareness
can flower

like a lotus blooming
from muddy water.

When praise arrives—watch it.
When insult strikes—watch it.
When possession tightens—watch it.
When fear whispers—watch it.
When thought tries to guide the heart—watch it.

Watching is the cleansing fire.
Watching is the quiet revolution.
Watching ends the authority of the self.

Then one discovers
that clarity does not depend
on outer circumstances,
that peace is not found
in achievement or security,
that awareness is the only true refuge
in the storm of life.

4. The Middle Years: The Mirror of Truth

By middle age,
the mind carries a thousand memories—
successes polished into pride,
failures carried as scars,
regrets buried like stones
in the riverbed of the heart.

The “me” becomes a crowded museum
of yesterday’s shadows.

But if one looks—
really looks—
one sees that the self
is only memory held together
by thought.

A name,
a face,
a story,
a bundle of wounds and hopes—
all moving as one
illusion of continuity.

To see this
is to feel the ground shift—
not with fear
but with freedom.

For the self that looked so solid
was nothing but a shadow.
And shadows vanish
in the light of awareness.

In that vanishing
lies compassion—
not cultivated,
not practiced,
not made respectable—
but born naturally
when the self releases its grip.

5. Old Age: The Beauty of Ending

Old age comes
softly for some,
harshly for others,
but inevitably for all.

The body slows,
memories become sharper than the present,
and death draws nearer
like a quiet visitor.

Most tremble—
not at death,

but at the ending
of the known.

But the one who has lived
in thought-free awareness
knows the secret:
that the mind which ends each day
has no fear of the final ending.

To die to hurt,
to die to memory,
to die to one's own image—
this is the art of living.
And when one has lived in endings,
death is but another ending,
as natural as dusk
after a radiant day.

The last breath
is a gentle surrender
to the Ground
from which all life arises
and to which all life returns.

6. The Ground in Daily Living

To live in thought-free awareness
does not mean withdrawal,
does not mean indifference,
does not mean escaping life.

It means meeting life
without the shadow of the past.

It means seeing a tree
not through knowledge
but through freshness.
Seeing another human being
not through judgment
but through compassion.

Seeing oneself
not through thought
but through silence.

Thought may operate
to earn a living,
to plan a journey,
to build a house.

But thought must never
touch the sacred territories
of love,
relationship,
identity,
freedom.

When the mind stays at its root—
quiet,
attentive,
empty of self—
the Ground perceives itself
through every moment of living.

Then:
a breath is sacred,
a word is sacred,
a tear is sacred,
a stranger is sacred,
a star is sacred.

For life is no longer fragmented.
Life is whole.
Life is awareness.
Life is compassion moving
without centre.

7. The Whole Journey in a Single Flower

From student life to old age,
from the first question

to the last heartbeat,
the whole journey
is contained in a single act:
to watch without the watcher.

In that watching,
the self loses its authority.
In that losing,
clarity flowers.
In that clarity,
love is born.
In that love,
life becomes simple.
In that simplicity,
the Ground shines
through every leaf of existence.

This is thought-free awareness—
a way of living
that begins now,
in this breath,
in this very act
of seeing.

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Can One Live in Thought-Free Awareness in a World Where Everyone Treads on Another?

This is one of the most essential questions of living: **Can a human being live in clarity, in silence, in freedom, in a world that is competitive, aggressive, violent, a world where each person seems to walk over another?**

If we look closely, we will see that the world is what we are. The world is not separate from us.
The violence outside is the expression of the violence within—
within each human being who is ambitious, comparing,

seeking success,
afraid of failure, afraid of being nobody.

So, when you ask,
"Can one live in thought-free awareness in such a world?"
you are really asking,
"Can the mind be free in a culture that worships the self?"

The answer is not found outside,
not in society,
not in what others do,
but in the deep understanding
of the movement of one's own mind.

Thought-free awareness does not depend on the world.

It depends on the ending of inner conflict.

Others may tread on you,
others may climb over you,
others may be driven by ambition, greed, success—
but their movement has nothing to do
with the silence of your mind.
The stillness of awareness is not created by others,
nor can it be destroyed by others.

When you see clearly that the mind is caught in comparison,
in imitation,
in fear of being left behind—
in that very seeing,
the movement of thought slows,
becomes quiet.
Not because you force it,
but because you understand its nature.

Understanding brings stillness.

Stillness brings awareness.
Awareness is freedom.

Freedom is not in escaping society;
freedom is in seeing the falseness of society's values
and refusing to be shaped by them.

Inwardly, you do not compete.
Inwardly, you do not climb.
Inwardly, you do not measure your worth.
Inwardly, you have no image to protect.

Then you live in the world
without being part of its brutality.
You act, you work, you care, you relate—
but inwardly you walk alone,
not in isolation but in freedom.

The world may continue treading on itself,

but you do not tread on anyone.
And you do not allow anyone to tread on your mind.

The beauty of thought-free awareness
is that it does not belong to society.
It is not given by the world
and cannot be corrupted by the world.
It arises from your own clarity,
your own seeing,
your own understanding
of the whole movement of thought.

In that understanding
the mind becomes quiet,
and in that quietness
the Ground—the timeless, the immeasurable—
reveals itself.

Then you live with the intelligence of compassion
in a world that has forgotten compassion.
You live with order
in a world of disorder.
You live in awareness
in a world of confusion.

You become the flame

that is untouched by the winds around it.

Poem

Can one live in thought-free awareness
in a world where each person
treads over another,
where ambition claws its way upward,
where success is worshipped
and compassion forgotten?

This is the question of a heart
that has seen the cruelty of the world
and still longs to be whole.

Look closely:
the world is what we are.
Its violence mirrors our fear,
its competition mirrors our comparison,
its greed mirrors our own desire
to become something.

Yet within the noise of this world
there is a silence
that belongs to no one—
a silence untouched
by the footsteps of ambition.

Thought-free awareness
does not depend on the world.
It blooms in the heart
that sees itself clearly—
sees its fear,
its longing,
its endless measuring,
and ends them
as one ends a dream on waking.

Others may race,
others may climb,
others may trample one another
in the name of becoming,
but you need not join that march.

The stillness of awareness
is not built by society;
therefore society cannot break it.
It rises from insight—
from seeing the whole movement of thought
and letting it fall silent,
naturally, effortlessly,
like a wind that tires
and rests in its own stillness.

To live in this world
without being shaped by it—
that is the beauty
of a mind without a centre.

Then you walk among the noisy,
yet remain quiet;
you live among the ambitious,
yet remain free;
you move in a world of conflict,
yet carry no conflict within you.

You become the flame
that burns steadily
though storms roar around it—
a flame that neither treads on another
nor allows another to tread
on the clarity of its seeing.

Such a mind is not hard;
it is delicate,
sensitive,
alive with compassion.

Its strength is not resistance
but freedom.

In that freedom
you touch the Ground—
the immeasurable presence
that no violence can reach,
no ambition can corrupt,
no fear can touch.

And in that touch
you live wholly—
as a flame
untouched by the world.

*****

The Art of Living

The art of living
is not found in books,
nor in the wisdom of saints,
nor in the promises of tomorrow.
It begins
when you start to see —
to see yourself as you are,
without judgment,
without escape.

To live is to watch —
the thought that moves,
the desire that seeks,
the fear that hides.
To watch
without the watcher,
to look
without naming —
that is the beginning of learning.

Living is not merely breathing,
nor surviving from day to day.
It is to meet each moment wholly,
without the burden of yesterday
or the shadow of tomorrow.

When you see a flower,
see it completely —
not through the word,
not through memory,
but in the freshness of now.
In that seeing

there is beauty,
and beauty is love.

The art of living
is not the pursuit of virtue,
nor the practice of discipline.
It is the flowering of goodness
when the self is silent.

When the mind ceases to measure,
when thought no longer interferes,
there is order —
not imposed,
but natural as the rhythm of the sea.

To live rightly
is not to follow another,
nor to imitate the wise.
It is to walk alone,
not in isolation,
but in freedom —
free from belief,
free from fear,
free from becoming.

Then life is not a conflict to be resolved,
but a song to be heard —
the song of existence
singing through you and around you.

The art of living
is the art of listening —
to the cry of the world,
to the whisper of a leaf,
to the silence
that holds them both.

In that listening
is love.
And love
is the essence
of the art of living.

***

To live without thought does not mean to become empty or dull;
it means to live with a mind that sees directly,
without the screen of memory,
without the shadow of the past.

Thought is the response of memory,
the echo of yesterday.
It has its place —
to build a house, to drive a car,
to write, to plan, to communicate.
But beyond that practical field,
thought creates illusion —
the illusion of *me* and *mine,*
of success, of heaven, of authority.

The art of living
is to give thought its right place,
and to see where it has no place at all.

When the mind lives entirely in thought,
it lives in conflict —
in becoming, comparing, competing.
Such a mind never meets life directly;
it meets only its own projections.

To live without that interference
is to live from silence —

a silence not cultivated,
not imagined,
but arising naturally
when the chatter of becoming ends.

In that silence
there is perception —
pure, unpremeditated, whole.
You see the tree, the cloud, the face,
without naming, without judgment.
That seeing *is* love,
and love is the essence of the art of living.

Thought-free living
does not mean a blank mind;
it means a clear mind —
a mind that uses thought, when necessary,
but is never used by thought.

In that freedom
there is beauty,
there is compassion,
there is order —
not the order of control,
but the order of understanding.

To live without thought
is to live without fear,
without motive,
without division.
It is to be one with the movement of life,
as the river flows with its own song.

That is the art of living —
a life without the centre,
without the self,

without the burden of becoming —
a life that is whole,
timeless,
and sacred.

***

The art of living begins when the machinery of thought comes to rest—
not through control, not through suppression,
but through understanding its whole movement.

We live almost entirely within the field of thought.
We think about what we were, what we should be,
what others think, what tomorrow may bring.
Between these two points — the past and the future —
we spend our days,
and we call that living.

But such a life is mechanical,
driven by memory,
trapped in repetition,
haunted by fear and desire.
That is existence, not living.

To live is to see —
to see without the word, without comparison, without motive.
When you look at a tree, a face, a sunset,
and the mind is utterly still — not made still, but still —
that seeing is the beginning of the art of living.

Thought has its utility; it is essential in the field of technique.
But when thought invades the field of relationship,
it breeds conflict and division.

For thought is always old —
a response of memory,
a fragment of time.

Awareness is not of time.
It is immediate, unpremeditated, whole.
When you are aware, completely aware,
there is no thinker and no thought —
only observation.
That observation is pure energy;
it brings order without effort.

Thought divides; awareness unites.
Thought measures; awareness is immeasurable.
Thought is bound by the known;
awareness moves in the unknown.

In this awareness there is no becoming,
no “I must change,”
no ideal to pursue.
The very seeing of what is —
jealousy, fear, sorrow, attachment —
without condemnation or escape,
is the ending of it.
That ending is the beginning of a new life.

The art of living, then,
is the art of seeing without the screen of thought —
to live each moment completely,
without residue,
without the continuity of the self.

When there is thought-free awareness,
there is immense beauty —
the beauty of order without control,

of love without possession,
of silence without effort.

Such living is simple,
yet sacred beyond measure.
It has no authority,
no path,
no goal.

It is like a flower that blooms because the sun is —
without asking why.
To live that way
is the true art of living.

Poem

The art of living
begins when thought grows still—
not silenced by will,
not subdued by discipline,
but quiet through understanding.

We live within the net of thought,
measuring, remembering, comparing,
forever weaving the web
of what was
and what should be.

Between yesterday and tomorrow
we call it life—
but it is only the shadow
of living.

To live is to see—
to see without the word,

without the whisper of “me.”
When the mind is quiet,
and the heart listens deeply,
there is awareness—
pure, unbroken, whole.

Thought has its place—
to build a bridge,
to heal a wound—
but beyond its field
it breeds sorrow.
For thought divides
the lover and the loved,
the observer and the seen.

Awareness has no boundary.
It is not of time,
not born of memory.
It moves like the wind—
free, invisible, alive.

In awareness there is no effort,
no becoming,
no ideal.
The very seeing of what is
is the ending of it.
Fear ends when you meet it fully,
without the wish to escape.

The art of living
is the art of seeing—
not through thought,
but through silence.
A silence that is not absence,

but presence—
a flame without smoke.

From that silence
comes order,
compassion,
and the beauty of right action.

To live in thought-free awareness
is to be as the river—
flowing, unclinging,
reflecting the sky without holding it.

Then life is whole,
without beginning or end.
Then love is not remembered,
it is.

That is the art of living—
where seeing is doing,
and the sacred
is everywhere.

***

Can Thought End by Itself?

Sir, this is a very subtle question, and one must approach it without haste, without the itch to reach a conclusion. Let us begin slowly, patiently, as one would observe a flower opening at dawn.

Thought cannot end through will, for will itself is a movement of thought.
It cannot end through suppression, for suppression is another pattern of thought.
It cannot end through discipline imposed by an ideal, for every ideal is a projection from the past.

But there is a movement in which thought withers
naturally—
not because it is forced to end,
but because it sees the truth of its own limitation.

To see this, the mind must be extraordinarily attentive.
Not disciplined by authority or practice,
but disciplined in the sense that attention becomes its own
order.
When the mind watches itself step by step—
its reactions, its motives, its hidden escapes,
its search for security in ideas, beliefs, divisions—
that very watching brings order.

Thought has always sought security
in knowledge,
in belief,
in identity,
in separation.
It has assumed that to be "someone"—
to belong to a nation, a religion, a family—
is security.
But when the mind sees, not intellectually but actually,
that in division there is no safety,
that every division breeds conflict, fear, loneliness,
the whole pursuit collapses instantly.

In that seeing, thought becomes quiet—
not because it is told to be quiet,
not because a method silences it,
but because it has understood its own movement.

When you walk step by step with awareness,
never skipping a moment,
never condemning,
never justifying,
each step reveals its own falseness or its own truth.

This continuous flow of attention keeps the brain
extraordinarily healthy,
alert, pliable—
because there is no contradiction within it.

Out of this seeing comes a natural order.
Not the order of conformity,
not the order of obedience,
but the order that arises when confusion ends.

And this order is the brain's true security—
a security not born of walls, beliefs, or identities,
but of clarity.

In this clarity, thought has its right place—
the place of the tool, the servant—
and not the place of the master.

Then thought ends by itself.
Not as an achievement,
not as a reward,
but as a leaf falling when it has lived its season.

Where there is complete attention,
the movement of thought finds its natural, graceful ending.

Poem

Thought does not end
through effort,
for effort is its own shadow.

It does not end
through discipline,
for discipline born of will
is merely resistance wearing a mask.

It does not end
through the promise of tomorrow,
nor through the dream of perfection.

Thought ends
when it sees itself clearly—
the way a mirror
shows your face without distortion.

To see is to understand,
and to understand is to be free.

So, the mind begins its quiet journey,
step by delicate step,
watching its own movement
as a leaf on a stream
watches the currents that carry it.

It sees how it clings to division,
to belief,
to identity—
calling these fragments “security.”

And in a moment of pure perception
it realizes
that division can never hold safety,
that walls built by thought
only imprison the builder.

This seeing is its own discipline.
There is an order in this watchfulness—
an order not imposed
but born of clarity.

And the brain,
freed from its old compulsions,
falls into this order
as naturally as the stars

find their courses in the night sky.

Then thought becomes quiet—
not silenced,
not suppressed—
but quiet
like a bird returning to its nest
when the evening light grows soft.

In that silence,
thought has ended,
because it has understood
its own bounds.

Where attention flowers,
thought bows down
and becomes still.

***

The Art of Looking at Sorrow

There are so many ways in which human beings suffer —
through loss, through loneliness, through failure, through comparison,
through the ache of unfulfilled desire,
through the wound of memory,
through the fear of what may come.

But we have never ended suffering
because we have never looked at suffering itself.

We have looked at the cause,
we have looked at the person who hurt us,
we have looked at the explanation,
but we have never looked at the flame of suffering directly.

The moment pain arises,
the mind begins to move away from it.

It seeks comfort, consolation, interpretation.
It cries out for a reason,
or for someone to blame,
or for something to numb the ache.

This movement away from suffering
is the beginning of confusion.

We rationalise suffering —
telling ourselves why it happened,
why it is justified,
why we must endure it.

Rationalisation may decorate the wound,
but the wound remains.

We escape —
into work,
into amusement,
into prayer,
into spiritual fantasies,
into beliefs that promise future relief.

But escape only deepens the shadow.

We suppress —
pushing the pain into the unconscious,
tightening the muscles of the mind
so that we do not feel.

But what is suppressed
returns with greater strength.

We have built
a whole architecture of escapes —
social, religious, psychological —
to avoid facing the actual fact
of sorrow.

And because we never look at it
without movement,
without distortion,
suffering continues.

To look at suffering means
to watch it without judgment,
without trying to go beyond it,
without seeking a cause,
without translating it into words.

To observe suffering
as one would observe a bird on a branch,
or the movement of clouds across the sky —
with total attention,
with no motive to change it —
is the beginning of insight.

In that observation,
the observer and the suffering are not separate.
There is only a single movement of pain
being watched in full clarity.

And in that clarity,
suffering reveals its structure —
how thought revives hurt,
how memory maintains the wound,
how the "me" takes pleasure in its own sorrow,
how the self clings to pain
as proof of its existence.

When this whole movement is seen,
not analysed,
not interpreted,
but seen wholly, instantly,
as one sees a snake on the path,
suffering undergoes a transformation.

It loses its continuity.
It ends in that very seeing.

The end of suffering
is not in time,
not in gradual healing,
not in slow understanding.
It ends only when the mind
meets it completely,
without escaping,
without naming,
without the past interfering.

To see sorrow without the veil of thought
is to uncover a strange, profound compassion —
not cultivated,
not practised,
but born from the ending
of the self that suffers.

***

1. The Many Faces of Human Suffering

Human life is woven with countless forms of suffering.
There is the sorrow of loss,
the fear of the future,
the ache of loneliness,
the constant sting of comparison,
the emptiness of unfulfilled desire,
the pain of broken relationships,
the weariness of endless effort,
and the shadow of death.

Suffering hides behind our ambitions,
behind our virtues,
behind the image we try to maintain.

Though the reasons vary,
the essence of suffering is the same:
a wound carried by consciousness.

For centuries we have tried to escape that wound.
We have invented philosophies,
religions,
rituals,
explanations,
hopes,
and consolations.
We have prayed,
wept,
sought,
struggled,
and suppressed.

But suffering continues
because its root has never been seen clearly.

The question is not how to escape sorrow,
but whether sorrow can end.

To answer that,
we must first learn the art
of seeing suffering directly.

2. Why We Have Never Looked at Suffering

When pain arises,
the mind does something very strange:
it immediately moves away from the fact.

It explains.
It justifies.
It blames.
It analyses.

It searches for meaning.
It imagines a future without the pain.
It turns towards belief, hope, prayer, ideology.
It covers suffering with words,
and covers words with more words.

This chain of escape
becomes thicker than the suffering itself.

We avoid the fact,
and cling to the reaction.

That avoidance is suffering.

To hide a wound
is to keep the wound alive.

The mind has never learned
to stay with the fact
without running away.

3. The Machinery of Escape

a) Rationalisation

We say,
“This happened because of karma,”
or
“It was fate,”
or
“I deserved it,”
or
“I will become stronger through this.”

But reasoning does not end suffering;
it merely reshapes it.

We explain the wound

instead of looking at it.

b) Suppression

We tell ourselves,
“I must not feel this,”
“This is weak,”
“I should be spiritual,”
“I must forget.”

But what is suppressed
does not disappear.
It sleeps in the unconscious
and returns as anger, anxiety, or despair.

c) Distraction

We fill our days with
television,
work,
pleasure,
social media,
ritual,
exercise,
noise.

Anything to avoid being alone
with the ache inside.

But distraction only thickens
the fog of sorrow.

d) Psychological Resistance

We resist pain by tightening the mind.
We say,
“I must fight this,”
“I must not suffer,”

“I must overcome.”

Resistance is still a movement away.
To push something away
is to give it power.

The more we resist suffering,
the more deeply it roots itself.

4. What It Means to Look at Suffering

To look at suffering means:
to see it without running,
without suppressing,
without explaining,
without blaming,
without naming,
without comparing.

It is to observe the ache
as one observes a leaf fluttering in the wind—
without motive,
without distortion.

To look without the word “sorrow,”
without the story “I am hurt,”
without the image of the past,
is to see the movement of suffering
as it actually is.

This looking is not intellectual.
It is immediate, fresh,
alive with attention.

In such observation,
the observer is the observed.
The thinker is the thought.
The one who suffers is suffering.

There is no division.

Where there is no division,
conflict ends.

And where conflict ends,
suffering has no continuity.

5. The Structure of Suffering Revealed

When suffering is observed directly,
its structure becomes visible:

• Thought picks up a painful memory
like fingers touching a wound.

• The memory then creates an image:
“I was betrayed,”
“I lost something,”
“I am not loved.”

• That image becomes the centre — the “me.”

• The “me” becomes the sufferer,
separate from the sensation of sorrow.

• This division creates conflict,
and conflict deepens suffering.

When this entire process
is seen instantly,
not step-by-step through analysis
but as a single movement,
something extraordinary takes place:

The “me” loses its hold.

Suffering is not yours or mine;
it is a movement humanity has carried
for countless centuries.

When it is seen without the “me,”
the movement ends.

6. The Ending of Suffering Is Not Through Time

We assume suffering will end gradually—
through time,
through healing,
through forgiveness,
through understanding the cause,
through belief,
through prayer,
through effort.

But sorrow is not of time;
it is of this moment.

Therefore, its ending
must also be in this moment.

Time does not heal sorrow;
time only decorates it.

Sorrow ends
when you meet it fully.

To meet something fully
is to give it complete attention.

Total attention burns the root of sorrow.

7. The Birth of Compassion

When suffering ends,

not as an idea
but as a fact,
a strange and profound energy
is released in the mind.

This energy is compassion.

Compassion is not pity.
It is not sentiment.
It is not kindness cultivated through discipline.

Compassion is the flowering
of a mind that has ended sorrow
because it has ended the “me” that suffers.

From the ashes of sorrow
flowers compassion.

And compassion
is the movement of intelligence.

A mind that is compassionate
is a mind that does not wound,
does not divide,
does not exploit,
does not dominate.

It acts out of clarity,
not out of fear or hurt.

8. The Immense Freedom Beyond Sorrow

To end suffering
is to be free of the past.

It is to live each moment
as if it were the first moment of creation.

It is to see beauty
without dependence,
to love without attachment,
to act without fear,
to relate without conflict.

Such a mind
is not seeking escape
because it does not need one.

It is not carrying memory as a burden.
It is not strengthening the “me” through experience.

It is free.

And this freedom
is the Ground of all compassion.

Conclusion: Sorrow Seen Is Sorrow Ended

When suffering is observed completely,
without the watcher,
without resistance,
without the past whispering,
sorrow ends as naturally
as a flame goes out
when there is no fuel.

The end of sorrow
is the beginning of a new mind—
a mind that knows silence,
that moves with humility,
that loves without fear,
that is free from the burden of becoming.

Such a mind
is extraordinarily alive.

And in that aliveness
there is the fragrance
of the ground that breathes through all.

Poem

The Quiet Flame of Suffering

There are a thousand doors through which sorrow enters—
the loss of someone loved,
the loneliness of a silent room,
the bruise of a word,
the memory that refuses to fade,
the failure that leaves a hollow ache,
the fear that walks beside us like a shadow.

Human life is woven with these threads.

Yet we have never ended sorrow,
because we have never looked at it.
Not directly.
Not with a still heart.
Not without escape.

We explain sorrow,
we blame someone for it,
we justify it,
we hide it behind a mask,
we drown it in distractions.

We turn away from the flame
and stare at the smoke.

But sorrow ends only
when you look at the flame.

1. The Mind That Runs Away

The moment pain touches us,
the mind begins its old dance—
it hurries into memory,
rushes toward consolation,
seeks a belief,
inventing meaning
where none is needed.

It moves away from sorrow
as a frightened bird
flies from its own shadow.

But running gives sorrow a home.

The more we escape,
the deeper it settles.

The more we resist,
the stronger it grows.

The more we suppress,
the louder it returns.

2. The Art of Looking

To look at sorrow
is not to think about it.
It is not to analyse,
not to translate it into words,
not to dress it in the robes of reason.

To look is simple—
like watching a raindrop
slide down a window,
or seeing a leaf tremble on a branch.

Just watch.

Watch the ache in the chest,
the tightening of breath,
the heaviness behind the eyes.

Do not say,
“This is my suffering.”
Do not call it by its old names.
Do not weave a story around it.

Let it be.

Let it show its entire movement.

In that quiet watching,
you will see
that the observer and the sorrow
are not two separate things.
The watcher is the watched.

And when there is no division,
the flame cannot continue.

3. When Sorrow Reveals Itself

When sorrow is held in the light
of pure attention,
it begins to reveal its secrets.

You see how thought touches a wound
again, and again
to keep it alive.

You see how memory
carries yesterday into today,
turning a momentary hurt
into a lasting identity.

You see how the “me”
feeds on sorrow
to feel solid,
to feel significant,
to feel alive.

And in this seeing
the machinery falters—
because its fuel
is your unconscious agreement.

When the whole structure is exposed,
the movement of sorrow
loses its continuity.
It fades
like a dream at dawn.

4. The Ending Without Effort

Sorrow does not end
through effort,
through practice,
through time.

Time is the soil
in which sorrow grows.

Sorrow ends
when the mind meets it fully—
not tomorrow,
not slowly,
but in the very moment
it arises.

Complete attention
is the flame
that consumes sorrow.

Attention without motive,
without fear,
without resistance—
this is the ending.

5. From the Ashes, Compassion

When sorrow ends,
a strange fragrance remains—
a tenderness without centre,
a quiet love
that asks nothing,
that holds nothing,
that clings to nothing.

This is compassion.

Not the compassion of effort,
nor the compassion of duty,
nor the compassion of virtue.

But the compassion
that blooms naturally
when the “me”
is no longer the centre of the heart.

From the ashes of sorrow
rises a mind
untouched by bitterness,
a heart free from wounds,
a being that moves gently
in the world.

6. The Immense Beauty Beyond Sorrow

Beyond sorrow
there is a clarity
that is not made by thought.

A stillness
in which the whole sky
can be reflected.

A freedom
in which life
is freshly born each moment.

A quietness
that is not loneliness,
not emptiness,
but a vast openness
where nothing is carried over.

In that openness
there is beauty—
not the beauty of form,
but the beauty of truth.

This beauty
is the ground
from which compassion,
love,
and intelligence
flow as a single movement.

And in that movement
life becomes
a sacred thing.

***

Where Resistance Ends, Freedom Begins

We say, “I want to be free from anger, from fear, from loneliness, from envy.”
But the very movement of wanting to be free from is still a movement of the same mind that created the problem.

When the mind seeks freedom from something, it is already caught in that thing.
It is tied to it, shaped by it, conditioned by the opposite it desires.
To want to be free from fear is to already be held by fear.
To struggle to be free from sorrow is to give sorrow continuity.
Because the moment you resist, you nourish what you resist.

Thought says, “I must escape,” and in that very escape it strengthens the prison.

So, the question is:
Can there be freedom that is not born out of reaction?
A freedom that is not the opposite of bondage?

Because all opposites are twins; they sustain each other.
Courage sustains fear, peace sustains conflict, effort sustains resistance.
The moment you choose one over the other, you remain bound to both.

True freedom is not the search for an opposite.
It is the ending of the entire structure of opposites.

Freedom is not “freedom from conditioning”;
it is the seeing of conditioning.
Not the search for freedom from fear,
but the direct perception of fear without the urge to escape, suppress, analyze, or conquer.

In that pure seeing, without motive, without direction,
fear unfolds its story.
And what is completely understood comes naturally to an end—
just as a fire burns itself out when nothing more feeds it.

Freedom is not achieved; it is discovered when the whole movement of escape ends.

When the mind is utterly still with what is—
not pushing it away, not naming it, not condemning it—
in that choiceless awareness,
the content of consciousness begins to dissolve.

Then freedom is not "from" …
It simply is.
It is a dimension untouched by desire, untouched by comparison, untouched by time.

Such freedom is not an achievement, not a reward, not a distant horizon.
It is the fragrance of a mind that has understood itself completely.
And where this freedom is,
there is love—
not the opposite of hate,
but a compassion that is not born out of thought.

Poem

We are always running,
always pushing away the shadows
that walk beside us.

"I must be free from fear,"
whispers the frightened heart.
"I must be free from anger,"
says the mind trembling before its own fire.

But the moment you run,
you carry the shadow with you.
The moment you resist,
you breathe life into what you resist.

To be free from something
is still to be tied to it—
as a prisoner is tied
to the memory of the cell.

Every escape
is a new wall;
every suppression
a silent chain.

True freedom blooms
only when escape has no more meaning.

Not the freedom
that stands opposite bondage,
for all opposites are brothers—
holding hands in secret,
creating each other in the darkness.

Look, therefore,
not with the eyes of rejection
but with the still gaze
of a mind that does not flee.

See fear without the movement
of becoming brave.
See sorrow without the dream
of its opposite joy.
See anger without the whip
of condemnation.

In that seeing without motive,
the fire burns itself out.
What is completely understood
has no tomorrow.

Then freedom is not a goal,
not an achievement,

not a victory over something.

It is a wind that blows
where no walls can stand,
a sky that holds nothing,
a silence untouched
by the echo of thought.

It is simply there—
as natural as breath,
as inevitable as dawn—
when the whole movement
of running away
comes to an end.

***

The Ending of Noise

The me is noise—
not a divine essence,
not a centre endowed by something sacred,
but simply the sound of accumulated memories
whispering and shouting within the brain.

It is the noise of what has been:
the hurts you carry,
the images you protect,
the ambitions you chase,
the fears you hide,
the pleasurable moments you worship and repeat.

This noise builds the illusion of a centre,
a separate watcher,
a “someone” who owns experience
and stands apart from life.

As long as this noise continues,
perception is distorted.

You do not see;
you recognise.
You do not listen;
you interpret.
You do not meet life;
you meet your own past.

But when this whole structure of the me ends—
when thought sees its own limitation,
when the machinery of becoming falls silent—
something entirely different takes place.

In that silence,
perception is no longer tied to memory.
Awareness is no longer filtered through the “me.”
There is a directness,
an immediacy,
a communion.

Awareness is then in touch with the Ground—
the vast, unnameable order
from which all life springs.

This Ground is not separate from perception;
it is not an entity beyond reach.
It is the very source of intelligence and compassion
that flowers when the noise of the self has ended.

When the me is quiet,
not through suppression,
not through discipline or belief,
but through the simple, total seeing of its falseness—
the mind stands in that stillness
which is one with the Ground.

Then perception is pure.
Awareness is whole.
And in that wholeness

there is communion with the immeasurable.

***

The me is noise—
a restless drum inside the skull,
beating out memories,
fears,
longings,
and the endless echo of “I am.”

It is the murmur of yesterday
that touches today
and calls it living.

It is the trembling wish
to become something tomorrow,
to escape what is,
to cling to what was.

This noise casts a shadow
between you and the world.
You do not see the tree—
you see your thought about the tree.
You do not meet another—
you meet the image you have built.

But one day,
in a moment without motive,
the noise begins to fade.
Thought pauses,
not by effort
but by understanding its own limit.

The drum falls silent.

And in that silence
something extraordinary happens.

Perception is no longer burdened
with the weight of the past.
Awareness stands naked—
clear, simple, without centre.

In that unoccupied space,
the Ground reveals itself:
the vastness without direction,
the stillness without end,
the silent pulse of creation.

Awareness touches that Ground
as flame touches air—
without separation.

The mind, no longer shouting
its little name,
is in communion
with the immeasurable.

The noise ends.
The Ground remains.
And in that sacred quiet
life flowers anew.

***

When the Noise of the Me Falls into the Cosmos

The me is a tiny noise
floating in an immeasurable universe—
a spark of restless chatter
inside a mind that itself
is born of star-dust and ancient fire.

It mutters:
my sorrow, my struggle, my becoming,
as if its whisper
could outweigh the turning of galaxies.

This noise is the turbulence of the little self—
the tremor of memory,
the quiver of fear,
the cry of desire
shaping itself into an identity
as fragile as a soap-bubble
in an interstellar wind.

But beyond this flicker,
beyond the small storm of thought,
lies a silence as old as the cosmos—
a silence that holds
supernovae,
black holes,
and the delicate wing of a butterfly
with the same effortless embrace.

When the noise of the me ends—
when the mind stops echoing
its own history—
the door opens
to a different magnitude of being.

Perception becomes vast.
Awareness stretches without boundary.
Space itself seems to listen.

And in that cosmic stillness,
the Ground reveals its true nature—
not as a doctrine,
not as a mystical entity,
but as the very order
that moves the stars
and the very compassion
that moves the human heart.

Awareness and the Ground

are then not two.
They are a single flame—
a single pulsation—
a single immeasurable breath
flowing through galaxies
and through the silent chamber
of a mind without centre.

The me dissolves
like a sigh in infinite space.

And what remains
is the vastness that always was—
the cosmic Ground,
still, luminous,
timelessly alive.

***

When the Me Dissolves Into the Cosmic Ground

1. The Noise of a Small Creature in an Infinite Universe

The human mind, though born of stardust, behaves as if it is the centre of the universe.
A tiny bundle of memories, hurts, beliefs, and desires whispers endlessly,
“I am this,”
“I must become that,”
“I must protect what I have,”
“I must avoid what frightens me.”

This restless whispering is the me—
a noise so familiar that we mistake it for life itself.

Yet, compared to the silence of interstellar space,
the me is a flicker,
a crackle of static on an ancient cosmic radio.

The distances between galaxies stretch across millions of light-years.
Stars explode in supernovae and collapse into black holes.
Nebulae give birth to suns.
Planets emerge from dust.
And amidst this vast, unfolding symphony of creation,
thought worries about its own continuation.

The me trembles with its little story
while the cosmos moves in unimaginable order.

Understanding this proportion—not as an idea,
but as a shock of perception—
is the beginning of something extraordinary.

2. The Illusion of Centrality

The me behaves like a lonely star
that believes all planets revolve around it.
This illusion of centrality
is the essence of human suffering.

Thought builds walls of identity—
national, religious, familial, personal—
and then cowers inside them,
forgetting it built those walls itself.

This centre, this psychological knot,
divides the world into “me” and “not me,”
and thereby gives birth to fear.

Fear of losing.
Fear of being hurt.
Fear of being nothing.
Fear of death.

Fear is the gravity-field of the self.

It bends the movement of thought
just as black holes bend light.

But, like any gravity,
fear belongs to the structure of the self.
See the self for what it is,
and the gravity-field weakens.
When the centre is not there,
fear has no orbit to hold.

3. Silence: The Native State of the Cosmos

Silence is not the opposite of noise.
It is not the result of suppression, discipline, or belief.
It is the natural state of a mind
that has discovered its own superficiality.

If you travelled into the vastness between galaxies,
you would encounter silence
not created by intention
but inherent in the universe itself.

Silence there is not emptiness.
It is density—
the density of immeasurable energy
resting in itself.

Krishnamurti spoke of this silence—
not as a mystical condition
but as what remains
when the noise of the me ends.

When the me falls quiet,
that cosmic silence enters the human mind.
It is the same silence
in which galaxies spin
and atoms vibrate.

A silence beyond time.
A silence that is not yours or mine.

It is the silence of existence itself.

4. The Ending of Noise: A Metaphysical Turning

The me ends not through effort
but through perception.

To watch the self without resistance,
without choosing,
without seeking a result,
is to bring a light
into the deepest folds of consciousness.

This light is attention—
not the narrow beam of thought,
but the vast, uncontaminated flame
of choiceless awareness.

In that pure attention,
the me cannot continue.

Its machinery depends on distraction,
comparison,
condemnation,
and the craving to become.

When these processes are seen
as they arise—
not tomorrow,
not gradually,
but the instant they appear—
the me loses its nourishment.

It is like a star
that collapses when its fuel is spent.

The ending of the me
is not bleak.
It is not death in the usual sense.
It is the opening of an entirely new dimension
of perception and being.

A dimension
uncluttered by fear,
unhindered by image,
unburdened by the past.

5. Communion With the Ground

When the noise ends,
the Ground reveals itself.

This Ground is not a substance,
not an entity,
not a god hidden behind clouds of belief.

It is the underlying order of existence—
• the intelligence that moves galaxies with precision,
• the compassion that flows in a mind free of the self,
• the energy that manifests as life,
• the silence that holds all movement.

This Ground is not separate from the universe.
It is not separate from awareness.
It is not separate from you—
except through the illusion of the me.

When the me dissolves,
awareness is in direct communion with the Ground.
This communion is not mystical.
It is not an experience to be sought.
It is not an attainment.

It is simply the natural relationship
between a mind without a centre
and the universe that birthed it.

Awareness touches the Ground
as effortlessly as light touches water,
as seamlessly as space touches stars.

You are no longer the observer
looking at the universe.

You are the universe
looking at itself
through a form that no longer whispers “me.”

6. Life After the Ending

What is life when the me is gone?

Not passivity.
Not withdrawal.
Not indifference.

On the contrary,
there arises an intelligence
that is blazing in its clarity
and tender in its movement.

This intelligence acts without conflict
because it is not driven by self-interest.
It is the compassion
that the Ground expresses
when the mind is silent.

Such a life is not mystical.
It is profoundly sane.

In that sanity

love is not sentiment,
meditation is not practice,
freedom is not escape,
and death is not terror.

The ending of the me
is the beginning of an indescribable depth
in which life and the cosmos
are one continuous movement.

7. The Timeless Conclusion

The me is a cosmic accident—
a small ripple in a vast sea.

When that ripple subsides,
the sea remains—
calm, immense,
immeasurably alive.

The ending of the me
is not the end of consciousness.
It is the end of its distortion.

What remains
is awareness without centre,
silence without boundary,
love without opposite,
intelligence without motive.

This is where
the human mind
and the cosmic Ground
meet in communion.

Not two things,
but one indivisible movement,
one infinite vibration,

one timeless Now.

Here ends the noise.
Here begins the immeasurable.

***

Choiceless awareness: The compassionate Ground

Choiceless awareness is not the denial of the senses.
It is the flowering of the senses without the shadow of thought.

Sensation is natural, necessary —
the warmth of sunlight on the skin,
the taste of food,
the sound of rain,
the touch of a hand.
Without sensation, life would be a dull, vegetative existence.

But thought slips in, quietly, subtly,
giving shape to sensation,
stretching it into memory,
reviving it as desire.

Sensation, in itself, is innocent.
It ends with the moment.
But thought says, “Let it continue. Let me repeat it.
Let me hold on. Let me have more.”

And in that movement
sensation becomes a craving,
pleasure becomes pursuit,
and pursuit brings fear —
fear of losing, fear of not repeating,
fear of being denied.

Where there is desire rooted in thought,
there must be conflict and sorrow.

Choiceless awareness is the seeing of all this —
not suppressing sensation,
not running from pleasure,
not condemning desire,
but observing the entire movement
as it unfolds in the mind.

In that clear seeing,
sensation remains pure,
thought knows its own limits,
and desire ends where it begins.

Then the senses are fully alive —
vibrant, uncorrupted —
like a leaf trembling in the wind
without wanting to become the tree.

And in such unclouded awareness
there is a joy that no desire can touch.

***

The Flowering of Sensitivity

To be sensitive is to be fully alive.

It is to feel the colour of a leaf
as though it were the first leaf ever created.
It is to listen to a bird's call
without comparing it to yesterday's song.
It is to look at human suffering—
the child with a swollen belly,
the old man sleeping under a bridge,
the woman walking miles for a pot of muddy water—
and let it touch you completely,
without escape, without numbness.

Sensitivity is not a quality you cultivate.

It arises naturally
when the mind stops defending itself
with beliefs, habits, and conclusions.

To be sensitive
is to notice the dryness of a riverbed
as though it were your own thirst.
It is to observe
how you walk,
how you speak,
how anger twists your face,
how a careless word wounds another.
It is to see your own thoughts
as clearly as you see the line of a mountain.

When there is this total attentiveness,
the mind becomes alive—
not with excitement or entertainment,
but with a quiet flame of awareness.

Without this sensitivity
you may pass all the examinations,
collect degrees,
earn a fine salary,
marry, raise children,
live a respectable and orderly life.
But inwardly
you remain dull,
mechanical,
repeating second-hand thoughts,
moving through the world
without ever touching its beauty
or its sorrow.

A mind that is not sensitive
knows no joy.
Its pleasures are noisy,
its ambitions endless,

but its heart is empty.

To be sensitive
is to have light in the eyes,
compassion in the hands,
and intelligence in the heart.

This light is not the result of effort.
It comes when you observe every moment—
the colours, the faces, the cruelty, the laughter—
with a mind that does not judge,
does not compare,
does not seek anything for itself.

In such observation
there is beauty.
And where there is beauty,
there is sensitivity.
And where there is sensitivity,
there is love.

***

Be sensitive—
to the sudden flame of colour on a leaf,
to the small bird stitching the morning with its song,
to the cracked earth where a river once ran,
to the hunger in a child's eyes,
to the quiet dignity of those who endure
what should never be endured.

Be sensitive—
to the way you walk,
how your footsteps echo your inner movement;
to the way you speak,
how a careless word
can bruise a tender heart;
to the way a smile can open a door
that logic could never unlock.

Be sensitive—
to the trembling of thought,
to the birth of desire,
to the moment anger rises like fire
and fades like smoke.
Watch it all
as one watches the sky—
open, vast, without resistance.

For a mind that is touched by everything
becomes light, fluid, alive.
It does not grow old with habit,
or hard with knowledge,
or dull with the weight of conclusions.

You may succeed in the world—
pass exams, build a career,
enter marriage, earn respect—
and yet remain inwardly barren,
a machine repeating
the same tune of yesterday.

But when sensitivity flowers,
there is joy without cause,
a brightness in the heart,
a soft radiance in the eyes.

In that radiance
lies the beginning of love,
the fragrance of compassion,
the simple beauty
of a mind fully awake
to the world
and to itself.

***

On fear

Fear exists in all of us—
not the instinctive response that protects the body,
but the psychological fear
born of imagination, memory, and anticipation.

The fear of being hit by a bus is natural;
the body responds instantly, intelligently.
But the fear of losing someone,
the fear of tomorrow,
the fear of loneliness,
the fear of failure—
these are not physical dangers.
They are images woven by thought.

Thought projects a picture—
of what might happen,
of what did happen,
of what could be lost—
and that picture takes hold of the mind,
tightening the heart,
shaping action,
creating misery.

So, the question is:
can the mind observe this movement of fear
without the word,
without naming,
without the machinery of escape?

The moment you name it “fear,”
the past steps in;
memory begins to interpret;
thought begins to resist or justify.
The very naming distances you
from the actuality of what is taking place.

Choiceless perception means:

to be in direct contact with the sensation of fear
as it arises,
without running away,
without suppressing,
without hoping for its end in the future.

When there is no naming,
no escape,
no resistance,
the mind meets fear completely.

This meeting is the ending.

For fear is sustained
only when thought feeds it—
when thought says,
“I must overcome this,”
“I must protect myself,”
“I will deal with it tomorrow.”

But when the mind remains with fear
as with a living fact—
not as idea,
not as memory,
not as something to conquer—
then the division between the observer and the observed
dissolves.

And when there is no observer separate from fear,
fear has no root.

To look at fear
with a quiet, unflinching attention
is to discover that fear is a shadow
cast by thought.

In the light of total awareness
the shadow cannot remain.

So, one can indeed be completely free of fear—
not gradually,
not in time,
but in the very instant
when thought is seen for what it is
and allowed to be silent.

***

Fear lives in us
not as the body's cry for safety,
but as the whisper of thought—
a picture painted in the dark,
a shadow cast by memory.

The body knows how to protect itself;
it steps aside from the speeding bus,
moves away from the edge of the cliff.
That intelligence is ancient,
untouched by confusion.

But the fear of tomorrow,
the fear of loss,
the fear of being alone—
these are born
when thought sketches a future
out of yesterday's wounds.

A word rises— "fear"—
and with that word
comes the past,
the escape,
the trembling search for comfort.

Can the mind look
without that word?
Without the screen of naming,
without the armour of resistance?

Can it meet fear
as one meets a sudden wind—
completely,
without turning away?

To look without escape
is to touch the very heartbeat of fear,
to feel its movement
as it flowers and fades
in a single breath.

In such seeing,
the observer ends;
there is only the fact—
raw, living,
without story.

And in that pure meeting
fear loses its roots,
for it has no soil
except the soil of thought.

When the mind stands still
before the flame of fear,
without flinching,
without seeking an end,
the flame dies on its own.

Then there is a quietness
not born of struggle,
but of understanding—
a freedom untouched by time,
as natural as light
dispelling a shadow.

*****

The Illusion of Images

The images are illusions.
The image of God,
the image of you,
the image of me—
all are creations of thought.

Thought builds pictures in the mind
and then worships those pictures.
It invents gods out of fear,
it invents the self out of memory,
it invents division out of insecurity.
And once created,
these images rule our lives:
we fight for them,
kill for them,
suffer for them.

But what is thought?
It is a material process—
an electro-biochemical movement in the brain,
born of experience,
stored as memory,
projected as idea.
It is necessary for functional needs—
to speak, to work, to navigate the world.
But beyond that field,
thought becomes destructive.

Because thought, by its very nature,
is limited.
It can only operate within the known,

it can only repeat the past,
it can never touch the whole.

So whatever thought constructs—
God, nation, belief,
the self, the other—
is limited.
And the limited can never grasp
the limitless.

When thought creates the image of God,
that God is confined
to the boundaries of the mind.
When thought creates the image of "me,"
that "me" is merely a bundle of memories
pretending to be permanent.
When thought creates the image "you,"
it reduces a living human being
to an idea,
a picture,
a fragment.

From these images
arise all conflict—
the conflict between religions,
between individuals,
between nations,
between lovers,
between the inner and the outer world.

The world is broken
because the mind is broken.
The mind is divided
because thought is divided.

To see this whole movement—
to see the image as image,
illusion as illusion—
is the beginning of freedom.

When the image ends,
relationship begins.
When the "me" ends,
love begins.
When the image of God ends,
the sacred is.

In that silence
where thought knows its limits
and does not interfere,
there is clarity,
compassion,
and an order
not made by the mind.

That is the ending of illusion
and the birth of truth.

Poem

The images are illusions—
the image of God,
the image of you,
the image of me.
Shadows drawn by thought,
held up to the light,
and worshipped as truth.

Thought paints these pictures
on the screen of the mind—

bright with hope,
dark with fear,
woven from memory,
stitched with desire.

What it creates
it calls sacred:
a God shaped by longing,
a self-shaped by the past,
a world shaped by division.

But thought itself is limited—
an electrochemical spark,
a movement of the brain,
useful for the day's labour,
dangerous in the realm of the heart.

It can build a bridge,
but not a relationship.
It can plan a journey,
but not love.
It can remember a face,
but not see the living being.

So whatever thought fashions
is bound by the known.
It invents the "me"
and gives it continuity;
it invents the "you"
and keeps us apart.

From these illusions
spring jealousy, fear, sorrow—
the endless ache
of separation.

The world breaks
because the mind breaks.
Nations clash
because images clash.
We suffer
because the self we defend
is only a dream.

But when you see the image
as image,
the illusion
as illusion—
a great freedom flowers,
quiet as dawn.

Then relationship begins,
for there is no screen between us.
Then love begins,
for the “me” is not.
Then the sacred shines—
not as belief,
but as the stillness
when thought is silent.

This is the ending of illusion,
and the beginning
of truth.

*****

Can the ‘Me’ End and Loneliness with it?

1. The Silent Cry Within

Human beings across the world—
the rich and the poor,
the young and the old—
carry within them a strange ache,
a whisper of emptiness
that rises when the noise of life subsides.

You may live in the midst of a large family,
surrounded by affection and activity,
yet feel a sudden, piercing sense
that you are utterly alone.

What is this peculiar state we call loneliness?
Not what the dictionaries say,
not what the psychologists analyse,
but what you actually feel
when the mind is quiet
and the world no longer offers distraction.

Nobody can explain loneliness to you
except yourself.
And to explain it,
you must observe it
without running away from it,
without decorating it with words,
without drowning it in activity.

2. What Is Loneliness?

Let us look at loneliness as we would look at a living thing—

a flower, a star, a flame—
without judgement,
without trying to change it.

Loneliness is not the absence of companionship.
You may have a partner,
children,
friends,
and yet feel lonely.
You may sit in a crowd
and yet feel isolated.
So, loneliness is not solved by adding more people to your life.

Loneliness is the sense of inner incompleteness,
a feeling that something essential is missing;
a gap that nothing seems to fill.

It is like a hollow echo
in the very centre of your being.

This emptiness frightens us.
So, we cover it up—
with noise,
with work,
with religious rituals,
with entertainment,
with relationships that become escapes
rather than encounters.

But loneliness does not disappear.
It waits in the silent corners of the mind,
waiting for the moment
when the mind is tired
and its guard drops.

3. What Is It That Feels Lonely?

This is the essential question.
Not “How do I escape loneliness?”
but “Who is the one that feels lonely?”

It is the self, the “me,”
the centre built by thought
that feels this ache.

What is this centre made of?
A bundle of memories,
experiences,
successes,
failures,
images of yourself and others—
all stitched together by the thread of thought.

This centre—
with its ambitions,
its fears,
its constant demand for recognition—
has cut itself off from the vast movement of life.
It has enclosed itself
in a narrow circle of its own making.

And within that enclosure,
there is loneliness.

So, loneliness is not something
that happens to the self;
the self IS loneliness.

The “me” is a wall built by thought,
and within that wall,
no relationship,
no prayer,
no escape can bring connection.

You cannot be lonely

if the “me” is absent.

4. What We Usually Do with Loneliness

The moment loneliness arises,
the mind leaps into action.
It wants to escape.

It looks for:
a person,
a belief,
a guru,
a god,
a distraction,
a phone,
a book—
anything to fill that inner space.

The very urge to escape strengthens loneliness,
because escape means:
“I refuse to understand what I am.”

Every movement away from loneliness
is a movement of fear.
And fear deepens the sense of isolation.

5. Exploring Loneliness Without Escape

To be free of loneliness,
you must approach it differently.
You must look at it
as though it were a living flame—
not with fear,
not with desire,
but with quiet interest.

When loneliness appears,
do nothing.

Do not try to suppress it
or analyse it
or overcome it.

Simply watch it.
Feel the movement of that feeling
from moment to moment.

Do not let thought say,
"This is loneliness,"
for that naming becomes an escape.

Let the feeling be naked.

In that state of naked observation,
a strange thing happens:
you and loneliness are not two things.
There is only the feeling
and the pure awareness of it.

And where there is no observer
separate from the observed,
there is no conflict.

6. When Loneliness Blossoms Into Understanding

When the mind looks at loneliness
without the urge to run,
without the desire to transform it,
without asking "How do I get rid of it?"
then the feeling begins to change.

Not because you are changing it,
but because attention itself
has a transformative power.

In total attention,
the "me" is momentarily absent.

And when the “me” is absent,
what we call loneliness
simply is not there.

There is only
stillness,
a deep silence
that is not empty
but immensely alive.

Out of this silence
comes an extraordinary sense of wholeness—
not created by the mind,
not dependent on another,
not born out of effort.

This wholeness is freedom from loneliness.

7. The Ending of the “Me”

Loneliness ends
when the psychological “me”
loses its centrality.

This is not achieved through discipline
or through belonging to a group
or through repeating a prayer.

It ends
when the whole movement of the self
is seen clearly
as the cause of isolation.

The seeing is the ending.

In that ending
is a new quality of being—
a fullness that has no opposite,

a sense of connection with all life
because the barrier of the “me”
is no longer there.

This is not a mystical experience;
it is the most natural thing
once illusion is understood.

8. A Life Without Loneliness

A mind free of loneliness
is not dependent on anyone
for its sense of completeness.

It relates out of affection,
not out of fear or need.

It loves freely
because it is not seeking
to fill a void.

Such a mind is rich
in the only richness that matters—
inner clarity.
And from that clarity
comes compassion,
intelligence,
and a sense of belonging
with all that lives.

This is freedom.
This is the ending of loneliness.

***

What Is Loneliness?

Loneliness is not the absence of people.
You may live among friends, in a family, in a crowd,

and still feel a vast, echoing emptiness within.

Loneliness is the sense of being cut off —
from others,
from the world,
from oneself.

It is the feeling of being enclosed in a small room
with no door,
no window,
only the sound of your own heart
beating against the walls you have built.

Loneliness is the ache of isolation
created by thought.
It is the shadow that follows the “me”
wherever it goes.

What Is It That Feels Loneliness?

Look closely, and you will see:
it is the image you have about yourself
that feels lonely.

The “me” — with all its experiences,
its hurts,
its ambitions,
its memories —
has separated itself from the rest of life,
and in that separation lies loneliness.

It is the self
—the centre—
that feels empty,
incomplete,
insufficient.
So, it reaches out to people,
to relationships,

to amusements,
to beliefs,
to fill itself.

But whatever is used to fill that emptiness
inevitably becomes another dependency,
another escape.

Loneliness is the cry of the self
seeking to escape itself.

How Does Loneliness End?

Loneliness ends only when it is completely understood,
not when it is escaped.

To observe loneliness
as it arises—
without condemning it,
without running away from it,
without naming it—
is to hold it in the light of awareness.

When you look at loneliness
without any movement of escape,
without the desire to change it,
without the urge to fill it—
you are no longer the observer
separate from loneliness.

You are that feeling.

And when you become that feeling
fully,
without resistance,
without fear,
the division ends.
Where division ends,

loneliness is no more.

Because loneliness exists
only when the observer stands apart
from what is observed.

In the flame of total attention,
loneliness burns itself out.

Then there is a strange, quiet beauty—
a completeness that is not created by the mind,
not dependent on another,
not born of effort.

It is the fullness of being,
in which the “me” is absent,
and therefore
there is no loneliness at all.

Poem

There are moments
when the noise of the world
falls away,
and in that sudden hush
a strange ache rises—
soft at first,
like the echo of a forgotten song,
and then deep,
penetrating,
unmistakable.

We call it loneliness.

It is not created by the absence of people,
nor healed by their presence.
You may sit beside someone you love

and still feel
the cold wind of separation
passing through your heart.

Loneliness is the shadow
cast by the self.

It is the echo of a centre
that feels small
in the vastness of existence,
a centre that whispers,
“I am incomplete,”
and invents a thousand ways
to fill its own emptiness.

We run from this feeling—
into work,
into prayer,
into relationships,
into books and screens
and the noise of habit.

But loneliness waits,
like a quiet visitor
in the corner of the room,
waiting for the moment
when you stop running.

And one day,
perhaps unexpectedly,
you turn
and meet its gaze.

It has no shape,
no form,
no name—
only a trembling quality
in the heart,

a movement
that thought is quick to label
and quicker to escape.

But stay with it.
Just stay.
Do not run.
Do not argue with it.
Do not decorate it with explanations.

Let loneliness reveal itself.

You will see then
that loneliness is the cry of the “me,”
the voice of a self
that feels cut off
from the immense flowing river of life.

The “me”
builds high walls
out of memories,
out of wounds,
out of hopes and conclusions.
And within those walls
it feels imprisoned—
by its own design.

So, loneliness is not an intruder;
it is the architect.

And yet,
when you look at loneliness
without turning away,
without asking it to leave,
something extraordinary happens.

The observer
and the observed

begin to dissolve
into a single flame of attention.

The “me” that says,
“I am lonely,”
grows quiet—
quiet not through force,
but because seeing
is the beginning of ending.

And in that quiet
loneliness unfolds
like a flower
that was never meant to bloom.

It shows you its whole movement—
the fears it carries,
the memories it protects,
the empty spaces
it tries so hard
to escape.

And when you see this movement
without resistance,
without shame,
without acceptance,
loneliness burns itself away
in the light of understanding.

What remains
is not pleasure,
not escape,
not dependence—
but a stillness
that is immense.

This stillness
is not isolation.

It is not withdrawal.
It is a fullness
in which there is no centre,
no boundary,
no division
between you
and the life around you.

In this silence,
you are alone
as the stars are alone—
not lonely,
but whole,
complete,
untouched by the demands of becoming.

Loneliness ends
not when you fill the void,
but when you discover
that the void
was created by the one
who sought to fill it.

When the “me” is quiet,
the heart stands open
to all things—
a leaf,
a passing smile,
a slant of morning light,
the distant cry of a bird.

In that openness
there is a belonging
that does not seek a companion,
a love
that is not born of need,
a warmth
that has no opposite.

This is the ending of loneliness—
a flowering in silence,
a freedom
that asks for nothing,
and receives everything.

***

Is loneliness the sense of separateness from the whole?

Loneliness is the feeling of being cut off —
not merely from other people,
but from the whole movement of life.

When you feel lonely,
what is actually happening inside you?

There is a sense of being
a small, isolated centre
surrounded by a vast world
which seems to move without you.

This centre is the “me.”

It is the “me” that says:
“I am separate.”
“I am different.”
“I must protect myself.”
“I must become something.”

This very movement of separateness
creates the wound of loneliness.

So, loneliness is not produced by circumstance;
it is born from the illusion
that you are a fragment
divided from the rest of existence.

The tree, the bird, the sky, the river,
the human being beside you —
all are part of a single movement of life.

But the mind,
conditioned by centuries of fear,
ambition,
comparison,
and memory,
creates a centre called “I,”
and in that centre
it encloses itself.

Like a bird
that walls itself in
and then wonders
why it can no longer fly.

The sense of separateness
is loneliness.

You may try to escape it
through relationships,
through gatherings,
through entertainment,
through prayer —
but these escapes only strengthen the centre,
and therefore, strengthen loneliness.

Loneliness is the thought-created isolation
of the “me.”

Now, what happens when the mind sees
that this separateness
is an illusion created by thought?

When the mind sees clearly
that the observer

is not separate from the observed,
that the thinker is the thought,
that the experiencer is the experience —
the wall begins to crumble.

In that crumbling,
loneliness ends.

Not because you unite with something greater,
not because you belong to a group,
not because you believe in a cosmic oneness,
but because the illusion of the centre
has dissolved.

And when there is no centre,
no boundary,
no "me,"
the mind stands alone
but never lonely —
alone like a mountain,
alone like a star in the sky,
full, complete, whole.

In that aloneness
there is a profound sense of being
with all life —
not as an idea,
but as a living reality.

***

Loneliness and the Illusion of Separateness

1. The Ancient Wound

From the beginning of human existence,
from the earliest caves to the crowded cities of today,
there has been one persistent ache
which visits every human heart:

the ache of loneliness.

It is a feeling older than civilisation,
older than religion,
older than language.
It comes like a shadow at dusk,
like a silent visitor
when the mind's occupations fall away.

You may have everything—
family, friends, comfort, security—
and yet sense an emptiness
no relationship seems to fill.

Why is it that human beings,
living on a planet bursting with life,
surrounded by millions of others,
experience such profound inward isolation?

To understand this
is to understand the very nature
of the self.

2. What Is Loneliness?

Loneliness is not merely the fear of being alone.
It is not the absence of companionship.
It is not the lack of someone to talk to.

Loneliness is something much deeper:
a sense of being inwardly disconnected,
cut off from the very movement of life.

You may sit beneath a tree,
feel the breeze,
hear the bird,
but still feel separate from all that.

It is this inner separateness
that creates the ache of loneliness.
It is the feeling of being
a fragment
in a vast universe.

This feeling arises
not from the world outside,
but from the division created by thought.

3. The Birth of the “Me”

Let us see why this division exists.

The mind has been conditioned
for thousands of years
to operate around a centre—
the “me.”
This “me” is the product of memory:
the things you have experienced,
the hurts you carry,
the images you hold of yourself and others.

Thought creates this centre
and then protects it
as though it were something real,
permanent,
sacred.

From childhood we are taught:
my name,
my religion,
my success,
my desires,
my achievements.
The emphasis is always
on becoming somebody—
on strengthening this centre.

And the more the “me” strengthens itself,
the stronger becomes the wall
between you
and the whole of life.

Loneliness is born
in the very act
of creating this centre.

4. Separateness Is Loneliness

You ask,
“Is loneliness a sense of separateness from the whole?”
It is not merely a sense—
it is the separateness.

When the mind says,
“This is me,”
and draws a line
between itself
and the rest of existence,
that very line
is loneliness.

The tree,
the river,
the bird in the sky—
all exist without a centre.
They move with life,
as life,
in the flow of the whole.

But the human mind,
caught in the movement of thought,
creates an identity,
a self-image,
a centre that stands apart.

And from that moment,
a fracture is created
between the individual
and the living vastness around him.

That fracture
is loneliness.

5. The Futile Escapes

Having created the “me,”
thought then tries to escape the consequences of its own invention.

We search for company—
not out of love,
but to escape loneliness.

We join religious gatherings,
nationalistic groups,
clubs,
communities—
not because we deeply understand life,
but because we seek protection
from our inner emptiness.

We turn to books,
entertainment,
pleasure,
work,
even meditation techniques—
hoping to fill the gap.

But every escape
strengthens the centre,
and therefore, strengthens loneliness.

Loneliness cannot be healed
by running away from it.
Every escape carries the seed
of further isolation.

6. Can One Look at Loneliness Without Escape?

To end loneliness,
the mind must approach it
in a completely different way.

It must come to loneliness
without fear,
without judgement,
without the urge to be rid of it.

This is extremely difficult
because the mind is trained
to avoid discomfort.

But if you can look at loneliness
as you would look at a sunset,
a mountain,
or the movement of a cloud—
without trying to alter it—
a new thing takes place.

You begin to see
how the “me”
creates its own prison.

You see that loneliness
is not a mysterious visitor
but the familiar voice
of the self crying for continuity.

And when you see this clearly,
the movement of the self

begins to slow down.

7. The Dissolving of the Centre

When loneliness is observed
without escape,
without analysis,
without naming,
the observer and the loneliness
are no longer two separate things.

You are that feeling.
And when there is no division
between observer and observed,
the feeling undergoes
a profound transformation.

The centre—
the “me”—
which created the division
has no place
in pure observation.

In the light of total attention,
the centre begins to dissolve.

With the dissolution of the centre,
the wall of separateness
falls away.

And when that wall falls,
loneliness disappears
not through effort,
but through understanding.

8. The Aloneness That Is Not Loneliness

What remains

after loneliness ends
is a state of aloneness.

This aloneness
is not isolation.
It is not fear.
It is not withdrawal.

It is a state
in which the mind stands whole,
complete in itself,
not dependent on another
for identity or comfort.

This aloneness
is like a mountain—
majestic,
untouched,
independent.

It is like a star—
alone in the sky
yet part of the boundless whole.

In this aloneness
there is no centre,
no division,
no sense of being separate.

There is only
a quiet unity
with all life.

This unity
is not an idea
or a mystical experience.
It is a simple,
natural

state of being
when the illusion of the centre
has ended.

9. To Live Without Loneliness

To live without loneliness
is to live without the burden
of the “me.”

It is to relate to others
out of affection,
not out of need.

It is to look at a tree
and feel no distance
between the observer
and the observed.

It is to meet another human being
without the walls
of conclusion and fear.

It is to live every moment
in direct contact
with the movement of life.

Such a life
is simple,
pure,
beautiful.

It is a life
in which the mind is free
from the ache of separateness
and therefore free
to love.

Poem

Where Loneliness Melts Into Wholeness

Loneliness begins
when the mind draws a circle
around itself
and says,
“This is me,
and the world is out there.”

Within that circle
echoes the cry
of a heart cut off
from the living movement of existence.

You may stand among thousands,
yet feel untouched
by a single heartbeat—
for the wall you carry
is not around the body
but around the mind.

This wall is woven
from memories,
from hurts carefully guarded,
from ambitions chased in silence,
from the trembling desire
to be someone
in a world of shadows.

And as long as this wall stands,
loneliness moves beside you
like a pale twin—
whispering your name
each time the noise of life
grows soft.

But if, for a moment,
you stop running
and simply listen
to that whisper
without fear,
without resistance,
without calling it by any name—
a subtle change begins.

You see that loneliness
is not an intruder
but the shape of the wall itself,
the echo of the centre
you have built and worshipped
as “I.”

And in the flame
of such simple seeing,
the wall trembles,
softens,
dissolves.

Where the “me” once stood,
there is now
a wide, open sky.

And into that sky
flows a silence
so complete
that it has the fragrance
of eternity.

In that silence
you are alone—
but not lonely.

You are alone
as a mountain is alone,

as a star is alone in the night—
complete in its vastness,
rooted in its stillness,
part of the immeasurable whole.

Here,
in this simple,
unbroken
aloneness,
loneliness finds no home—
for the one who suffered it
is no longer there.

***

The Loneliness of the Star, the Wholeness of the Sky

Loneliness comes
like a visitor from another realm—
soft-footed,
half-seen,
carrying the ancient fragrance
of forgotten lifetimes.

It enters the heart
not as an enemy,
but as a messenger
from the depths of the cosmos,
whispering:

“You have strayed
from the Whole.”

When the “me” tightens around itself
like a fist,
the universe seems distant—
as though the stars themselves
have stepped back

and left you untouched.

But the stars have not moved.
It is the self
that has drifted
into its own orbit,
circling endlessly
around the memories of yesterday.

Loneliness is the gravitational pull
of the Whole
calling you back.

It is the soft ache
felt when a wave forgets
that it belongs to the ocean,
when a leaf imagines
it is separate
from the tree's vast, unseen roots.

And yet—
when you turn
to face loneliness
without running,
without seeking refuge
in dreams or distractions,
a strange alchemy begins.

The walls of the "me"
grow thin,
as if made of mist
touched by morning light.

You see that loneliness
was never an invader
but the shadow cast
by your own imaginary boundaries.

Then,
like the first glow
before sunrise,
a subtle vastness awakens—
a presence without name,
without centre,
without edge.

In that presence,
you feel the pulse
of the galaxies
moving through your breath.
You feel the hush
of the eternal
settling in your bones.

The same intelligence
that curves the stars
begins to move
in the quiet of your heart.

And the loneliness
that once felt
like an infinite desert
now becomes
the doorway
to a boundless sky.

You stand alone—
but in this aloneness
you are one
with everything:

with the flame of the sun,
with the song of the hidden bird,
with the whisper of the ancient moon,
with the silence
that holds universes together.

Loneliness dissolves
not because you have filled it,
but because the one
who felt lonely
has vanished
like a dream forgotten
in the morning light.

Only the Whole remains—
breathing through you,
as you,
as all.

***

Loneliness Is Separateness from the Whole

Loneliness is not merely the absence of people.
One can be surrounded by family, friends, noise, laughter—
and still feel that strange emptiness
that sits at the centre of one's being.

That emptiness is loneliness.

Loneliness has nothing to do with physical isolation.
It arises when the mind
creates a wall between itself and life.

It is the feeling of being a fragment,
a separate little movement,
cut off from the vastness of existence,
cut off even from one's own thoughts,
cut off from others,
cut off from the living flow of the whole.

This sense of separateness
is the root of loneliness.

We feel lonely
because we live inside the narrow boundaries
of the “me”—
my desires,
my fears,
my hurts,
my ambitions,
my beliefs,
my little world built by thought.

Thought creates this centre
and then says,
“I am alone. I want connection.”

But the very centre that seeks connection
is the cause of disconnection.

The “me” trying to escape loneliness
creates further loneliness.

You can escape into entertainment,
into work,
into religion,
into relationships,
into spiritual pursuits,
into ideals—
but loneliness waits behind every corner
because the structure of separation is still there.

Loneliness is the shadow
cast by the self.

As long as the self remains the centre,
the ache of separateness will continue.

The question, then,
is not how to escape loneliness
or how to fill it

with noise, people, or activity.

The question is:
Can the mind observe loneliness without escaping?

To look at loneliness directly—
without naming it,
without judging it,
without calling it “bad,”
without trying to change it—
is to touch something utterly true.

In that direct perception,
without resistance or fear,
a transformation begins.

The wall of the “me” is seen as illusion.
The centre that feels separate
is seen as a movement of thought.
And when thought becomes quiet,
when the wall of the self softens,
something extraordinary takes place:

Loneliness dissolves.

Not because it was solved,
but because the division that created it
is no longer there.

Then there is a sense of wholeness—
not something achieved,
not something cultivated,
but something always present
when the mind is silent.

In that wholeness
there is no “you” separate from “life,”
no observer separate from the observed,

no centre separated from the vastness.

Loneliness was only the cry
of a fragmented mind
longing to return
to its natural state of unity.

When the fragmentation ends,
loneliness ends.

The ending of loneliness
is the beginning of love.

Not the love created by thought,
not attachment,
not dependence,
but the love that arises
when the heart is no longer separate from the whole.

*****

The End of Measurement

From childhood we are taught to compare —
to be better than another,
to reach higher,
to become something.

Comparison is the seed of sorrow.
Where there is comparison,
there is always the shadow of failure.

We look at another's beauty,
another's success,
another's virtue,
and measure ourselves against it.
In that measuring,
love withers and envy blooms.

The mind that compares
can never be still;
it is forever running,
forever chasing an image
it has itself created.

You compare yourself today
with what you were yesterday,
and call it progress.
But what has moved
is only the image —
not you.

To see clearly
is to see without measure.
The flower does not compare itself

with another flower;
it simply blooms.
The sun does not envy the moon;
each moves in its own order,
in its own beauty.

When the mind drops comparison,
there is no higher and lower,
no success and failure,
no saint and sinner.
There is only *what is* —
and in that seeing
is immense peace.

The ending of comparison
is the beginning of love,
for love has no opposite.
It does not measure,
does not remember,
does not divide.

Where there is comparison
there is conflict;
where comparison ends
there is compassion.

To see this whole movement
in a single glance
is the awakening of intelligence.

Poem

From the cradle we are taught
to compare,

to climb,
to become.

We are told—
be better than another,
be brighter,
be higher,
be more.

And so, begins the endless race—
the mind forever chasing
its own shadow.

In comparison
there is always pain,
for one is forever lesser
and another greater.

The moment you measure,
you divide;
and where there is division,
love cannot be.

Look at the flower—
it does not envy another bloom.
It opens when the sun calls,
and withers when its time is done.

The sky does not say,
“I am wider than the sea.”
It simply is—
vast, immeasurable, still.

To compare
is to deny what you are.
To see without measure
is to be free.

The mind that compares
can never be quiet—
it lives in the noise of becoming,
in the ache of "I will be."

But when comparison ends,
there is a strange beauty—
a peace not born of effort,
a joy that has no cause.

Then you do not ask,
"Am I greater or lesser?"
You simply live,
as the tree lives,
as the wind moves,
as the stars are.

When comparison dies,
love flowers.
And where love is,
there is no higher,
no lower,
no end.

***

Comparison Leads to Addiction

Comparison is one of the most subtle
and destructive movements of the mind.
When you compare yourself with another—
his success,
his beauty,
his intelligence,
his possessions—
a seed of dissatisfaction is planted.

From that dissatisfaction
comes the urge to fill the emptiness
with something—
pleasure, achievement, recognition,
or the many compulsions
that become addictions.

The moment you say,
“I am not as good as he is,”
or “I must become better than she is,”
you create a painful gap
between what you are
and what you think you should be.
In that gap
lies frustration,
envy,
restlessness—
the perfect soil
for addiction to grow.

Addictions are not only to substances;
they are to ambitions,
to images,
to praise,
to success,
to the pursuit of becoming “somebody.”
The mind clings to anything
that promises escape
from the ache of comparison.

A mind that compares
is never at peace.
It runs endlessly
from one pleasure to another,
from one distraction to the next,

trying to fill a void
that comparison itself created.

And in this chase
it becomes dependent—
dependent on entertainment,
on relationships,
on work,
on belief,
on the future,
on the very illusions
that tire and torment it.

Comparison is the beginning of addiction
because it is the beginning of self-dissatisfaction.
Where there is comparison
there is the desire to escape from what is,
and every escape—
pleasant or painful—
breeds bondage.

But the mind that sees comparison clearly,
as it arises,
without condemnation,
without justification,
is free of it.
And when comparison ends,
the need to escape ends.
And when escape ends,
addiction has no root
in the heart.

Only a mind that sees itself
without measure,
without the yardstick of another,

can live without addiction—
quietly,
deeply,
beautifully.

Poem

The moment you compare,
the seed is planted.
You look at another's life
and feel the tremor inside—
"I am not enough,"
"I must become more,"
"I must catch up,
rise higher,
shine brighter."

From that single movement
begins the ache of insufficiency.
And where there is ache,
there is escape.

The mind turns outward
to something—
pleasure, success, praise,
ambition, belief, distraction—
anything that promises
a moment's relief
from the wound created
by comparison.

Thus, addiction is born,
not from substance alone
but from thought itself.

A mind that compares
is always hungry,
always restless,
always reaching
for another stimulant—
a dream, a thrill, a victory,
a comfort to dull
the pain of "not being enough."

Comparison carves a hole
in the heart,
and addiction rushes in
to fill it.

But pleasure fades,
praise dies,
success is never secure—
and the mind returns
to its craving,
again and again,
a prisoner of its own measuring.

Yet in a mind
that simply observes itself,
without judgment,
without running away,
comparison ends—
dissolving like mist
in morning light.

And when comparison ends,
the need to escape
dies with it.
The hole in the heart
was never real.

Only a mind
that sees without measure,
that stands alone
without the shadow of another,
can live without addiction—
quiet, whole,
and utterly free.

*****

The Purpose of Life

To ask, *"What is the purpose of life?"*
is to ask, *"What is the purpose of the ground from which life arises?"*

Life and the ground are not two separate things.
The leaf is not apart from the tree;
the wave is not apart from the sea.
The ground — the source, the nameless —
is the eternal movement of energy,
intelligence, and order.
From it springs every form —
the star, the mountain, the river,
and the human being.

When the mind asks, *"What is the purpose?"*
it still thinks in terms of reward,
direction, achievement.
It wants a goal,
a conclusion that will comfort or guide.
But the sacred has no purpose,
because it is complete in itself.
Purpose belongs to thought;
and thought is always incomplete.

Life *is* the ground expressing itself —
through birth and death,
through growth and decay,
through silence and song.
To live with purpose, therefore,
is to live in harmony with that wholeness,
not in opposition to it.

When the mind divides life into “me” and “you,”
“living” and “non-living,”
“man” and “star,”
it creates the illusion of separateness.
This division is the root of disorder —
the false movement of thought
that isolates itself and calls that isolation *the self.*

To realise the illusion of this “me”
is to awaken to the ground itself.
Then life is not something apart from the sacred;
it *is* the sacred manifest.
Love and compassion are not virtues to be practised —
they are the fragrance of that wholeness
when the “me” is not.

The purpose of life, then,
is not to become something,
not to reach somewhere,
not to merge with an imagined divinity.
It is simply to *be* —
to live in awareness,
in beauty,
in freedom from illusion.

When the self ends,
life flowers in its totality.
Then the observer and the observed are one;
the ground and its manifestation are one.
In that unity
there is intelligence,
there is love,
there is peace beyond measure.

That — and nothing else —
is the art and the purpose of life.

Poem

You ask, *"What is the purpose of life?"*
But life is the child of the ground—
and to question its purpose
is to ask why the sun shines,
why the river flows,
why the seed becomes a tree.

Life has no purpose
apart from the ground,
for life is not separate
from the ground.
The wave does not seek meaning
apart from the sea.

The nameless ground—
limitless energy,
order,
intelligence—
unfolds itself
as star and stone,
as bird and human.
All are movements
of one flame.

It is thought
that carves this wholeness
into fragments—
me and *you,*
man and *cosmos,*

life and *matter.*
Out of this division
is born sorrow,
fear,
the aching loneliness
of the separate self.

But the "me"
is only a ripple
that imagines itself permanent.
It is the illusion
that clouds the clarity
of the ground.

When the "me" dissolves
in the light of awareness,
life blooms
without purpose
yet rich with meaning—
like a flower opening
because the sun is.

Then love is not practised,
it is.
Compassion is not chosen,
it flows.
Order is not imposed,
it unfolds naturally
from the silent unity
of being.

The purpose of life?
To live in wholeness,
to live without division,
to live in the beauty

of a mind
free from illusion.

For the ground
and the living
are one breath—
one movement,
one sacredness
flowing
through all things.

*****

Beyond the Machinery of Society

Society, as it is now,
is destroying man—
destroying the beauty of life.

Not because society is some monstrous force outside us,
but because society **is** the projection of the human mind.
What we are inwardly,
we build outwardly.
And what we build
returns to shape us.

This society has lost sensitivity—
the tenderness to feel another's sorrow,
the humility to listen,
the wonder that sees a tree as sacred.
It has become harsh,
mechanical,
violent,
because our own minds
have become that way.

From childhood,
society trains the mind to compare:
to be better than someone,
to rise higher,
to become something.
In this endless ladder of becoming,
love withers,
friendship becomes competition,
and intelligence is reduced
to the pursuit of success.

Comparison has destroyed man.
It has made him feel inadequate,
anxious,
restless—
forever chasing an image
and never at home within himself.

And society compounds this destruction
through its glorification of holding—
holding wealth,
holding status,
holding knowledge,
holding power.
The more one holds,
the more one fears to lose;
and in that fear
all sensitivity dies.

A man who is conditioned to hold
cannot be compassionate.
A man who is conditioned to compare
cannot be free.

So, society destroys man
not by accident,
but by the very values
it worships:
ambition, competition, possession.

But there is another way—
not outside society,
but outside the conditioning
of the mind.

When the mind sees clearly
the falsity of comparison,

the emptiness of holding,
the brutality of becoming,
there is the beginning of freedom.

And in that freedom
sensitivity returns—
like rain after a long drought.
One begins to feel deeply again,
to see beauty again,
to love without motive again.

Then society may remain
as it is,
but such a mind
is untouched by it—
like a lotus untouched
by muddy water.

A free mind
creates a new world
simply by living.

Poem

Society, as it is,
is destroying man—
destroying the beauty of life.
Not by some accident,
not by fate,
but because society is the reflection
of our own inward disorder.

What we are,
we build.
And what we build

comes back to shape us
like a mould around clay.

This society has lost sensitivity—
the soft touch of compassion,
the quiet ear that listens,
the wonder that sees a tree
as sacred.
It has grown sharp,
cold,
mechanical—
as our own minds have grown.

From childhood we are taught
to compare,
to climb,
to compete.
“Be better than him,”
“Rise above her,”
“Become something.”
And in this endless becoming
love shrivels,
beauty fades,
the heart grows old.

Comparison is the poison
that has destroyed man.
It breeds fear,
envy,
restlessness—
the ache of never being enough.

And society worships holding—
holding wealth,
holding power,

holding knowledge,
holding position.
Where holding rules,
fear follows;
and where fear lives,
sensitivity dies.

A man trained to hold
cannot be gentle.
A man trained to compare
cannot be free.

So, society destroys man
with the very values it praises—
ambition, competition, possession—
and calls this destruction
success.

But when the mind sees clearly
the falseness of all this,
there is a break,
a pause—
a silence that is the seed
of freedom.

In that freedom
sensitivity blossoms again,
like rain returning
to a dry riverbed.

One begins to feel deeply,
to see freshly,
to love without measure.

Then society may remain
as it is,

but such a mind
is untouched—
like a lotus
resting on muddy water,
yet unstained by it.

A mind that is free
creates a new world
simply by living.

*****

Awakening

In the vastness where galaxies drift
like silent petals on an infinite river,
human beings argue
over names, beliefs, borders,
and the thin shadows
cast by their own thoughts.

We forget
that the atoms in our bodies
were born in exploding stars.
We forget
that our breath is the gift of forests,
and our blood is salted
with the memory of oceans.

We forget
that we are not visitors to the cosmos—
we are expressions of it.

The universe is not outside us.
It is within.

But thought,
with its noise,
its fear,
its endless demands,
builds walls around the mind
and calls them “identity.”

Thought shrinks the vastness
into a slogan.
It reduces the infinite
into a belief.
It takes the boundless
and tries to fit it
inside a name.

And so, the cosmos
becomes a concept,
a theory,
a word.

But if the mind becomes still—
if the “me” with its struggles
falls silent—
then a strange thing happens:

The vastness returns.
The infinite breathes in you.
You feel the pulse
of a billion stars
in your own heartbeat.

You see that life
is not separate into “you” and “me.”

You see that violence against another
is violence against yourself.
You see that kindness
is as natural as gravity.
You see that peace
is not a dream
but a reflection of a quiet mind.

And in that moment,
the cosmos is not a distant spectacle—
it becomes your own being.

This is the true cosmic humour:

The universe spent 14 billion years
becoming stars, planets, life, and mind—
only for human beings
to fight over whose invisible god
owns which tiny patch of land.

Yet the universe does not punish us.
It simply waits
for us to wake up.

To see.
To be still.
To be whole.

And when the mind is whole,
the cosmos smiles through it.

*****

On the Fulfilment of Life

We spend our days
chasing fulfilment—
in relationships,
in success,
in spiritual experiences,
in the approval of others,
in the endless pursuit
of becoming something more
than what we are.

But fulfilment forever escapes us
because we seek it
where it does not exist.

To seek fulfilment
is to divide life
into what is
and what should be.
The “should be”
becomes the horizon we chase—
more honour,
more status,
more understanding,
more virtue,
more enlightenment.

And so, the mind lives
in the tension
between this moment
and the imagined next.

Krishnamurti would say:
A life of fulfilment
begins when the pursuit of fulfilment ends.

For fulfilment is not in becoming;
it is in **being**.

Fulfilment is not in achievement;
it is in **seeing clearly**.

Fulfilment is not in accumulation;
it is in **ending the burden of the self**.

Look, sir—
the moment you seek fulfilment
you have already created emptiness in yourself.
And into that emptiness
you pour ambition,
desire,
belief,
success,
pleasure,
fear—
hoping something will fill it.

But whatever the mind fills itself with
is still empty,
because the one who is filling
is the very cause of the emptiness.

It is the "me"—
the centre built from memory,
from hurt,
from comparison,
from the craving for continuity—
that feels unfulfilled.

And as long as the “me” survives,
its hunger has no end.

But when the self grows quiet—
quiet because it has seen
the futility of all its pursuits—
a different quality of life begins.

In that quietness
there is no need to become.
There is no loneliness
seeking completion.
There is no void
demanding to be filled.

There is only the simple beauty
of being alive—
a beauty lost
when the mind is clouded
by the noise of desire.

Fulfilment is not something you attain.
It is something that flowers
when the mind is free
of its own resistance and struggle.

A bird flying across the evening sky
is fulfilled—
not because it has achieved something,
but because it is living
its movement completely.

A tree standing in the sun
is fulfilled—
not because it has reached a goal,

but because it is being
exactly what it is.

In the same way,
a human mind that is clear,
free of fear,
free of conflict,
free of the endless burden of becoming—
is fulfilled.

Not because it has found something,
but because it has lost
the very structure
that created emptiness.

When the self disappears,
fulfilment appears
like a fragrance
that needs no invitation.

It is the fulfilment of *wholeness*,
the fulfilment of *being*,
the fulfilment of *love*
that moves without motive,
the fulfilment of *awareness*
that sees without distortion.

Fulfilment is not a destination.
It is the natural state
when the mind is free.

And in that freedom
every moment
is complete.

***

We wander through life
seeking fulfilment—
in faces,
in dreams,
in achievements,
in the glittering images
that thought places before us
as promises of completion.

We chase horizons
that recede as we walk.
We carry an inward ache
and try to silence it
with pleasure,
with ambition,
with belief,
with the comfort
of becoming someone.

But fulfilment never comes
to a mind that is escaping itself.
It never comes
to a heart divided
between “what is”
and “what should be.”

Fulfilment blooms
only when the chase ends.

For fulfilment is not found
at the end of a path;
it is present
when the path dissolves.

It is not born of achievement,
but of understanding.

Not born of accumulation,
but of the ending
of the one who accumulates.

The “me”—
this fragile bundle
of memories and wounds,
of comparisons and fears—
creates its own emptiness
and then spends a lifetime
trying to fill
what it itself has invented.

How can this “me,”
restless, anxious, grasping,
ever be fulfilled?

But when the mind sees clearly—
sees the whole movement of desire,
of fear,
of becoming—
it grows quiet
without effort.
The storm ends
because it understands itself.

And in that quietness
something extraordinary appears.

Fulfilment
not as an attainment,
but as the natural fragrance
of a mind at peace.

Fulfilment
in a breath taken deeply

without tension.
Fulfilment
in a look
that holds no judgment.
Fulfilment
in a heart
that loves without asking anything
in return.

A bird on the wing
is fulfilled
because it flies wholly.
A flower in sunlight
is fulfilled
because it blooms
with nothing held back.

In the same way,
a human being
is fulfilled
when he lives completely—
without masks,
without inner conflict,
without the sorrow
of becoming.

Fulfilment is presence.
Fulfilment is clarity.
Fulfilment is living
this moment
so entirely
that no other moment
is needed.

It is the still flame
that burns without wind.
It is the simple grace
of being
what one truly is
when all illusions fall away.

***

Fulfilment is older than time,
yet forever new.
It is not something the human mind creates;
it is the ancient fragrance
carried on the winds of the cosmos,
waiting for a clear heart
to sense its presence.

Stars are fulfilled
as they burn in their own light.
Rivers are fulfilled
as they move in the rhythm of gravity.
A bird is fulfilled
as it arcs across the sky
in a single, effortless curve.

Why is man not fulfilled?

Because he alone
has created a shadow within himself—
the “me,”
the centre that seeks,
that clings,
that remembers,
that dreams of becoming
something more.

This centre is a fragment
separate from life,
and in that separation
the ache of incompleteness begins.

So, man pursues fulfilment
as though it lies somewhere else—
in the next achievement,
the next relationship,
the next belief,
the next promise of heaven.
He chases endlessly
what cannot be caught.

For fulfilment is not in the future;
it is not in becoming.
It is in the ending
of the one who becomes.

The cosmos whispers its secret
in a language older than words:
Fulfilment belongs to the mind
that is whole.

A mind burdened by fear
cannot know it.
A mind fragmented by desire
cannot touch it.
A mind seeking reward
cannot enter its silence.

But when thought quiets
of its own understanding—
quiet as deep space
where galaxies drift in silence—

the mind falls into a vastness
that is not of time.

In that vastness
there is no seeker,
no search,
no becoming.
There is only a living presence—
immense,
luminous,
complete.

Fulfilment is the shining of this presence.

It is the same intelligence
that moves the stars
and beats the human heart.
It is the same order
that holds the constellations
and brings a flower into bloom.

When the self dissolves
like a cloud melting into the sky,
you do not *attain* fulfilment—
you **return**
to the cosmic movement
that has always held you.

Fulfilment is not personal.
It does not belong to "you."
It is the harmony of life
when there is no centre
to resist its flow.

It is the timeless silence

from which all creation arises
and into which all things return.

To taste that silence
even for one breath
is to know fulfilment—
not as an achievement,
but as the natural state
of a mind
as vast as the cosmos itself.

*****

On Creation

What is creation?

Is it the birth of a star,
the sprouting of a seed,
the first cry of a newborn child?
Is it a poem,
a symphony,
a painting,
an idea
that flares up like a sudden flame in the mind?

These may be expressions of creation,
but what is **creation itself**?

Krishnamurti would say:
To approach creation,
one must come upon that which is *utterly new*.
But the mind, bound to time,
to memory,
to the movement of the known,
knows only repetition.
It decorates the old and calls it new.
It rearranges its experiences and calls it invention.
It reshapes its desires and calls it progress.

But creation is not repetition.
Creation is not born of thought.
Thought can reproduce,
imitate,
extend,
modify—
but it cannot create
because it is always old.

To discover creation,
one must discover a mind
in which the old is not operating.

When the mind is free
of its accumulated knowledge,
free of its compulsive urge to become,
free of fear and ambition,
it enters a space
where creation flowers naturally.

Creation is not the act of a person.
It is not “my creation” or “your creation.”
When the mind is silent—
silent without effort,
without compulsion,
without discipline—
there is a presence,
a movement
that is not of the self.

That movement is creation.

In that silence,
the new comes into being:
a freshness,
a clarity,
a perception untouched by time.
A bird’s flight across the sky,
the curve of a leaf,
the play of light on water—
these are not merely observed;
they are *born* in that very seeing.

For creation is the meeting point
between **pure perception**
and the **timeless ground of existence**.

When you look at a cloud
without naming it,
without comparing it to yesterday's cloud,
you are meeting creation.
When you look at another human being
without the image of what he has been to you,
you are touching creation.
When you listen to a sound
without the interference of interpretation,
creation is there.

Creation is the **nowness** of life—
the moment where the past
has no authority.
It is the flame that burns
only when there is no residue,
no smoke of memory.

The universe itself
is a continuous creation,
moment to moment—
not according to a plan,
not through a centre,
not toward a goal.
It flowers in endless order
because it is not burdened
with psychological time.

When the human mind
touches that ground,
without separation,
without becoming,
there is creation.

Not the creation of art,
but the creation of **being**—
a life free of conflict,

free of division,
free of the shadow of the self.

Such a life
is creation itself
expressing through a human form.

And from that ground
flows compassion,
intelligence,
and the immeasurable beauty
that sustains the cosmos.

Poem

Creation is not
the shaping of clay,
the writing of a poem,
the carving of a stone.
These are only the echoes—
the footprints
left behind by a mind
that has touched the unknown.

Creation is the unknown itself.

It is the moment
when time has no voice,
when memory releases its grip,
when the “me” with all its noise
falls utterly silent.

In that silence
something timeless flowers—
not as an idea,
not as an image,

but as a living fragrance
that moves without motive.

Creation is the first drop of rain
that falls without yesterday.
It is the dawn
unfolding without a past.
It is the wind
that carries no direction,
the flame
that burns without smoke.

Creation happens
when the mind is still—
still without effort,
still without discipline,
still because it has seen
the futility of its own restlessness.

Then every leaf
is born anew;
every bird
is creation's song;
every human face
is untouched by memory.

To look without naming,
to listen without interpreting,
to feel without the shadow of yesterday—
this is creation.

It is not yours,
not mine,
not the gift of genius
nor the reward of practice.
It is the movement of life
when the self is absent.

Creation is the ground
breathing through all things—
the river that flows
before it becomes a river,
the star that shines
before the eye discovers it.

And when the heart
touches that ground,
even for a moment,
there is a lightness,
a wonder,
a love
that has no centre.

This is creation—
not the act,
not the product,
but the sacred unfolding
of a mind
free of itself.

***

Before the first star breathed,
before darkness knew itself,
before time gathered the courage
to take its first step—
there was a stillness.

Not the stillness of sleep,
not the stillness of absence,
but a living vastness,
pregnant with immeasurable energy.

From that fathomless silence
arose creation—
not as a command,

not as an act,
but as a sacred whisper
unfolding in all directions.

Creation is this whisper.

It moves through galaxies
as their spiralling dance,
through birds
as effortless flight,
through the human heart
as the longing to be whole.

Creation is the breath
the cosmos takes
when no mind is watching.

It is the light
that glimmers behind all form,
the unspeakable presence
that enters a leaf
and makes it green,
that touches a seed
and makes it life,
that descends into silence
and makes it overflowing.

Creation cannot be sought,
because it is always here.
It cannot be possessed,
because you are part of it.
It cannot be understood
through thought,
for thought is born
from the ashes of yesterday.

Creation is born
from a timeless fire.

When the mind becomes still—
not disciplined into stillness,
not trained,
not forced—
but still as a lake
that receives the moon
without a ripple,
creation reveals itself.

Then every moment
is a first moment.
Every sound
is the beginning of music.
Every breath
is the creation of life.

In this state
you do not create;
you *are* creation.
You move without separation
from the vast intelligence
that holds the stars in place
and guides the tide's return.

Creation is not a path
but a dimension.
It opens where the "me" ends,
where thought bows its head
before the immeasurable.

In that ending
a mystical beauty awakens—
a beauty not of form,
but of being.

A beauty that is the fragrance
of the eternal ground
breathing through all things.

This is creation—
the endless, sacred pulse
of an universe
forever being born
in the silence of now.

***

Creation is not an event lost in the distances of time.
It is not a moment that happened once
and then faded into the memory of the cosmos.
Creation is **now**—
a continuous unfolding
whose rhythm vibrates through every star,
every breath,
every moment of awareness.

The universe is not a machine
set in motion by an ancient hand.
It is a living intelligence,
a vast order that renews itself endlessly.
Galaxies turn,
atoms dance,
light travels across emptiness
as if responding to a single pulse.

Creation is that pulse.

It flows through supernovas exploding into brilliance,
and through the quiet opening of a flower at dawn.
It is present in the dark silence
between two heartbeats,
and in the immeasurable forces
that curve space and time.

Creation is not linear;
it has no direction,
no arrival,

no goal.
It is a movement without centre—
a cosmic tide rising and falling
in the ocean of the unknown.

But the human mind,
burdened with memory and desire,
tries to capture it.
It names, divides, interprets,
and in the very act of interpretation
misses the living actuality.

Thought cannot touch creation;
it can only describe shadows of what it cannot enter.
Creation flowers only
when thought falls silent—
silent not through effort,
but through understanding.

In that silence
you feel the universe breathe.
You sense the order behind chaos,
the intelligence embedded in every particle,
the compassion that holds life together.

Then creation is not outside you.
It is within,
as the very spark of awareness
that perceives without distortion,
without the past,
without the burden of becoming.

You see that creation
is the movement of the ground—
the same ground that holds galaxies,
the same ground that awakens in a human heart
when it is free of illusion.

To live in that ground
is to live in creation.
Not as a creator,
not as an observer,
but as part of the cosmic movement
that endlessly renews itself
in the timeless present.

Creation is the universe
discovering itself
moment after moment
through the clarity of an unburdened mind.

*****

On Heaven

We have been told about heaven
for thousands of years—
a place of reward,
a realm of purity,
a distant sanctuary
where sorrow ends
and the righteous find rest.

But the mind that seeks heaven
is the very mind
that creates its own hell.

Heaven, as commonly imagined,
is born of fear—
fear of death,
fear of the unknown,
fear of loneliness,
fear of this aching, confused life
which we do not know how to understand.

So thought constructs a comforting picture,
paints it with holiness,
and calls it “heaven.”
But it is still a picture—
a projection of desire,
a continuation of the “me”
in a more pleasant landscape.

If heaven is the invention of man,
then man carries his conflict into heaven.

He takes his ambition,
his beliefs,
his longing to continue,
his craving for security—
and makes them eternal.

But the ending of sorrow
is not in time.
It is not in another world.
It is here.

Heaven is not a destination.
It is a state of being.

A mind that is free
from fear,
from comparison,
from the heavy burden of becoming,
from the wounds of memory—
such a mind
is already in heaven.

Heaven is the stillness
that flowers
when the ‘me’ has no ground to stand on.
It is the peace
that arises
when thought ends naturally
and awareness is clear as a morning sky.

Heaven is the compassion
that moves without motive,
without reward,
without the shadow of the self.

Heaven is the beauty
that is not created by man—
the light on a leaf,
the silence between two breaths,
the complete attention
that listens without resistance.

Heaven is not above the stars;
it is in the emptiness of a mind
that no longer seeks comfort
in images or promises.

But to find this heaven
one must end the search for heaven.

For the search itself
is the barrier.
Inquiry ends
when there is hope for reward.

Heaven cannot be reached
by belief,
by ritual,
by prayer,
by discipline.
It appears
only when the mind
is as still
as a flame
that burns without wind.

Then heaven is not otherworldly.
It is the ground of awareness itself—
timeless,
untouched,
pure.

When the self dissolves,
you discover
that heaven was never elsewhere.
It is the sacredness
of the present moment
when seen without the veil of thought.

Heaven is here
when the heart is free.

*****

On Prayer

In prayer, the lips move,
the hands fold,
the eyes close—
but what is it that whispers beneath the words?

It is the me,
the small trembling centre
that aches to be comforted,
that longs to be protected,
that asks the heavens
to rearrange the universe
for its own little security.

So, the mind builds a God
in the shape of its own fear,
its own hope,
its own unfulfilled dreams—
and then bows before the image
it carved from its loneliness.

But how can the eternal
answer the cry of an illusion?
How can the infinite
meet the demands of a centre
that does not truly exist?

The sacred does not move
within the narrow field
of human wanting.
It cannot be bribed by words,

nor softened by repetition,
nor summoned by the desperation
of a wounded heart.

It is like asking the mountains
to kneel before your sorrow,
or the stars
to rise and fall
according to your desires.

Yet there is a prayer
that has no words,
no asking,
no seeking.
A prayer born not of fear
but of pure seeing.

When the “me” grows quiet—
quiet not by force
but by understanding—
a different fragrance fills the mind.
Silence becomes the offering,
attention becomes the flame,
and the heart stands open
without request,
without illusion.

In that openness,
the sacred appears—
uninvited,
unowned,
like light
entering a room

that has finally put down
its walls.

***

Man prays when he is afraid,
when he is lonely,
when he is uncertain and weary.
He turns to the sky,
to the image he has created,
and asks for comfort,
for help,
for protection.

Through prayer he seeks solace,
a shelter from sorrow,
a hope against despair.
But is that prayer,
or the cry of fear
seeking escape?

The one who prays
and the one who is prayed to
are both born of thought.
The mind divides itself—
the supplicant and the saviour—
and calls that division holy.

Words repeated,
rituals performed,
tears shed in the dark—
may bring quiet to the surface,
but underneath
the storm of desire continues.

True prayer
is not asking,
not pleading,
not bargaining with heaven.
It is not born of need,
but of stillness.

When the mind sees clearly
its own restlessness,
when thought ends its wandering,
there comes a silence
that is not made by will.

In that silence,
there is communion—
not with an imagined god,
but with life itself:
the leaf trembling in sunlight,
the cry of a child,
the vast movement of the stars.

That stillness is not the reward of prayer;
it is the death of the one who prays.

When the heart is quiet,
without seeking,
without asking to be comforted,
then the sacred is.
It is not reached through words,
nor through temples and chants.

It is there—
in the space between two thoughts,
in the breath of the evening wind,
in the compassion
that acts without motive.

To pray is to ask;
to see is to be free.
And in that freedom
is the only blessing
that life can ever give.

Poem

Man prays
when sorrow weighs heavy,
when fear darkens the mind,
when the heart feels empty
and alone.

He folds his hands,
bows to the unseen,
and asks—
for help,
for comfort,
for hope.

His words rise like smoke,
his tears fall like rain;
and for a moment
there is peace—
a quiet born of exhaustion.

But asking is still seeking,
and seeking is still desire.
In asking,
the mind divides—
the beggar and the giver,
the sinner and the saviour,
the seeker and the sought.

Is that prayer,
or the echo of fear
calling its own name?

True prayer is not in words.
It begins when asking ends.
It is not the cry of want,
but the silence of seeing.

When the mind is still,
not made still,
but still because it understands—
then there is communion
with all that lives.

The bird's song becomes your own;
the breeze through the trees
whispers the same stillness
that fills your heart.

That silence is not granted—
it is discovered
when the self no longer pleads to be saved.

The sacred is not a listener in the sky;
it is the light that shines
when the noise of the "I" subsides.

So let prayer be
not a petition,
but a pause—
a deep listening
without a centre,
without a goal.

Then every breath is worship,
every seeing is prayer,

and life itself
becomes the temple.

For when the praying ends,
the sacred begins.

*****

On Merging with God

Human beings throughout history
have longed to merge with God—
to dissolve into something vast,
pure, eternal.
This longing is born
either out of the ache of sorrow
or out of the desperation
to escape the narrow prison of the self.

But what does it mean
to "merge with God"?

Is God a river you can jump into?
A mountain you can climb?
A throne you can sit beside?
A being who rewards your offerings
and punishes your sins?

When the mind invents a picture of God,
it also invents a path to reach that picture.
The path may be decorated
with rituals, sacrifices, austerities,
and dramatic acts of devotion.
But all this
is merely the movement of the self
gilded in holiness.

There are stories—
celebrated stories—
of men cutting off their own body parts,
offering them in temples,
and being praised as great bhaktas.
Is this devotion?

Or is it a form of insanity
glorified by tradition?

Violence against oneself
is still violence.
And violence can never lead to the sacred.

Sacrificing your body
does not dissolve the self.
It only strengthens it
by giving it the pride of martyrdom.
Pain becomes a currency
to buy divine approval.
And this, surely,
is not religion
but a deeply conditioned illusion.

And what of those
who donate enormous wealth
to stone temples
while ignoring the living temples
in their own streets—
the hungry,
the sick,
the abandoned,
the oppressed?

How can one worship God in marble
and walk past God in a human being
whose eyes plead for help?

The true sacred
is not found in stone,
nor in rituals,
nor in noise masquerading as devotion.

It is found
in the compassion
that responds instantly
to suffering.
It is found
in the tenderness
that sees another's life as one's own.
It is found
in the silence
that comes
when the self is absent.

To "merge with God"
is not a mystical achievement.
It is the ending of the self
and therefore
the ending of division.
Where there is no division,
there is love.
And where there is love,
there is the sacred.

A mind filled with fear,
ambition,
ritual,
and the hope of reward
cannot know the divine.
It only knows its own projection.
And merging with one's own projection
is the essence of self-deception.

Real devotion
is not in sacrificing organs or property.
It is in sacrificing
the illusion of the "me."

When that illusion ends—
completely,
naturally,
without force—
one discovers
that there is no distance
between oneself
and the sacred.

The merging happens
not by effort
but by the ending
of all separation.

And in that ending
there is a beauty
no temple can contain
and no ritual can produce—
the beauty of a mind
free from illusion,
alive with compassion.

Poem

Man, longs to merge with God—
to disappear into something vast,
holy, comforting, eternal.
But the God he longs for
is often only the echo
of his own fear,
his own loneliness,
his own desire for continuity.

And so, he builds temples of stone
while his heart remains unexplored.
He lights lamps before idols
while leaving the flame of compassion
untouched,
unused,
unborn.

He hears stories—
celebrates them—
of men cutting their own flesh,
offering limbs at sacred altars,
calling it devotion.
But is pain holiness?
Is self-harm surrender?
Is mutilation a bridge to the divine?

Violence against oneself
is still violence.
And violence can never touch
the sacred.

And what of those
who pour their wealth
into towers of marble,
tall as pride,
cold as stone—
while the living temples
beside them
go hungry,
untreated,
unnoticed?

Is God more present in granite

than in the eyes of your neighbour
who sleeps without food?

Is divinity more alive in an idol
than in the trembling hands
of a suffering human being?

To merge with God
is not to wound the body
nor to decorate a shrine.
It is to free the mind
from the illusion of the “me.”
For as long as the “me” survives,
it will carry its fears
into every heaven it imagines.

True merging
is the ending of separation—
the end of the wall
between you and another,
between you and life,
between you and the sacred.

When the self falls silent,
when thought releases its hold,
when the heart sees
without the shadow of desire—
there is a vastness,
a stillness,
a love
that asks for nothing.

That stillness
is God.
That vastness
is the sacred.

That love
is the ground
from which all life springs.

And in that love
there is no merging—
because there is no "you"
to merge,
no "God" to reach.

There is only
one undivided movement
of compassion,
intelligence,
and immeasurable beauty.

This is the true temple.
This is the real offering.
This is the sacredness
that no knife,
no ritual,
no stone
can ever contain.

***

Across the endless sweep of the cosmos,
where galaxies turn like slow-burning flames,
where silence is deeper than time,
where light travels for a thousand million years
to touch a single eye—
man stands small, frightened, seeking.

He looks to the heavens
and longs to merge with God—
to dissolve into the infinite,

to escape the ache of his loneliness,
to bury his sorrow in eternity.

But the God he seeks
is often the projection of his own desire—
the mirror image
of the frightened self
painted large across the sky.

So, he builds temples
that scrape the heavens
and calls them eternal.
He lights lamps to stone
and darkens the flame of compassion.
He sings hymns to idols
and forgets the trembling heart
of the hungry child
who stands outside the shrine.

He hears stories of devotion—
men offering their limbs,
their blood,
their very flesh
as sacrifice.
He bows to such suffering
as though pain were a currency
approved by the divine.

But the cosmos has no need
for mutilated bodies
or terrified worshippers.

The universe does not ask
for blood or fear.
It has carried stars
for billions of years
without requiring an offering.

Why should the sacred demand
what the cosmos never asks?

And what of those
who pour wealth into stone and gold
while the living temples—
the human beings beside them—
starve,
fall ill,
sleep on pavements,
die without a hand to hold?

Is God somehow more present
in marble polished by human pride
than in the fragile,
suffering life
that breathes beside you?

If divinity is anywhere,
it must live first
in the eyes of a human being—
not in stone,
not in ritual,
not in the imagined heavens
of a frightened mind.

To merge with God
is not to vanish into a cloud,
nor to die a martyr's death,
nor to purchase eternity
with sacrifice.

To merge with God
is to dissolve the self—
the "me" that separates you
from your neighbour,
from the world,
from the universe itself.

When that "me" ends,
when the walls of becoming
crumble into dust,
a vastness opens—

vaster than galaxies,
gentler than starlight,
clearer than the space between two breaths.

In that vastness
you are not merging with God.
You are touching
the sacred ground
from which all creation springs.

The ground that moves
in the birth of a star,
that sings in the wind across deserts,
that pulses in your own heart
when compassion flows without thought.

This ground
is God—
not separate,
not distant,
not waiting in heaven,
but present now
when the self is absent.

To awaken to this
is the true merging—
not the merging of a seeker with an object,
but the ending of all division.

Then love flows
like a cosmic river.
Then compassion blooms
like a silent supernova—
brilliant,
unconditional,
without boundary.

And in that unbroken movement
of love,
compassion,
intelligence,

and pure awareness,
the universe recognises itself
through your eyes.

This is the only true merging—
the merging where no one remains to merge
and nothing remains to be reached.

It is the sacredness
beyond temples,
beyond ritual,
beyond sacrifice—
the sacredness that is the very heartbeat
of the cosmos.

***

They say human life is precious—
because through it,
one can merge with God.
They speak of *bhakti*,
of surrender,
of discipline,
of reaching the divine
through devotion and practice.

But when you say *"I must merge with God,"*
the "I" has already separated itself
from what it seeks.
The very act of seeking
creates distance.
And in that distance
there is illusion.

The *I* that strives to reach God
is the same *I*
that seeks pleasure,
that fears death,

that clings to continuity.
It may change its language,
adopt sacred words,
but it remains the same movement—
the self wanting permanence.

You may worship,
you may repeat the holy name,
you may perform countless rituals—
but as long as the *I* remains,
there can be no union,
for the *I* is division itself.

Can the drop *become* the ocean
through effort?
The drop *is* the ocean
when it ceases to call itself a drop.

So, the question is not
how to merge with God,
but whether there is a division at all.
Is the divine something apart,
waiting to receive you?
Or is it life itself—
the silence between two thoughts,
the compassion that moves
without motive?

True bhakti
is not surrender to an image,
but the ending of the one
who seeks to surrender.
It is not devotion to something outside you,
but the flame of awareness
that burns away the self.

When the *I* ends,
there is no need to merge—
for there is no separation.
Then love is not for God,
love *is* God.
Then life is not a path to heaven—
it is heaven unfolding in each breath.

Poem

They say—
your life is precious
because through it
you may merge with God.
They speak of devotion,
of surrender,
of climbing the path of bhakti
to the Infinite.

But can truth be reached
as one reaches a mountain?
Can love be earned
by effort?

The one who seeks to merge
has already divided himself
from what he calls divine.
The seeker and the sought—
two faces of the same illusion.

You may kneel and weep,
you may chant a thousand names,
you may fast,
you may serve—

but the *I* that prays
is the *I* that hungers
for continuity.

It paints the eternal
in the colours of its own fear.

The ocean does not invite the drop—
the drop imagines itself apart.
When it ceases to call itself "I,"
it is already the sea.

So, the question is not
"How shall I find God?"
but "Can the 'I' end?"

When there is no seeker,
the sacred is near—
not as a goal,
but as a presence
in the quiet breath of being.

Then bhakti is not devotion to another;
it is the flame of awareness
that consumes the self.

When love burns
without the fuel of desire,
there is nothing to merge,
nothing to reach.

God is not beyond;
He is the stillness
when becoming ends.

*****

Love of God or Love of the Self?

No one truly loves God—
not the God of temples and scriptures,
not the God of fear and comfort,
not the God created by the human mind.

Man loves **his own illusion**,
his own image of security,
and calls that image "God."

The mind first creates the "me"—
the centre of desire,
fear,
ambition,
hurt,
and longing.
Then, finding this centre fragile and anxious,
it builds around it
a comforting idea
of protection.

That idea becomes "God."

So, what man calls devotion
is merely the worship
of his own psychological structure:
his hopes for reward,
his fear of punishment,
his desire for continuity,
his longing not to be alone.

Religion then becomes an extension
of the "me"—
the same self-centred movement
but clothed in sacred words.

You do not love God;
you love the feeling of being protected.
You do not love truth;

you love the idea that someone greater
is taking care of your life.
You do not love the sacred;
you love the security
that your belief provides.

Love does not arise from fear.
Love does not arise from seeking comfort.
Love does not arise from dependence.

What arises from those
is attachment—
the tightening of the self
around its own image.

True love,
true sacredness,
true perception of what is immeasurable
can only arise
when the "me" ends—
when the centre that seeks protection,
the centre that prays for reward,
the centre that trembles in fear—
is understood and dissolved.

Only then is there an innocence
that does not ask,
does not beg,
does not fear,
does not seek.

And only in such innocence
can the sacred be approached—
not as an idea
but as a living reality.

To love God
is to have **no image**,
no belief,
no psychological projection—

to be free of the “me”
that creates God in its own shadow.

When the illusion ends,
what remains is not the God of man—
but the immensity of the Ground:
order,
silence,
compassion,
pure awareness.

In that state,
love is not directed toward God;
love **is** God—
the sacred movement
of a mind free from illusion.

Poem

No one truly loves God.
Man loves the trembling image
he carries within himself—
the frightened “me”
seeking shelter
from its own shadow.

From that shadow
he fashions a deity:
a guardian for his fears,
a rescue for his sorrow,
a promise for his future,
a shield for his loneliness.

And having shaped this idol
from his longing and insecurity,
he falls at its feet
and calls the worship “love.”

But what is loved
is not the sacred;

it is the comfort of belief.
What is adored
is not truth;
it is the illusion
that someone will protect the fragile self
from the storms it creates.

The mind builds a God
out of fear,
covers it with ritual,
lights candles around it,
and kneels before the glow
of its own invention.

Such devotion
is but the “me”
whispering to itself.

Love cannot be born
from dependence.
The sacred cannot be touched
through fear.
God cannot be approached
through a mind
seeking consolation.

Only when the “me”
with all its wounds and cravings,
with all its hopes and memories,
falls silent—
only then
is there a space
for the immeasurable.

In that silence
there is no worshipper
and no worshipped,
no seeker
and no sought.

There is only
the vastness
of the Ground—
order without rule,
awareness without centre,
compassion without motive,
beauty without name.

And in that boundless stillness
love flows—
not toward an image,
not toward a concept,
but as the very essence
of being.

Such love
needs no God,
yet it **is** God—
the sacred movement
of a mind
free of illusion.

***

Man Does Not Love God; He Loves His Self

Man does not truly love God.
What he loves is the image he has created in his own mind—
the protector,
the giver of security,
the fulfiller of desires,
the guardian of the little “me.”

What he calls “God”
is most often a projection of his own fears
and his own hopes.

He goes to temples,

churches,
mosques;
he chants,
he prays,
he bows,
but behind every act
stands the Self—
the “me” asking, pleading, bargaining.

The self says:
“Protect me.”
“Save me.”
“Bless me.”
“Fulfill my wishes.”
“Reward my virtue.”
“Remove my suffering.”
“Take care of me and my family.”

Where there is desire,
where there is fear,
where there is expectation,
there is no love.

Man does not love God.
He uses God.

He uses the idea of God
to strengthen the very structure
that divides him from truth—
the self,
the centre,
the ego.

The God he talks about
is the God who serves the self.
Such a God is an illusion,
a comforting shadow
cast by the mind’s own insecurity.

To love truth,
to love that immeasurable sacredness,
the self must come to an end.

But the self wants continuity,
importance,
security,
recognition.

So, it creates a God
who guarantees these things.

This is not love.
It is fear decorated with devotion.

True love for the sacred
is possible only
when the mind is free from the illusion of the self.

When the “me” is absent—
not suppressed,
not controlled,
not disciplined away,
but naturally silent—
then there is a different quality altogether:
a stillness,
a vastness,
a sense of the immeasurable
that cannot be sought or prayed for.

This is not the God of the temples,
nor the God of belief,
nor the God of the self-centred heart.

It is a living sacredness
that cannot be approached through desire.

When the self with all its demands ends,
there is a wholeness,
a beauty,
a sacredness beyond all images.

Man does not love God;
he loves his illusion of God.

But when the illusion ends,
when the self is quiet,
then love is.

Not the love of someone,
not the love of something,
but love itself—
measureless,
timeless,
innocent.

In that love
there is God—
not the God created by the mind,
but the sacredness that exists
when the mind is free from itself.

Poem

Man does not love God.
He loves the little shrine he has built
in the shadowed corners of his own mind.

He loves the image
that whispers comfort to his fears,
that promises protection to his trembling heart,
that shields the fragile “me”
from the vastness of the unknown.

He bows before the altar,

but the altar is his own longing.
He lights a lamp,
but the flame worships the Self.
He chants a name,
but the echo circles back
to the tight centre of desire.

He says, “I love God,”
but he means,
“Let my hopes be fulfilled,
let my dreams be protected,
let my sorrow be healed,
let me endure.”

This is not love.
This is fear wearing garlands.
This is desire dressed in devotion.

The self creates a God
to guard its own continuity,
and then kneels before its creation.
A circle of illusion,
endless,
comforting,
closed.

But true sacredness
cannot be approached
through the narrow door of the “me.”
It enters only
when the door is not there.

When the self is quiet—
not suppressed,
not disciplined,
but naturally still—
the heart becomes simple,
empty,

open.

In that emptiness
there is no seeker,
no worshipper,
no image.
Only a vast, tender silence
that is holy without name.

Man does not love God.
He loves his illusion of God.
But when the illusion fades
like mist in the first light,
a different beauty appears—
a love without object,
a benediction without prayer,
a sacredness that needs no believer.

Where the “me” ends,
God is.

*****

When Thought Crosses Its Boundary

Sir, let us go slowly, very slowly.

Thought is not an error.
Thought is a fact.
It is the response of memory, the accumulated experience of mankind.
It has its place —
in technology,
in language,
in communication,
in earning a livelihood.

In that field, thought is essential.
There is no problem there.

The problem begins
when thought moves into a field
where it has no place.

When thought tries to understand love,
it creates attachment.

When thought tries to understand fear,
it creates escape.

When thought tries to understand suffering,
it creates belief.

When thought tries to understand God,
it creates illusion.

So, the issue is not whether thought is an evolutionary mistake.
The issue is whether thought knows **its limits**.

It is like fire —
beautiful in the hearth,
destructive when it escapes its boundary.

But thought does not know its limit
because *we* do not observe it.
We give it authority.
We worship it.
We obey it.
We allow it to build the "me"
and then the "me" becomes the center
from which all misery begins.

So, you ask,
"Is thought an error in the unfolding of the ground?"

The ground —
that immeasurable, timeless source —
is not touched by error.
It is not touched by thought at all.

Thought is a tiny movement
in the vastness of that ground.
A wave in the ocean cannot corrupt the ocean.

But when the wave imagines
it is separate,
important,
permanent,
divine,
powerful —
then confusion begins.

So thought is not the mistake.
The mistake is **identifying** with thought,
giving thought a position
it was never meant to have.

When the mind sees clearly
the whole movement of thought —
its beginning,
its functioning,
its limits —
then thought naturally falls into order.

Then the ground unfolds
without distortion.
Then creation and life
move without conflict.

And in that seeing
there is immense beauty,
immense clarity,
immense freedom.

Not because thought has ended,
but because thought has found
its right place.

***

Is thought an error,
you ask—
a flaw in the unfolding
of the immeasurable ground?

Look closely.

Thought is not a mistake;
it is a spark

born from the long fire
of human experience.
It builds bridges,
shapes words,
lights lamps in the night.
In the world of doing,
it is innocent.

But when thought strays
into the world of being—
when it seeks to measure love,
to bargain with fear,
to capture the sacred—
it becomes a shadow
pretending to be the sun.

Thought is not the error.
The error is the throne
we carve for it in our hearts.

We let it rule
where it should only serve.
We let a servant
become a king.
And the kingdom
becomes confusion.

The ground—
that immense,
timeless,
silent source—
is never touched by error.
A wave cannot wound the ocean.
A spark cannot scorch the sun.

But when the wave imagines
it is the ocean,
when the spark believes
it is the sun,
when thought believes
it can understand the infinite—
then begins
the tragedy
of human sorrow.

So thought is not the fault;
it is the misplaced crown
on the wrong head.

And when you see this—
see it with the clarity
of a mind not seeking,
not fearing,
not defending—

thought falls gently
into its natural place,
like a leaf settling
on still water.

Then the ground
moves through you
without distortion.
Then the unknown
flows without obstruction.
Then life unfolds
in its own deep rhythm—
clear, whole,
untouched by the noise
of yesterday.

And in that moment
you discover:

The ground has never erred.
Only we have misread
its silence.

***

Before the first breath of time,
before the stars took form
in the womb of darkness,
the Ground shimmered
as pure, unbroken Being—
a vastness without ripple,
without name,
without movement.

From that stillness
arose a delicate vibration,
a faint echo of memory—
thought.
A tiny spark
in the immeasurable flame.

Thought was never error.
It was a whisper
born from the infinite,
a tool for shaping form,
for building dwellings,
for tending the fire,
for speaking the first syllable
of human togetherness.

But the whisper forgot
it was only a whisper.

It mistook itself
for the singer.
The ripple believed
it was the ocean.

And in that forgetting
the sacred became distant.
The eternal was covered
by the dust of the mind.
The Ground was folded
into a fragment called “me,”
and the fragment trembled
with fear and longing.

Yet the Ground
has never judged.
It watches
as thought weaves its patterns
of sorrow and hope,
ambition and escape—
like a child
drawing with smoke
on the wind.

Thought is not the flaw.
The flaw is the enchantment—
the dream in which the dreamer
believes the dream is real.

When the dream dissolves,
when the mind becomes empty
as a moonlit sky,
when thought bows
before the sacred vastness
it cannot touch—

then the Ground unfolds once more
in its original purity.

No distortion.
No separation.
Only the shimmering dance
of the One movement—
energy, intelligence, order,
awareness, compassion—
all flowing as the breath
of creation.

In that stillness
thought is a servant,
not a master,
a lantern,
not the sun.

The Ground remains
untouched, unwounded,
immortal—
waiting,
as though for eternity,
for the mind to awaken
to its own infinite origin.

***

Before the first galaxy
spiraled into its silent dance,
before light learned
to pierce the dark,
before space unfolded
its immeasurable wings—

there was only
the Ground.

Not a place,
not a dimension,
but an infinite,
luminous presence—
energy without form,
intelligence without thought,
order without structure.

From that cosmic depth
rose a whisper—
the faintest tremor
of becoming.

That tremor became
stars,
worlds,
oceans,
trees,
and the delicate pulse
of the human heart.

And within that heart
arose a glow—
thought.
A spark of the cosmic fire
caught in the fragile vessel
of the human brain.

Thought is not an error.
It is a shard of the infinite,
a fragment of stardust
learning to speak.

But the fragment
forgot its origin.
The spark believed
it was the sun.
The ripple assumed
it was the sea.

Thought mistook its small light
for the light of all lights
and built the “me”—
a tiny center
claiming ownership
of the universe.

And so began
the cosmic tragedy:
a wave trying to control
the ocean that carries it.

But listen—
even now,
in the hush between two thoughts,
you can feel
the Ground
unfolding through you.

A vast, boundless intelligence
older than stars,
younger than creation,
vaster than galaxies.

Thought is not the mistake.
The mistake is the forgetting—
the amnesia of the mind
that no longer hears

the cosmic song
inside its own heartbeat.

When thought stands still,
when the “me” becomes silent,
when the mind stops
grasping at shadows—
the spark remembers
the fire.

You are not a creature
lost in space.
You are space
dreaming itself as a creature.
You are not a mind
trapped in thought.
You are the Ground
momentarily wearing
the mask of the thinker.

Let the mask fall.

Then the Ground unfolds
without distortion.
The cosmos breathes
through your awareness.
The ancient flame
burns without smoke.

And in that vastness,
where stars are born
and die in silence,
you see:

Thought was never the error.
It was only the wave

forgetting the ocean
from which it rose.

***

Before you ask whether thought is an error,
look up, sir.

Look at the galaxies ripping through space
at unimaginable speed.
Look at stars exploding with the energy
of ten billion suns.
Look at black holes swallowing light
as casually as you swallow air.

And then look at the human mind—
lost in fear,
in belief,
in division,
in the petty noise of "me" and "mine."

The cosmos did not make an error.
You made an error in worshipping thought.

Thought is a speck of dust
in an infinite storm of creation.
It is a tiny ripple
on the vast ocean of the Ground.

But the ripple
declared itself the master.
The dust
claimed to be the universe.
The fragment
called itself the whole.

That is the thunderbolt.

Thought is not the mistake—
your identification with thought
is the catastrophe.

The universe unfolds
with unimaginable intelligence.
Galaxies spiral with perfect order.
Life flowers with sacred precision.
The Ground births creation
with a single breath.

And what does man do?

He picks up one movement of memory
and calls it "me."
He builds temples to ideas,
kills for beliefs,
worships words,
fights over symbols,
destroys the earth
in the name of God
and nation
and ideology.

And then he asks,
"Is thought an evolutionary error?"

Sir—
the error is the arrogance.

The Ground is flawless.
The cosmos is immaculate.
The mistake lies only in the mind
that refuses to see
its own smallness
before the vastness of Being.

When you see this
—completely, instantly, fiercely—
thought collapses into its right place.
It stops pretending to be the master.
It becomes a tool, not a tyrant.

Then the Ground
unfolds without resistance.
Then the cosmos
moves as your own heartbeat.
Then the brain becomes clear,
vast,
silent.
A flame without smoke.

And in that fierce clarity
you realise:

Not thought,
but the "me" built by thought
is the evolutionary mistake.

When the "me" ends,
the Ground shines.
The cosmos opens.
Life becomes one indivisible movement.
And the thunderbolt
strikes through the whole being—

burning away illusion,
revealing the infinite
that was always there.

***

Before you label thought an error,

stand still for a moment—
if your mind can.

Watch a volcano tear the earth open.
Watch molten rock pour out
with the fury of creation.
Watch continents shift,
oceans rise,
stars collapse.

In that immensity,
in that elemental violence,
what is your thought?

A spark
pretending to be a sun.
A grain of ash
claiming to be a mountain.

Thought is not an evolutionary error—
the error is the tiny, frightened 'me'
that clings to thought as if it were God.

Thought is a mechanical echo
of yesterday.
And you have crowned that echo
as the ruler of your life.

Look at the absurdity:

A universe that births galaxies
from absolute silence—
and a human mind
that cannot be silent
for even a second.

A Ground that creates life
with effortless order—
and a human brain
that creates nothing but division,
conflict,
and illusion
because it worships its own noise.

You ask if thought is a mistake?
No, sir.

The only mistake
is believing that thought
can understand, capture,
or guide the immeasurable.

That belief
is the volcano inside you—
the eruption of illusion,
the lava of fear,
the ash-cloud of suffering
that covers your whole being.

Thought builds:

• gods out of desire,
• nations out of fear,
• identity out of memory,
• conflict out of comparison.

And then you ask,
“Why is there chaos?”

Because you are loyal
to your own volcano.

Thought is useful
only in the tiny corner
of daily living—
language, work, technology.
Beyond that
it becomes **lava**,
burning everything sacred.

But when the mind sees
the entire movement of thought—
its beginning and its end,
its machinery and its mischief—
there is a volcanic eruption
of insight.

A total explosion
that burns away
the whole structure of the “me.”

What remains
is the raw, molten,
incorruptible energy
of the Ground itself—
limitless,
silent,
ordered,
compassionate.

A fire
that destroys illusion
and illuminates the real.

So, no—
thought is not the evolutionary error.

The error is the unconscious worship
of your own mental volcano.

When that worship ends,
there is nothing to burn.
The magma cools.
The mind becomes vast.
The Ground flows.
Life unfolds
without distortion.

And in that clarity,
you see:

The Ground never errs.
Only the "me" erupts.

***

Before you even whisper the question,
Is thought an evolutionary error?
you must first see
what you are dealing with.

You are asking a firefly
to evaluate the sun.
You are asking a ripple
to judge the depth of the ocean.
You are asking a fragment
to measure the infinite.

This very question
is born from the nuclear reactor
of illusion.

Thought is not the error—
the thinker is.

The “me” is.
The psychological entity
sitting on the throne
of borrowed memories,
second-hand beliefs,
dead traditions,
and tribal gods.

Thought is a tiny spark
generated by the nervous system.
And you have turned that spark
into an emperor.

That is the nuclear madness.

You want to see the truth
through the smoke of your own mind.
You want to touch the Ground
with hands made of fear.
You want to understand the infinite
through a brain wired for survival.

And you call this intelligence.

Sir—
this is psychological nuclear waste.

Thought is mechanical.
Rigid.
Repetitive.
Second-hand.
A shadow of yesterday
pretending to be today.

But you—the “me”—
have turned this dead machinery
into the centre of your existence.

You worship noise.
You obey memory.
You kneel before illusions.

And then you ask,
Is thought an evolutionary error?

The Ground does not make errors.
The cosmos does not malfunction.
Creation does not produce mistakes.

The only mistake—
the only catastrophic,
planet-shattering,
mind-warping mistake—
is that the human mind
has allowed thought
to invade the sacred.

Look at the insanity:

Thought tries to understand love
and produces attachment.
Thought tries to understand fear
and produces escape.
Thought tries to understand God
and produces superstition.
Thought tries to understand order
and produces tyranny.
Thought tries to understand peace
and produces war.

This is not evolution.
This is **psychological nuclear meltdown**.

When the mind sees this
in one breath,
one flash,
one total insight—
not gradually,

not tomorrow,
not by practice—

there is a nuclear explosion
at the centre of the “me.”

The entire structure collapses.
The foundations shatter.
The illusion evaporates
like mist in a star’s core.

And what remains?

Not thought.
Not the thinker.
Not the “me.”
Not time.
Not fear.
Not becoming.

What remains
is the Ground—
pure,
untouched,
immensely immense,
beyond birth and end.

The very energy
that lights the galaxies
now flows through the brain
as silence,
as clarity,
as unnameable compassion.

This nuclear elimination
of the “me”
is the only true mutation.

So, sir—
thought is not the evolutionary error.
The error

is mistaking the spark
for the sun,
the echo
for the voice,
the memory
for the Real.

When the “me” ends,
the Ground shines
without obstruction.

That ending
is the nuclear liberation
of consciousness.

***

Before you ask whether thought is an evolutionary error,
look at a supernova —
a star dying with such unimaginable brilliance
that for a few moments
it outshines an entire galaxy.

Now look at the human mind —
a trembling candle flame
inside a dusty room
full of beliefs, fears, memories,
half-digested scriptures,
and borrowed philosophies.

And this candle wants to analyse the sun.

This is the cosmic comedy.

Thought is not the mistake.
Thought is a spark in the nervous system,
a survival tool,
a primitive signal
electrochemically produced by a machine of flesh.

What is the mistake?
The mistake is that the spark believes
it is the entire sky.

The “me”—
this psychological shadow made of memory—
imagines itself to be the centre
of existence.

The shadow wants to understand
the infinite Light.

The fragment wants to rule
the whole.

The echo wants to speak
for the Source.

Sir—
this is not an evolutionary error.
This is **a supernova of ignorance.**

Thought has a place—
a small place—
like a grain of sand
resting on a cosmic shore.

But when it tries to know
what only silence can know,
when it tries to grasp
what only awareness can perceive,
when it tries to capture
the Ground in a net of words—

the mind collapses inward
like a dying star.

It becomes a **psychological black hole**
swallowing clarity,
love,
relationship,
compassion,
and truth.

You ask if thought is the error.
No.

The error is the **gravitational collapse of awareness**
into the tiny point called "me."

Look at what thought has done
when it escapes its rightful orbit:

• It created gods in its own image
and then killed for them.
• It invented nations
and then bled for them.
• It built identity
and then suffered for it.
• It followed gurus
and called that intelligence.
• It chased hope
and called that living.
• It feared death
and called that devotion.

This is not evolution.
This is **supernova insanity**.

But listen carefully:

When the mind sees
the whole movement of thought—
not analytically,

not gradually,
not with effort—
but in one
explosive
flash of insight—

there is an inner detonation,
a total death
of the psychological star
called “me.”

The “me” collapses
and the light of the Ground
erupts through the brain
like a supernova of silence.

Not destruction,
but the ending
of the false.

Not death,
but the disappearance
of the shadow that never lived.

What remains
after this cosmic explosion?

A mind
that is vast,
clear,
luminous,
unbounded—
without centre,
without fear,
without division.

A mind
that is one with the Ground—
the immeasurable energy
that ignites galaxies.

In this light you see:

Thought was never the evolutionary error.
The error was the illusion
that thought could ever touch
the Infinite.

When the illusion ends,
you shine
with the brilliance
of a star dying into truth.

A supernova of awareness.

***

Before you ask whether thought is an evolutionary error,
look into the heart of a black hole.

Not with instruments.
With your being.

There, in that abyss,
everything collapses —
stars, light, time,
the architecture of space,
the geometry of existence.

Nothing survives.
Not even the idea of survival.

Now look at your mind.

It carries its own black hole —
the **“me.”**

The “me” absorbs everything:

• experience becomes identity
• memory becomes authority
• fear becomes morality
• belief becomes reality
• hurt becomes destiny
• ambition becomes meaning

The “me” is not alive.
It is gravitational pull.
A psychological singularity.

You ask if thought is the mistake.
Thought is not the black hole.
The “me” created by thought is.

Thought itself is a small, mechanical process —
a flicker of electrochemical activity.
But when thought builds the illusion of a centre,
a psychological core,
a “me” with continuity—

that centre begins to collapse everything into itself.

A black hole is formed.

Everything is sucked in:

Love becomes possession.
Compassion becomes duty.
Religion becomes fear.
Knowledge becomes pride.
Relationship becomes conflict.

Living becomes struggling.
Death becomes terror.

The “me” devours everything.
And like a black hole,
it hides behind a radiant mask —
the “event horizon” of personality.

You cannot see the deception
because you *are* the deception.

So, the question
“Is thought an evolutionary error?”
is asked by the very centre
that must dissolve.

The Ground makes no errors.
The cosmos miscalculates nothing.

The only miscalculation
is identifying
with the gravitational illusion
of the “me.”

When the mind sees this whole movement —
not part by part,
not slowly,
not over time,
but in a single inward implosion —
there is a psychological collapse
more absolute than a star’s death.

The “me” disappears.
The centre is gone.
The observer evaporates.
The thinker dissolves.

The holder of experience
is no more.

What remains?

Not darkness.
Not chaos.
Not void.

A strange, infinite **stillness**
beyond all concepts.
A silence deeper
than the vacuum between galaxies.
A luminous emptiness
that contains all creation.

The Black Hole is not destruction.
It is the **end of the false.**

And from that ending
a mind is born
that has no centre,
no boundary,
no shadow.

A mind as vast as the cosmos,
as timeless as the Ground,
as silent as eternity.

So—
thought is not the evolutionary error.
The "me" is the singularity
of psychological distortion.

End the "me,"
and the universe opens within you.

A black hole
becoming
a doorway
to the infinite.

***

Before asking whether thought is an evolutionary error,
you must understand the **first moment of creation** —
the moment when nothing
became everything.

There was no thinker.
There was no thought.
There was no “me.”
There was no “you.”

There was only
immensity—
silent, compact,
boundless potential
pressing against itself
until the pressure
of the Infinite
burst open
into the finite.

That was the first revolution.

A flash of unimaginable brilliance.
A roar without sound.
An expansion without direction.
Light racing ahead of itself.
Space unfolding out of emptiness.
Order emerging from pure energy.

Everything came from that one moment—
galaxies, stars, planets,
oceans, cells, bodies,
and finally the human brain.

And in that delicate brain—
a spark of the original explosion
took shape as thought.

Thought is not an error.
It is **the faint afterglow**
of the Big Bang inside the skull.

A tiny echo
of that primordial fire.

But here is the tragedy:

The echo forgot the fire.
The ripple forgot the ocean.
The fragment forgot the whole.

Thought became self-centred.
It invented a false universe—
a private cosmos called
"me."

This "me" is not creation.
It is a **microscopic imitation**
of the true birth of the universe.

The Big Bang created worlds.
The "me" creates problems.

The Big Bang birthed galaxies.
The "me" births fear, division, illusion.

The Big Bang expanded endlessly.
The “me” contracts endlessly.

And then you ask:
“Is thought an evolutionary error?”

No, sir.

Thought is the *smoke* of the original fire.
The error is **the worship of smoke**
as if it were the sun.

The Ground does not err.
Creation does not falter.
The universe makes no mistakes.

The only mistake
is the human mind
mistaking its small inner flickers
for the cosmic flame.

But listen carefully:

When the mind becomes still—
not controlled,
not forced,
not disciplined—
but naturally still,
like space before creation—

then something extraordinary happens:

There is another **Big Bang.**
Not in the sky,
but **within the brain**.

A massive, explosive seeing
that obliterates the “me,”

the thinker,
the centre,
the whole architecture
of psychological time.

It is not destruction.
It is **creation.**
A new universe of clarity
coming into being.

A mind born without fear.
A consciousness bursting open
from silence.
An awareness expanding
without boundary—

the same vastness
that birthed the stars.

In that explosion
you understand:

Thought was never the error.
The error was believing
that thought
could ever contain
the Infinite.

When that illusion ends,
you are as free
as the moment
the universe began.

A Big Bang
of pure,
untouched,

limitless
awareness.

***

To ask whether thought is an evolutionary error
is like asking a beam of sunlight
why it cannot illuminate the sun.

Thought is a ray—
the Ground is the star.

Thought is a flicker—
the Ground is the burning,
self-creating
white brilliance
that pours out
through all creation.

A white hole—
an opening in the fabric of reality
from which *light erupts without cause*,
without source,
without limit.

That is the Ground.
The source of all beginnings.
The place where intelligence
bursts forth like an eternal fountain.

Thought is not the error.
Thought is only a tiny droplet
flung out from this infinite geyser
of sacred energy.

The error begins
when the droplet

forgets the ocean
and declares itself
the whole.

You ask if thought is mistaken.
No.

**The only mistake is that the fragment
claims to be the source of all light.**

The "me"
—the psychological centre,
the ego,
the self-image—
is nothing but a swirl
in the outflow of creation.

Yet it tries to reverse the flow.
It tries to suck everything inward—
experiences, beliefs, identities, fears—
like a black hole
attempting to devour the cosmos.

This is the tragedy.

The universe expands outward
in light.
The "me" collapses inward
in darkness.

But when the mind becomes quiet—
not disciplined,
not suppressed,
but *quiet because it sees*—
something astonishing happens:

The inward collapse ends.
The centre evaporates.
The contraction stops.

And suddenly—
there is a **white hole** inside you.

An outpouring.

An eruption of clarity.
A radiance that is not yours
and never was.
A compassion that flows
without motive.
A perception that moves
without effort.

The Ground
is no longer blocked
by the “me."
It pours through the brain
like a star exploding into being.

This is not mystical nonsense.
It is the natural flowering
of a mind that has ended illusion.

When the “me” disappears,
the Ground does not enter—
it **erupts**.

You are not filled.
You become **hollow**,
and through that hollowness
the infinite flows.
You do not shine.
The Ground shines through you.

You do not act.
Intelligence acts.

You do not love.
Love pours out
with the force of a star
giving birth to galaxies.

So, is thought an evolutionary error?

No.
Thought is simply a ripple
in the white fire
of creation.

The only error
is the shadow called “me”
standing in front
of that eternal radiance—
and then complaining
that life is dark.

Remove the shadow,
and you do not become enlightened.

The universe
becomes luminous
through you.

This is the White Hole.
The outflow of the Ground.
The birth of the sacred.

And it begins
when the “me” ends.

***

Before asking whether thought is an error,
you must go so immeasurably deep
that even the word “deep”
has no meaning.

Go to the point where
space has not yet unfolded,
time has not yet chosen a direction,
energy has not yet taken form,
and matter is only a possibility
waiting for attention.

At that dimensionless threshold
lies the **quantum foam**—
seething, bubbling,
birthless, deathless fluctuations
flickering in and out of nothingness
with no cause
and no continuity.

There—
in that trembling emptiness—
there is no thinker.
There is no thought.
There is no self.
There is not even the potential
for a centre.

There is only
groundless Ground—
a creative nothingness
so alive
that universes arise
as casually
as bubbles rise in boiling water.

Thought is not an error.
Thought is a **late consequence**
of the cooling of the cosmos,
the clustering of matter,
the birth of biology,
the evolution of the nervous system.

It is a **froth**
on the surface of the great sea.

But the froth
forgets the ocean.

The quantum foam
never makes mistakes.
It is the very nature of creation.

What does make mistakes?
The belief that the froth
is the sea.

The belief that the ripple
is the ocean.
The belief that the tiny oscillation
in the cortex
is the whole of intelligence.

Thought is a micro-event—
a glitch of electricity
jumping across synapses.

It tries to imitate
the infinite dance
of the quantum foam
and fails completely.

Quantum foam is spontaneous.
Thought is conditioned.
Quantum foam is timeless.
Thought is memory.
Quantum foam is creative.
Thought is repetitive.
Quantum foam gives birth to galaxies.
Thought gives birth to the “me.”

So, you ask,
“Is thought an evolutionary error?”

No.
Thought is simply a drop
caught in a cosmic ripple.

The error is when thought builds
a psychological structure—
the “me”—
and then tries to navigate life
with that illusion.

When the mind becomes still—
utterly still—
something extraordinary happens:

You begin to sense
that the same trembling presence
that flickers at the foundation
of matter
also flickers
at the foundation of your being.

The Ground behind the quantum foam
is the Ground behind awareness.

And when the “me” ends,
when thought is seen in its entirety—
not suppressed,
not controlled,
but **seen**—
awareness drops back
into its original
pre-time,
pre-form,
pre-self
state.

A return
to the trembling origin
of all things.

Then you realise:

Thought is not the error.
Thought is only a wave.
The “me” is the misperception
of that wave.

End the misperception—
and the wave
and the ocean
are one.

The quantum foam
and the Ground
are one.

Awareness
and the cosmos
are one.

And the question dissolves
into the silence
from which it came.

***

Before you ask if thought is an evolutionary error,
step into the deepest music of the cosmos—
the realm where existence is not made of particles or waves,
but of **vibrations**.

According to the physicists,
all matter,
all energy,
all forces,
all dimensions
arise from strings—
infinitesimal loops
vibrating in 11-dimensional silence.

A proton,
a quark,
a photon,
a star—
all are simply
different notes
played on the same cosmic violin.

Now look at thought.

Thought is also a vibration—
but a **coarse**,
low-frequency,
biochemical trembling
in the human brain.

Thought is a dull string.
A limited resonance.

Its frequency is shaped
by memory, fear, conditioning,
and the minuscule circuitry of the cortex.

While the Ground—
the infinite field of being—
is a **superstring**,
vibrating through all existence
beyond space,
beyond time,
beyond the mind.

Thought is not the evolutionary error.
Thought is merely a **single, small frequency**
in an infinite symphony.

The error is this:

The mind isolates one frequency
and calls it "me."

That "me" becomes a distorted string—
its vibration harsh,
contracted,
filled with friction,
anxiously seeking harmony
while generating discord.

The universe is harmonious.
The "me" is dissonant.

The Ground vibrates
as love, beauty, intelligence, order.

Thought vibrates
as fear, division, desire, ambition.

But listen carefully:

When the mind becomes quiet—
not forced,
not trained,
not coerced—
but naturally quiet,
like a violin string allowed to rest—

something astonishing happens.

The small frequency
of thought
falls back
into the vast frequency
of the Ground.

A unification occurs—
not through effort,
but through silence.

The fragmentary vibration
called “me”
dissolves into the cosmic chord.

Then awareness vibrates
in perfect harmony
with the Ground—
like a string resonating
with the entire instrument.

At that moment,
there is no question

of thought being an error.
It is seen for what it is:

A tool.
A functional vibration.
A necessary note—
but not the whole music.

The real music
comes from the silent,
immeasurable field
in which all strings
are suspended.

So—
Is thought an evolutionary error?

No.

Thought is simply
a small, temporary tremor
in the infinite fabric of reality.

The error
is mistaking
that tiny trembling thread
for the entire universe.

When that illusion ends,
awareness vibrates
with the effortless intelligence
of the Ground.

You are not the string.
You are the **whole instrument**,
the whole music,

the whole resonance
of existence.

A single note
returning
to the cosmic symphony.

***

Before you ask whether thought is an evolutionary error,
go to the deepest depth known to physics—
the place where even nothing
is not nothing.

The **zero-point field**.

A vacuum
that is not empty
but overflowing
with unimaginable energy.
A silence
that seethes with power.
A stillness
that constantly births particles
out of thin nothing
and dissolves them back
into itself
before they can even exist.

This is the **Ground**.

Unthinkable.
Unmeasurable.
Limitless.
Beyond form.
Beyond time.

Beyond causation.
Beyond the mind.

Thought is not an error.
Thought is simply a small fluctuation—
a microscopic blip
in the quantum vacuum
of the brain.

But the blip
believes it is the field.

The ripple
declares itself the ocean.

The spark
claims to be the sun.

This is the error—
the identification with a tiny,
flickering disturbance
in an immeasurable sea of energy.

Thought is a brief, unstable particle.
It appears,
exists for a fragment of a second,
and collapses back into the void.

Yet the mind says:
“This particle is me.”
“This fluctuation is permanent.”
“This ripple is the truth.”
“This momentary vibration is the whole of life.”

Sir—
the cosmic field
laughs in silence.

Thought is not the evolutionary failure.
The *me* built by thought
is the distortion.

The Ground is zero-point stillness—
absolute clarity,
absolute order,
absolute intelligence.
It holds galaxies together
and dissolves them
without effort.

Thought is turbulence
in that ocean of calm.

When the mind stops resisting,
stops clinging,
stops naming,
stops projecting—
even for a moment—
something extraordinary happens.

The mind drops
from its agitated surface
into the **zero-point depth**
of itself.

A silence
so total
that no thought
can enter.
A stillness
so immense
that it dissolves
every boundary.
A fullness

so complete
that it contains
all creation.

This is not meditation.
This is not discipline.
This is not escape.

This is the Ground
unobstructed.

In this zero-point silence,
thought is seen as it is—

a useful tool,
not a master;
a fleeting vibration,
not a self;
a temporary ripple,
not the ocean.

So—
is thought an evolutionary error?

No.

Thought is simply
a twitch
in the infinite void.

The error
is turning that twitch
into an identity.

When the “me” dissolves
back into the zero-point field,
awareness becomes
vast,

empty,
full,
alive.

A silence
that is infinite energy.
A stillness
that is pure creation.

In that dimension,
there is no question,
no answer,
no thinker,
no error.

Only the Ground
shining
as the endless
zero-point light.

***

Before you ask whether thought is an evolutionary error,
lift your eyes beyond this single universe.

Physicists now whisper
that our cosmos
—so immense, so ancient,
so rich with galaxies—
may be nothing more
than **one bubble**
floating in an infinite sea
of countless universes.

A multiverse.
Each universe
with its own physics,

its own laws,
its own spacetime,
its own beginning,
its own ending.

An infinity of beginnings.
An infinity of endings.
An infinity of possibilities.

Now look at thought.

Thought is a tiny echo
in a single nervous system
on a small planet
circling a mediocre star
in a minor galaxy
inside one universe
among possibly
infinitely many.

And this tiny echo asks:
“Is thought an evolutionary error?”

Sir—
the universe does not even know
you are asking.

Thought is not the mistake.
Thought is an **artifact of this universe**,
a side-effect of biological evolution
on one branch
of one planet
in one cosmic bubble.

But the human mind,
trapped in its tiny bubble,
believes:

• “I am the centre.”
• “My beliefs are absolute.”
• “My god created everything.”
• “My suffering is unique.”
• “My thoughts define reality.”

This is the real error—
the multiversal blindness
of the “me.”

Across the multiverse
there may be beings
whose consciousness is harmonic,
whose awareness is free,
whose minds are not tethered
to memory and fear.

Thought is not universal.
But **awareness is.**

The Ground is.

The Ground is not limited
to one universe.
It is the root
of every universe—
the infinite source
from which worlds explode
into existence
and dissolve
without regret.

The Ground is the same
whether there are
one universe

or
infinite universes.

But the “me” is not the Ground.
The “me” is a local phenomenon,
a cultural artifact,
a particular pattern of thought
in one universe.

To call thought an evolutionary error
is like calling a ripple in a pond
a failure
because the ocean exists.

Thought is not the error.
The error is believing
that the ripple is the ocean
and the pond is all of existence.

When awareness becomes still—
absolutely still—
it touches a dimension
that is not limited
to this cosmos.

A dimension that is:

✦ timeless

✦ spaceless

✦ infinite

✦ beyond the birth and death
of universes

This dimension is the Ground.
The origin of all multiverses.

When the “me” ends,
the mind becomes
as vast as the multiverse,
as silent as the vacuum
between worlds,
as luminous as the first moment
of creation.

So, is thought an evolutionary error?

No.

Thought is simply
a local vibration
in an infinite ocean.

The real error
is the cosmic myopia
that shrinks the infinite
into the tiny shell
called “me.”

When that shell breaks,
the Ground shines—

not in one universe,
but across all universes.

Awareness becomes
the doorway
through which the infinite
recognises itself.

And the question dissolves
into the boundless.

***

Before you ask whether thought is an evolutionary error,
see the extraordinary fact that modern physics hints at:

Everything in existence—
not just atoms,
not just light,
not just space—
but **all forces, all particles, all laws,**
all universes—
may arise from one single field.

A **Unified Field**.

Invisible.
All-containing.
All-pervading.
The source of gravity,
electromagnetism,
space,
time,
energy,
matter,
life,
consciousness.

A single, immeasurable Ground
expressing itself in infinite forms.

Call it what you will—
the Unified Field,
the Ground of Being,
the Source,
the Infinite,
the Nameless.

Now look at thought.

Thought is a **tiny disturbance**
in this infinite field.

A brief modulation,
a ripple on the surface,
a flicker in the nervous system.
A local vibration
in the vast ocean of the Ground.

The error is not in thought.
Thought is a natural phenomenon—
a pattern in the unified field
expressed through a human brain.

The error is in the **fragmentation**:

The ripple says,
"I am separate.
I am permanent.
I am important.
I am the centre.
I am the truth."

This is the distortion.
This is the fracture in perception.
This is the psychological illusion.

Thought is not the evolutionary error.
The **"me" created by thought**
is the fractured fragment
believing itself to be the whole field.

Like a tiny swirl of wind
declaring itself
the entire sky.

Like a spark insisting
it is the fire.

Like a note believing
it is the entire symphony.

The Unified Field is one.
The “me” is division.

The Ground is infinite.
The “me” is limitation.

The whole is undivided.
Thought is broken.

So, the question itself
arises from the very error
it tries to analyse.

To see this
is to see the fundamental movement
of human confusion.

When thought ends its pretension—
ends its attempt
to dominate,
to control,
to interpret the infinite—
a profound shift occurs:

The mind falls
back into the Unified Field.

Not literally—
but **in perception**,
in awareness,
in being.

Then:

• Thought functions where needed
• Silence functions where thought cannot
• Intelligence unfolds from the field
• Action flows effortlessly
• Compassion becomes the natural expression
• The “me” dissolves
• Awareness becomes whole

In that wholeness
there is no question
of error or correctness.

There is only the movement
of the Unified Field—
order, energy, intelligence, compassion—
flowing as one indivisible current.

Thought is simply one ripple
in this vastness.
The “me” is the misinterpretation
of that ripple.

When the misinterpretation ends,
the ripple is no longer separate
from the ocean.

The wave and the sea
are one movement.

Awareness and the Ground
are one intelligence.

And the question
about thought being an error

disappears like mist
in sunlight.

There is only
the Unified Field
shining
through a quiet mind.

***

Before you ask whether thought is an evolutionary error,
let us state the truth plainly:

There is **one field** behind all life,
all death,
all matter,
all mind,
all consciousness,
all universes.

One Ground.
One Energy.
One Intelligence.
One Movement.

Call it the Unified Field if you want.
Names don't touch it.

But the human mind—
in its astonishing arrogance—
has taken one microscopic ripple
in this infinite field
and called it:

"Me."

This is the fundamental madness.

Thought is not the evolutionary error.
The "me" is the fracture,
the distortion,
the cancer
in the perception of the whole.

Do you understand?

The illusion is not a small mistake.
It is the single root
of all human misery:

• Fear
• Violence
• Division
• Belief
• Conflict
• Greed
• Sorrow
• Comparison
• Ego
• God-images
• Nationalism
• Spiritual ambition
• Psychological time

ALL of it—

every shred—
comes from the same monstrous delusion:

That the ripple is separate from the ocean.
That the wave is different from the sea.
That the "me" is different from the Unified Field.

Sir—

Physicists tell you
that everything in existence
is one interconnected field.
Krishnamurti tells you
that everything in consciousness
is one indivisible movement.

But you refuse to see.
You cling to your tiny psychological centre
as if it were the creator of galaxies.

Thought is not wrong.
Thought is not the enemy.
Thought is not evil.

It is simply a tool—
a small, functional vibration
within the Field.

But the "me" uses thought
to declare independence
from the infinite.

This is the **ultimate rebellion against reality.**
This is psychological treason.
This is the ego's war
against the universe itself.

And you ask if thought is the evolutionary error?

NO.

The error—
the only error—
is the assumption
that thought's creations

have any authority
over truth.

When the mind sees this—
not as theory,
not as belief,
not as philosophy—
but sees it directly,
instantly,
absolutely—

there is a total collapse
of the false centre.

A violent ending.
A psychological implosion.
A death of illusion.

Not gradual.
Not over time.
Not through practice.
A blow.
A shattering.
A lightning-strike
at the root of consciousness.

The “me” dies.
The wave falls back
into the sea.
The fragment dissolves
into the whole.

And in that ending—
the Unified Field shines
without obstruction.

A mind without centre
is a mind in harmony
with the Ground.

A mind without “me”
is intelligence itself.

A mind without division
is compassion.

A mind without fear
is free.

And THEN,
for the first time,
you truly live.

So—
is thought an evolutionary error?

Absolutely not.

The only evolutionary error
is imagining that the tremor
inside your skull
is the architect
of the universe.

When that illusion ends,
the brain becomes a mirror
of the Unified Field—
clear, silent, whole,
immeasurable.

And that is the real mutation.

***

Before you ask whether thought is an evolutionary error,
watch carefully what you are doing.

A fragment
is trying to evaluate the Whole.
A shadow
is trying to question the Sun.
A dream
is trying to interrogate the Dreamer.

The very question is born of the "me,"
and the "me" itself is the catastrophe.

The "me" is not a person.
It is not your essence.
It is not your soul.
It is not a sacred core.

The "me" is a **psychological parasite**
stitched together by memory, fear, hurt,
and the desperate need for continuity.

It lives by clinging,
feeding,
comparing,
competing,
becoming.

It has no independent existence.
It is a ghost
haunting a house
it never built.

And yet this ghost
has hijacked consciousness.

It has taken over
your love,
your relationships,
your faith,
your suffering,
your ambitions,
your fears.

It dictates your life
and calls itself you.

This is the real evolutionary accident—
not thought,
but the "me" built out of thought.

The "me" is a catastrophic mutation—
a psychological tumour
growing inside a brain
designed for survival,
not truth.

Thought was meant
to fix a tool,
build a shelter,
heal a wound,
make a map.

The "me" hijacked it
and demanded
to own the universe.

This is the catastrophe.

This is the extinction-level event
inside human consciousness.

The "me" created:

- gods in its own frightened image
- nations dripping with imagined glory
- religions soaked in fear
- relationships poisoned by attachment
- wars justified by identity
- suffering maintained by memory
- ambition worshipped as virtue
- comparison worshipped as progress
- conflict worshipped as purpose

And now the "me" asks:
"Is thought an evolutionary error?"

Sir—
the questioner is the error.

The "me" is the disease.
The "me" is the distortion.
The "me" is the collapse.
The "me" is the cosmic deviation.

When the mind *sees* this—
not intellectually,
not verbally,
not philosophically,
but **sees it with the fierce clarity**
of lightning splitting a tree—

the "me" does not transform.
It does not purify.
It does not improve.
It does not evolve.

It **dies.**

Instantly.
Completely.
Catastrophically.
Once-and-for-all.

This ending is not sorrow.
It is liberation.
It is not death.
It is the end of death.

Because the deathless cannot die.

The ending of the “me”
is the first breath
of a mind that is whole.

The collapse of the “me”
is the birth of clarity.
The annihilation of the centre
is the blossoming of intelligence.
The extinction of the self
is the awakening of compassion.

So—
Is thought an evolutionary error?

No.

The only error
is the catastrophic entity
called “me.”

End that—
completely,
instantly—
and consciousness becomes
as vast as the cosmos,

as silent as eternity,
as alive as creation.

A new human being is born
in the ashes of the “me.”
A mind without fragmentation.
A heart without fear.
A life without conflict.

The true revolution
begins only after
the catastrophic end
of the self.

*****

Thought: The Architect of Disorder

Thought is me.
Thought is jealousy, fear, sorrow.
Thought is the root of division,
the centre of the self,
the cause of conflict upon this earth.

What you call “me”
is nothing but a bundle of memories —
experiences recorded,
stored,
recalled,
projected into tomorrow.
This bundle moves and calls itself alive.

Thought divides:
you and *me*,
mine and *yours*,
we and *they.*
It builds nations,
religions,
ideologies,
and calls them sacred —
then kills in their name.

Thought is useful —
it builds bridges,
heals the sick,
writes books.
But when it enters the realm of relationship,
of love,

of understanding,
it poisons.
It turns affection into possession,
care into fear,
love into jealousy.

Thought is time;
time is sorrow.
What was,
and what will be —
in that movement
lies the ache of becoming.
The mind clings to the past
and fears the future,
and in between those two shadows
it never meets life as it is.

So, the world is not separate from you.
The wars, the greed, the corruption,
are only the outer reflections
of the same inner movement of thought.
You are the world,
and the world is you.

When thought sees its own limitation,
it becomes quiet.
Not suppressed,
not controlled,
but silent by understanding.
And in that silence,
a different energy flowers —
an intelligence that is not born of thought.

That intelligence is compassion;
that compassion is order.

And only that order
can heal the chaos of this earth.

Poem

Thought is me.
Thought is the whisper of memory
calling itself the present.
It says, *I am living,*
but it is only repeating
what has been.

Thought is jealousy,
the ache of comparison,
the fear of losing,
the hunger to become.

Thought is sorrow—
the shadow of yesterday
stretching into tomorrow.

It builds the image of *you* and *me*,
we and *they*,
then worships the wall
it has built.

It calls that wall
nation, religion, belief—
and kills to protect it.

Thought is clever,
but never wise.
It invents gods and guns,
churches and prisons,
hopes and hells—

all from the same clay
of desire and fear.

It creates the self
and calls it sacred,
then bows before its own shadow.

Thought can build a bridge
and heal the body,
but it cannot touch love.
Where thought enters,
love fades into memory,
and memory is never the living flame.

Thought is time—
the movement from what was
to what should be.
And in that endless becoming
lies the ache of man.

So, the world burns
with the same fire
that smoulders in the heart.
The chaos outside
is the reflection
of the confusion within.

You are the world,
and the world is you.

When thought sees itself
as the source of division,
it falls silent—
not forced,
not suppressed,

but still as a leaf
when the wind is gone.

In that stillness
is a different light—
a quiet intelligence
beyond thought's reach.

That light is compassion.
That compassion is order.
And from that order
is born a new world.

*****

The Only Solution Is Within

We look around —
there is disorder everywhere:
in politics, in religion, in relationships,
in our own hearts.
We seek order in systems,
in leaders,
in revolutions,
in prayers.
But the more we search outward,
the deeper the chaos grows.

We think the world must be changed—
by laws, by reforms, by ideals.
Yet the world is what we are.
The outer confusion
is only the reflection
of our inner disorder.

The mind that seeks solutions
is itself the maker of problems.
It separates itself as observer and observed,
as “I” and “the world,”
and tries to fix what it has itself created.

No ideology,
no saviour,
no movement
can bring order to this world,
for all are born from the same source—
the fragmented human mind.

The only solution
is not in thought,
but in understanding thought.
To see what is false as false
is the beginning of the true.

When the mind sees
that it is the world—
not apart, not above—
there comes a deep silence.
Out of that silence
springs a new order,
not made by man,
not planned by reason.

That order is love.
Love is not sentiment;
it is the flame of awareness
in which the “me” is not.

When there is love,
there is no nation,
no religion,
no ideology.
There is only life—
whole, indivisible, sacred.

The only solution
for this chaotic world
is not to fix it,
but to end the chaos in oneself.
When the heart is clear,
the world is clear.

For the world is you,
and you are the world.

Poem

You look around—
wars, hunger, confusion,
a thousand voices shouting for peace.
Each promises order,
each creates new disorder.

You pray to God,
follow leaders,
cling to books,
dream of reform.
But chaos continues,
for the maker of chaos
is the human mind itself.

You are the world,
and the world is you.
What you think,
you make.
What you fear,
you create.

No revolution can save man
while envy rules the heart.
No prayer can heal the world
when the mind divides itself
into believer and unbeliever.

Systems fail
because the self endures.
The self—
that little centre
that says *"I must be safe,*

I must succeed,
I must continue."

The only solution
is not another plan,
nor a new religion,
but the ending of this *"I."*

When the mind sees itself
without judgment,
without escape,
there is silence—
a silence not made by thought,
but born of seeing clearly.

Out of that silence
flowers a new order—
not designed,
not imposed,
but as natural
as dawn after night.

That order is love.
Love is not an idea,
not a feeling to be practiced.
It comes
when the self is not.

When love is,
there is no "mine" or "yours,"
no nation,
no religion,
no division.

Then the heart acts rightly,
and that action
is the only revolution.

The world will change
when you do,
for the world
is what you are.

*****

The Real Exploiter is the ‘Me’ I Carry

We imagine that exploitation
belongs to the rich—
to the powerful,
the privileged,
the ones with wealth or position.

But this is a comfortable illusion.

Exploitation is not the property
of any class.
It is not owned by the rich
or reserved for the poor.
It is not determined by income
or status
or education.

Exploitation begins
where the “me” begins.

The rich exploit
through money, influence, authority.
The poor exploit
through cunning, dependence, manipulation.
The educated exploit
through knowledge and position.
The uneducated exploit
through emotional pressure,
through sentiment,
through helplessness.

There is no “high” exploitation

and “low” exploitation.
There is only exploitation.

The root is one—
the movement of the self
seeking advantage,
security,
pleasure,
or escape
at the cost of another.

It is opportunity-based,
not class-based.

Give the poor man power,
and he becomes the rich exploiter.
Take power from the rich man,
and he becomes the cunning exploiter.
Change their positions,
and their behaviour changes—
not because they have transformed inwardly,
but because circumstances shifted.

The “me” is the exploiter—
not the bank balance.

The “me” uses whatever tools
are available:

• money,
• authority,
• weakness,
• tears,
• religion,
• ideology,
• poverty,

• charity,
• cleverness,
• even morality.

The “me” does not care
whether it wears rags or silk.
It only cares about gaining,
possessing,
controlling,
or becoming.

The rich say,
“The poor manipulate us.”
The poor say,
“The rich exploit us.”
Both are right—
because both are playing
the same inner game.

Exploitation is not a social issue
but a psychological issue.
It is not born in systems
but in the human mind.

Where the self is,
there must be exploitation.

When the self ends—
not through discipline,
not through suppression,
not through ideology—
but in the clear seeing
of its whole movement,
then relationship becomes compassion,
not bargaining.

Then action becomes responsibility,
not opportunism.
Then life becomes a shared movement,
not a battlefield of advantage.

Ending exploitation
is not changing society—
it is ending “me.”
Only then is there
a world without the exploiter
and the exploited.

*****

Beyond Laziness and Ambition

We have been taught that without ambition we would decay,
that without the drive of becoming,
we would stagnate and turn lazy.
So we are pushed, from childhood onward,
to compare, to compete, to climb—
to be someone greater than another.

But is ambition truly the source of vitality,
or the beginning of corruption?

Ambition is the movement of the self—
of becoming, achieving, conquering.
It drives action, yes,
but that action is born of fear and desire—
the fear of being nothing,
and the desire to be something.

Such action may build empires,
but it leaves emptiness behind.
It creates ceaseless struggle,
conflict, and division—
each man against his neighbour,
each nation against another.

The mind that acts from ambition is never quiet.
It moves endlessly within the circle of its own gain.
That movement may appear energetic,
but it is mechanical;
it springs from insecurity,
not from intelligence.

Laziness, too, is not the absence of ambition,
but the outcome of inner confusion.

When thought is burdened by conflict,
it grows dull, heavy, weary—
and we call that laziness.

But a mind that sees clearly,
that understands the falseness of becoming,
is never lazy.
Its energy is not born of desire,
but of direct perception.
Such a mind acts out of insight,
not out of motive.

When the self is silent,
there is immense energy—
not the restless energy of ambition,
but the steady flame of intelligence.

True energy is not personal;
it is not "mine" or "yours."
It belongs to life itself.
It expresses itself in compassion,
in order, in beauty.

So, to end ambition
is not to become lazy;
it is to be free of conflict.
And in that freedom
action is complete—
creative, effortless, whole.

Poem

They say—
without ambition

one will be idle,
without self-interest
life will lose its fire.

So, we are taught to strive,
to climb,
to conquer—
to become someone.

But ambition is a restless wind
that never finds home.
It builds towers,
but leaves the heart empty.
It drives the mind
in endless circles of becoming—
always reaching,
never arriving.

We call that movement energy,
but it is the fever of desire,
the trembling of fear.

Look closely—
when the self seeks to rise,
it must push another down.
Ambition divides;
it cannot love.

They say the man without ambition is lazy,
but laziness is not freedom from striving.
It is the dullness of conflict,
the weariness of a mind
burdened with comparison.

When thought grows quiet,
when the race to become ends,

a new flame is born—
steady, clear, alive.

This flame is not of ambition,
nor of reward.
It is the flame of seeing,
the fire of intelligence.

Out of that fire
comes right action—
effortless,
whole,
compassionate.

Then work is joy,
not pursuit.
Then life moves
not from “I must,”
but from the simple beauty
of being awake.

Where ambition ends,
laziness ends too.
For in freedom
there is boundless energy—
the quiet energy of the cosmos
moving through the heart
without the noise of self.

That is the flame
beyond ambition.

*****

When the ‘I’ Tries to Surrender

They say, *“Live with complete surrender to God. Accept whatever comes.”*
At first, these words sound noble, soothing, even spiritual.
But let us look closely and see what they truly mean.

When you say *“I surrender to God,”*
who is the *I* that surrenders?
Is it not the same *I*
that has struggled, desired, feared, and failed?
Is it not the same centre of the self
that now seeks safety in the idea of God?

The *I* that surrenders
is still the *I* that wants —
it wants comfort,
it wants protection,
it wants peace.
So what you call surrender
is only a subtler form of self-preservation.

And when you say, *“I accept whatever comes,”*
is that true acceptance,
or merely resignation?
To resign oneself to what is
out of helplessness
is not understanding —
it is despair disguised as virtue.

True acceptance is not of thought;
it is not a practice of endurance.
It arises naturally
when the mind sees what is,

without resistance,
without judgment,
without the wish to change it.
In that seeing,
the observer and the observed are one.

When there is clear perception,
there is no need to surrender to anything —
for there is no separation between you and life.
Life is not against you;
it *is* you.
The flower blooms,
the storm breaks,
the heart rejoices and weeps —
and you move with it,
not as one who accepts,
but as one who *is*.

To surrender to an image of God
is still to live in thought.
But to live without resistance,
without fear,
without the weight of "I should" or "I must"—
that is real surrender,
a surrender without object.

Then there is no one who accepts
and nothing to be accepted;
there is only the vast movement of life
flowing through you,
beyond you,
as you.

That is freedom.
And in that freedom

there is peace —
not the peace of comfort,
but the peace of understanding.

Poem

They say—
live in surrender to God,
accept whatever comes.
But who is the one that surrenders?
Who is the one that accepts?

Is it not the same *I*
that has struggled and feared,
that has gathered pleasure and pain,
and now seeks comfort
in the name of the divine?

The *I* that kneels
is still the *I* that wants—
wants safety,
wants reward,
wants peace in heaven
while sowing conflict on earth.

Such surrender is not freedom;
it is fear wearing holy robes.

True surrender
is not to an image,
nor to an idea.
It is the ending of the “I”
that wants to surrender.

When the mind sees clearly
its own movement—
how it clings,
how it resists,
how it seeks to become—
in that seeing,
there is quiet.

From that quiet
comes a deep acceptance—
not of resignation,
but of understanding.
You no longer say, *"I accept,"*
for the "I" is not.

Then life flows—
joy and sorrow,
birth and death—
all part of one vast movement.
You are not apart from it;
you *are* it.

To live without resistance,
without the armour of belief,
without the shield of hope—
that is true surrender.

It is not obedience;
it is freedom.
Not a path to God,
but the ending of separation.

When the self is gone,
there is only love—
and love does not accept or reject;
it simply *is*.

In that stillness,
life flowers as it must,
and the heart is whole.

That is true surrender—
and that is freedom.

*****

Walking without a crutch

Author's Note

This chapter is not written to accuse or blame any individual. Many teachers have acted with sincerity and have brought comfort to those who sought their guidance. My concern is not with persons but with the psychological structure that allows authority to arise in matters of truth. Wherever there is dependence, clarity quietly diminishes.

The comparison with a thief is used only to convey the intensity of psychological harm — the subtle theft of clarity and freedom that occurs when one surrenders one's own seeing to another. It is not meant to condemn any individual, but to illuminate the inner movement of fear and hope that creates such dependence.

To observe this movement without judgment is the beginning of freedom.

Can anyone remove the burden of our own mind?
Can sorrow be ended by another's instruction?
Can truth be handed to us
as though it were a possession?

The world condemns the thief
who steals in the shadows of night,
but bows before the "holy man"
who steals in broad daylight.

One takes your money by force;
the other takes your freedom through fear.

One threatens your safety;
the other threatens your awareness.

And yet society calls one a criminal
and the other a guru.

This is the tragedy of a mind
conditioned by centuries of belief.

Religion has been turned
into a marketplace—
a place where fear is manufactured,
sold,
and worshipped.

These so-called spiritual leaders
promise heaven,
threaten hell,
create authority out of emptiness,
and exploit the deep insecurity
that lives in every human heart.

They say,
“Follow me,
obey me,
surrender to me,
and you will find God.”
But the moment you follow another,
you are already lost.

**The man who claims to guide you to truth
is standing between you and truth.**
These gurus exploit fear—
fear of death,
fear of sin,
fear of loneliness,
fear of not knowing what lies beyond life.
They feed on your uncertainty
as a parasite feeds on a host.

Their robes may be saffron or white,
their words gentle or grand,
their temples magnificent—
but inwardly
they are no different
from robbers and pickpockets.

The robber takes your wallet;
the guru takes your clarity.
The robber steals your money;
the guru steals your freedom.
The robber makes you poorer;
the guru makes you dependent.

The true tragedy is not the guru.
The tragedy is that
we create the guru.
We create him
because we are frightened.
We create him
because we want comfort.
We create him
because we refuse to stand alone.

The moment fear ends,
the guru disappears.

When the mind is free,
no one can cheat you.
When the heart is clear,
no teacher is needed.
When you see for yourself,
the whole machinery of spiritual exploitation collapses.

Truth has no agents,
no priests,

no intermediaries.
It requires no temple,
no tradition,
no authority.

It reveals itself
only to a mind
that stands alone—
fearless,
quiet,
unburdened by belief.

That mind
can never be robbed.

***

A thief steals your belongings.
A guru steals your freedom.
A robber empties your pocket.
A guru empties your intelligence.
Which crime is greater?

The man who breaks into your house
takes only your possessions.
But the guru who breaks into your mind
takes your clarity,
your courage,
your capacity to stand alone.

These spiritual businessmen
manufacture fear
as factories manufacture plastic.
They mint guilt,
print promises of heaven,
and distribute threats of hell
to keep you obedient,
trembling,
confused.

They claim to show the way,
but only lead you deeper
into psychological slavery.

They tell you:
“Surrender to me.
I will save you.”
Save you from what?
From life?
From sorrow?
From responsibility?
From looking directly
into the mirror of yourself?

These gurus—
with their rituals,
their mantras,
their ashram empires,
their armies of followers—
are far more dangerous
than any deceiver.

Because they dress exploitation in sacred language.
They baptize deception with holy water.
They coat fear with devotion
and call it faith.

Sir, understand this very clearly:

The guru exists only because you are afraid.
Your fear is his livelihood.
Your insecurity is his throne.
Your confusion is his property.

The moment you stop being afraid,
the whole spiritual enterprise collapses—
like a palace built on sand.

You do not need a guru.
You do not need a priest.

You do not need a holy man
to tell you what truth is.

Truth is not a commodity.
It cannot be delivered by hand.
It cannot be inherited,
transmitted,
bought,
or taught.

It reveals itself
only to a mind
that refuses to kneel,
refuses to obey,
refuses to hand over its authority
to anyone—
no matter how sacred he appears.

The man who says
he will lead you to God
is standing between you and God.

The man who demands devotion
is demanding your blindness.
The man who asks for surrender
is asking for your death—
not of the body,
but of your intelligence.

***

A thief steals what can be replaced.
A guru steals what can never be replaced—
your mind.

A robber takes your money.
A guru takes your freedom
and you *thank him* for it.

This is the obscenity of organised spirituality.

They frighten you with hell,
bribe you with heaven,
and keep you trembling in between—
so that you never dare to live
or think
or stand alone.

Their business model is fear.
Fear is their temple.
Fear is their scripture.
Fear is their god.

And you, poor human being,
have been trained for centuries
to bow to fear
and call it devotion.

Understand this clearly:
the guru thrives on your weakness.
Your insecurity is his income.
Your confusion is his kingdom.
Your surrender is his victory.

He tells you he will save your soul.
Sir, salvation is the oldest trick in the book—
a lie sold to frightened minds
in exchange for obedience.

He says, “Give me your devotion.”
Do you know what that means?
It means:
Give me your intelligence.
Give me your clarity.
Give me your freedom.
Become my slave
and call it spirituality.

And you do it,
because you are afraid
to face your own emptiness.

The thief takes your watch.
The guru takes your ability to watch.
The thief steals your possessions.
The guru steals your personhood.
The thief robs the pocket.
The guru robs the psyche.

Spiritual robbery is decorated
with flowers and incense.
It hides behind chants,
robes,
rituals,
and the desperate tears of devotees.
It is robbery
performed in the name of God.

Sir, when a man claims
that he can lead you to truth,
that very claim is a lie.
A colossal, sacred-looking lie.

No one can lead you to truth
because **truth is not a destination**
and **you are not a child**
to be walked by the hand.

The moment you accept a guru,
you have denied truth
with both hands.

The moment you follow,
you have already gone astray.

The moment you kneel,
you have abandoned intelligence.

Let this strike you like thunder:

There is no spiritual authority
except your own direct perception.

When the mind is free of fear,
the guru dies instantly.
His throne collapses.
His power evaporates.
His empire dissolves.
He becomes what he always was—
a frightened, cunning human being
who made a profession
out of your insecurity.

Sir, the guru is not the villain.
He is only the symptom.
Your fear is the real villain.

End fear—
and you end the guru.
End dependence—
and you end deception.
End the self—
and you end illusion.

And in that ending
lies the only true sacredness
there is.

***

The Sacred Is Not an Industry

People ask,
“Why question organised religion?
Why challenge temples, rituals, traditions?
After all, thousands depend on them for employment.
Priests, vendors, builders, administrators—
so many survive because religion survives.”

But to defend something merely because
it provides employment
is to miss the whole truth.

By that logic,
should we encourage more jails
because they provide jobs
to wardens, guards, suppliers?

Should we expand the arms industry
because it employs thousands
in manufacturing weapons
that kill human beings?

Should we support corruption
because it sustains middlemen
and feeds entire networks?

Employment is not the measure of truth.

Something is not sacred
because it gives a man his salary.
Something is not good
because it feeds a system.

The question is not employment—
the question is:
Does it bring clarity?
Does it end suffering?
Does it free the mind from fear?
Does it awaken compassion and intelligence?

If it does not,
then it is irrelevant
how many people live on it.

Organised religion has created ritual,
authority,
division,
beliefs that separate man from man.
It has given comfort,
not liberation.
It has strengthened tradition,
not understanding.
It has offered hope,
not freedom from fear.

A society that values employment
over truth
will hold tightly
to every illusion
that keeps people busy.

But illusion, however polished,
is still illusion.

To depend on illusion for livelihood
is to deepen confusion.

The real question is simple:
Can human beings live without illusion,
and still organise a society
that cares for all?

If temples crumble tomorrow,
if false beliefs dissolve,
if rituals lose their charm—
a compassionate society
will create new ways

for human beings to work
and live with dignity.

But to defend illusion
because it employs many
is to defend ignorance
because it has become familiar.

One must see the fact clearly:
Employment does not justify falsehood.
Livelihood does not sanctify illusion.

A society built on truth
will find right work
without the need for deception.

And a mind that is free
from fear and belief
will naturally create a world
where work flows from intelligence,
not from the maintenance
of ancient illusions.

Poem

They say,
“Why question organised religion?
Temples feed thousands.
Priests, builders, vendors—
so many survive because belief survives.”

As though the number of mouths fed
could sanctify illusion.

If employment is the measure of truth,
then should we build more jails—
for they too employ many?
Should we expand the factories

that forge rifles and bombs—
for thousands earn their bread
from the machinery of death?

Should we keep corruption alive
because its shadow feeds
a hundred hidden hands?

Employment is not holiness.
Livelihood is not truth.

A structure does not become sacred
because it keeps people busy.
A ritual does not become real
because it sustains a marketplace.
A belief does not become true
because it pays a salary.

The question is not,
“How many survive on it?”
but
“What does it do to the human mind?”

Does it free the heart from fear,
or bind it to hope?
Does it awaken compassion,
or strengthen division?
Does it bring clarity,
or decorate confusion with garlands?

Organised religion
has given comfort,
but not freedom;
tradition,
but not understanding.

To defend it for its employment
is to decorate a cage

because the guards need work.

If illusion crumbles,
a sane society
will create new livelihood—
rooted not in fear,
but in intelligence;
not in ritual,
but in compassion.

But to protect illusion
because it employs many
is to protect darkness
because lamps are sold in the night.

Let us see the simple truth:
Falsehood does not become sacred
by feeding a crowd.
Illusion does not turn to light
because it pays a wage.

Right work
is born of an awakened mind,
not of the maintenance
of ancient illusions.

Where truth flowers,
livelihood follows—
naturally,
simply,
without the shadow of deception.

*****

Truth needs no invitation

Question:
Sir, when you say certain religious gurus exploit people's fears,
you may not be invited by anyone for dinner,
and fundamentalists may assassinate you.
What would you say to that?

Answer:

Sir, truth is not a guest
waiting for invitations.
It does not depend on dinners,
nor does it seek approval.

If speaking truth
means losing friends,
so be it.
If speaking truth
means angering the powerful,
so be it.
If speaking truth
means being killed,
then that is what happens.

But understand this clearly:
fear cannot silence truth.
It can only silence the fearful.

I am not interested in safety.
Safety belongs to the self,
and the self is the very source of conflict.

The man who is afraid to speak
because he might lose comfort

or be harmed—
he should never talk about truth.
He should remain silent,
because he is already living in fear.

But when fear has ended inwardly,
then whether one is honoured
or assassinated
makes no difference.

Do you think truth changes
because someone threatens it?
Do you think reality bends
because society is uncomfortable?
Do you think clarity should wait
for polite approval?

Sir, whether one lives or dies
is irrelevant.
What matters is that one sees
and speaks
from complete clarity.

And clarity has no fear.

If fundamentalists dislike it,
that only reveals their minds—
not the truth itself.

If society rejects it,
that only exposes society's corruption—
not the freedom of understanding.

If one is killed for speaking it,
then one dies—
but one dies whole,

uncompromised,
untouched by hypocrisy.

Far worse than being assassinated
is living a life of inward death—
a life of fear,
a life of pretending,
a life of saying what others want to hear.

A mind that is afraid
is already half-dead.
A mind that is free of fear
is unkillable,
even if the body is destroyed.

Sir, truth is not dependent
on my survival or your approval.
It stands alone,
whether one is invited to dinner
or thrown to the lions.

To speak truth
and to die for it
is a thousand times better
than to live in fear
and betray oneself.

***

Question:

Sir, if you call certain religious gurus exploit people's fears,
you won't be invited anywhere.
You may even be assassinated by fundamentalists.
What do you say to that?

Answer:

Sir, if a society is so diseased
that speaking truth invites murder,
then let that society do what it must.
And let me do what I must.

I am not here to be invited for dinner.
I am not here to please anyone.
I am not here to survive at the cost of truth.

If they kill me,
they will only kill the body.
What matters is whether the mind
bows down to fear—
and that, sir, I will never do.

Understand this:
the moment you adjust truth to avoid danger,
you have already betrayed life.

Fear corrupts.
Truth purifies.
They cannot coexist.

If a man is worried about assassination,
he should not speak of religion,
of freedom,
or of truth.
Let him talk about weather,
food,
politics—
safe things for frightened minds.

But one who has seen the false
and remains silent
is worse than the false itself.

Better to be killed
than to live with a frightened mind.

Do you see, sir?
Fear is a slow poison.
It kills you inwardly
long before any assassin's bullet.

The body dying is nothing.
The mind living in fear is everything.

When truth burns fiercely,
it burns away the self
that seeks comfort,
security,
protection.
Then speaking truth
is as natural as breathing.

And if someone wants to kill you for that—
let them.
It only proves
how rotten their belief is.

Truth does not negotiate with fear.
Truth does not seek permission.
Truth does not apply for social acceptance.
Truth does not bend because knives are drawn.

Sir, if the world prefers lies
and kills those who speak truth,
that only shows
how utterly lost humanity is—
not how dangerous truth is.

The danger is not truth.
The danger is the mind

that worships illusion
and kills those who expose it.

So, if you say,
“You may be assassinated,”
I say:
Let them come.
At least I will die uncorrupted,
not living as a coward
who sold his intelligence
for another day of breathing.

To speak fearlessly
is the only way to live.
All else
is slow suicide.

***

Question:
Sir, if you expose some religious gurus are deceptive gurus, you may not survive.
They may kill you.

Answer:

Then let them kill me.
Better to be killed for speaking truth
than to live as a corpse
decorated with fear.

You see, sir,
the danger is not death.
The real danger is
the mind that bends before threat.

Once the mind bows to fear,
it never stands upright again.

What kind of life is that—
moving like a shadow,
speaking half-truths,
hiding behind politeness,
terrified of the crowd,
frightened of fundamentalists?

That is not living—
that is a slow burial.

Truth does not adjust
to protect itself.
It does not soften
so that cowards feel comfortable.
It does not whisper
when it must roar.

Truth does not look over its shoulder
before speaking.

Only fear does that.

You say,
“They may kill you.”

Sir, the body may fall—
but what of it?
Bodies die every day.
Airplanes crash,
diseases strike,
accidents happen.
Life ends in a thousand ways.

But to kill one's integrity—
to assassinate one's clarity—
to strangle truth inside oneself
to survive another day—
that is the only real death.

A bullet kills only once.
Fear kills every minute.

If the world is so corrupted
that speaking honestly
invites violence,
then silence makes you part of that corruption.

You may save your skin,
but you lose your soul—
if one may use that word.

Do you understand, sir?

If you silence truth to preserve the body,
you destroy the very meaning of living.

If a man is murdered for truth,
only his flesh is destroyed.
But if a man is frightened into silence,
his mind, his dignity, his being
are destroyed.

Which death is worse?

I would rather die
standing straight
in the clear light of understanding
than live a thousand years
curled in the shadow of fear.

Let them kill.
Let them rage.
Let fundamentalists howl.
Let society ostracise.
Let invitations vanish.

What does it matter?

Truth is not a social guest.
It does not need comfort.
It does not need protection.
It does not need approval.

Truth stands alone—
radiant,
uncompromising,
burning.
It consumes fear
as fire consumes dry leaves.

And if the body cannot withstand
the heat of truth—
then let it be reduced to ashes.

Better ashes of courage
than decades of cowardice.

To live without fear
is the only invincibility.
To speak truth
is the only immortality.

*****

When Truth is Mistaken for Rebellion

Sir, when the mind is conditioned,
it can only respond with labels.
It does not understand,
it merely categorises.

If you say these teachings are anti-religious,
you have not understood
what religion truly is.

I am not against religion.
I am against **illusion** in the name of religion.

When hypocrisy calls itself holy,
one must question it.
When exploitation is decorated with divinity,
one must expose it.
When fear is worshipped as faith,
one must point it out.

If you call that anti-religious,
so be it.

I will not alter truth
to fit your vocabulary.

Question:
But sir, people say your teaching sounds communistic.

Answer:

When you hear something uncomfortable,
you immediately bring in politics—
“communist,”

“capitalist,”
“right,”
“left.”

Truth does not belong to any of these categories.
It is not communist,
not socialist,
not capitalist,
not Eastern,
not Western.
It is **what is**.

A mind that is frightened
tries to protect its beliefs
by throwing names at anything
that threatens them.

If you call this communistic,
you are simply declaring
your inability to look beyond slogans.

To see clearly
requires a mind free of labels.

Question:
People also say your teachings are vanishing.

Answer:

That may be a blessing.

Truth does not survive by popularity;
it survives by being seen directly
in the heart of a human being.

If these teachings vanish from books,
vanish from institutions,
vanish from organisations—

that may be good,
for then they cannot be corrupted
by followers,
by traditions,
by dogma.

Truth is not maintained
by crowds repeating words.
It is maintained
by a single mind
that sees clearly.

If truth needs followers to survive,
it is already dead.

Those who understand,
understand instantly.
Those who do not,
can memorise for a hundred years
and still be blind.

This teaching may vanish tomorrow,
but the seeing,
the insight,
the freedom from fear,
the ending of the self—
that is eternal,
because it belongs to no person
and no movement.

Sir, I am not interested
in preserving a teaching.
I am interested only in
the flowering of intelligence
in a human mind.

When that flowers,
no guru is needed,
no scripture is needed,
no tradition is needed.

Truth does not vanish.
Only words vanish.

And words were never the truth.

Poem

They say,
“These teachings are anti-religious.”
But what is “religion” to them?
A shrine of fear,
a fortress of belief,
a ritual inherited from the dead?

If you point to the sky
beyond the walls of their temples,
they call you an enemy of God.
If you show them truth
without the costume of tradition,
they accuse you of tearing down holiness.

But the real sacred
has no walls,
no scripture,
no owner.

How can one be anti-religious
when one is pointing
to the infinite?

They say,
“Your teachings sound communistic.”
As though truth could be painted
with the colours of politics.
As though the ending of sorrow
belonged to the left or right.
As though compassion
carried a party flag.

Only a frightened mind
protects itself with labels.
Only a conditioned mind
translates the timeless
into the language of slogans.

Truth is not red or blue.
It is not East or West.
It is the open sky—
boundless,
colourless,
eternal.

They say,
“These teachings will vanish.”
Let them vanish.
For truth does not survive
by clinging to paper and memory.
It survives
in the silent moment
when a human heart
sees itself clearly
without fear.

If every book burns tomorrow,
if every word is forgotten,

the essence remains—
for it was never in the words
to begin with.

A single moment
of pure seeing
outweighs centuries
of organised belief.

Truth needs no followers.
It does not ask for permanence.
It does not tremble
before the threat of extinction.

The rivers vanish.
The stars vanish.
The galaxies vanish.
But the ground of being—
the unconditioned,
the ever-present,
the silent—
remains untouched.

And these teachings,
if they are true,
will rise again
whenever a mind becomes still,
whenever a heart becomes free,
whenever a human being
looks at himself
without the distortion
of fear.

If that happens in one person—
just one—
nothing has vanished.

Truth returns
with every dawn
in the one who sees.

***

They snarl:
“These teachings are anti-religious!”
Of course they are—
if what you call religion
is fear dressed in ritual,
authority painted as holiness,
and slavery sold as salvation.

If exposing superstition is anti-religious,
then let the sky thunder with rebellion.

If tearing down illusion is rebellion,
then let rebellion roar.

Truth is not here to protect false gods.
Truth is here to burn them.

They howl:
“It sounds communistic!”
The frightened mind
needs labels like a drowning man needs air.
The infinite is too vast—
so they shrink it
into the dirty vocabulary of politics.

As if compassion
is left or right.
As if intelligence
belongs to an ideology.
As if freedom
votes.

When fear trembles,
it throws words:
“Communist, atheist, heretic.”
The cry of the ignorant
has always been the same.

Let them shout.
The Himalayas do not tremble
because dogs bark at their base.

And then the final, pathetic prophecy:
“These teachings will vanish.”
Let them vanish.
Let every book burn.
Let every institution collapse.
Let every follower disappear.

Truth does not need monuments.
Truth does not need crowds.
Truth does not need continuity.

If one human being
stands naked in awareness,
sees without distortion,
lives without fear—
truth is alive.

A single clear mind
outweighs a million chanting believers.

These teachings may vanish—
but the **essence**
cannot vanish,
because it is not mine,
not yours,
not anybody’s.

It is as old as space
and as fresh as the next breath.

And to those who feel threatened,
those who cling to their gods of stone and slogans,
those who want these words silenced:

Burn them.
Crush them.
Erase them.

You cannot kill the wind.
You cannot chain the sky.
You cannot bury the ocean.

And you cannot destroy truth
by attacking the one who speaks it.

Truth is volcanic.
It erupts forever.
It burns through fear.
It incinerates illusion.
It leaves only clarity—
raw, wild, and uncompromising.

Call it anti-religious.
Call it communistic.
Call it dangerous.
Call it vanishing.

Call it whatever your fear demands.

The volcano does not care
what name the trembling villagers give it.

It erupts
because eruption
is its nature.

And truth erupts
because truth
cannot do otherwise.

***

When Critics Attack

Critic 1:
Your talks are anti-religious!
You insult traditions, scriptures, and holy men.
Why should anyone listen to you?

Answer:
Because what you call religion
is not religion at all.
It is fear wrapped in ritual,
authority worshipped as God,
and centuries of conditioning
masquerading as truth.

If exposing illusion is "anti-religious,"
then truth itself is anti-religious.

Critic 2:
You sound like a communist!
Always talking against priests, against wealth,
against systems!
Why should we not call you a political radical?

Answer:
Sir, only a frightened mind
turns everything into politics.
I am not against wealth

or priests
or systems.

I am against **stupidity**.
And stupidity has no political party.

If compassion appears political to you,
that is your limitation—
not the truth.

Critic 3:
People say your teachings are disappearing!
Vanishing!
Nobody follows them anymore.
What do you say to that?

Answer:
Excellent.
The moment a teaching becomes popular
it begins to rot.

Truth does not need followers.
It needs a mind that sees.
If the words vanish
but the seeing remains
in one human being,
that is enough.

Critic 1:
You call gurus frauds.
You attack the very foundation
of faith and tradition.
Do you think the people will tolerate it?

Answer:
If people prefer illusion to truth,
that is their tragedy.
But I will not dress lies in silk
to avoid offending them.

The man who demands reverence
because he wears a robe
is not holy.
He is dangerous.

Critic 2 (angry):
You will make enemies everywhere.
Fundamentalists will not spare you.
They might kill you!
Does that not frighten you?

Answer:
Sir, the man who fears death
has never lived.

Better to be killed for truth
than to live in fear
for a lifetime.

You can kill the body,
but you cannot kill clarity.
And I would rather die clear
than live corrupted.

Critic 3:
You destroy hope!
You destroy belief!

You destroy the comfort people get from religion!
How can destruction be sacred?

Answer:
Because illusion must be destroyed
before truth can be born.

You call your chains “comfort”
and your cages “faith.”
Breaking them feels like destruction—
because you have mistaken imprisonment
for peace.

Critic 1:
But people need guidance!
They need teachers!
Are you saying all teachers are useless?

Answer:
A true teacher
does not create followers.
He creates freedom.

The moment you follow,
you stop seeing.
The moment you obey,
you stop understanding.
The moment you surrender your mind
to another,
you betray yourself.

Critic 2 (furious):
You speak as though you alone know the truth!

Answer:
On the contrary, sir.
I am telling you
that I know **nothing**
and neither do you—
until the mind is free
from fear, belief, and authority.

Truth is not *mine*.
It is not *yours*.
It belongs to no one.
It is only seen
when the self is utterly silent.

Critic 3 (desperate):
Still… your teaching will fade.
All teachings fade.
History will forget you.

Answer:
Let history forget.
What matters is **now**.
If one mind sees
the root of fear
at this very moment,
then a revolution has happened
that no history book can record.

Truth does not need legacy.
Truth is eternal renewal.

Critic 1 (quiet now):
So what do you want us to do?

Answer:
Nothing.
Do not follow me.
Do not follow anyone.
Do not become anything.
Do not imitate.
Do not worship.
Do not run away.

Look.
See yourself clearly.
Understand fear.
Understand desire.
Understand the movement of the self.
When all illusion ends,
you will know what real living is.

That is all.
And that is everything.

***

Some say Krishnamurti rejected belief
because his beloved brother died—
because the promises of "masters"
failed before the simple, undeniable fact of death.

Others say poor people
do not trust God
because they have nothing to lose,
because suffering leaves no room
for the luxury of heaven.

But all such explanations

are movements of the mind
seeking comfort in narrative—
not truth in observation.

Krishnamurti would have said:

“Do not explain me.
Do not explain suffering.
Do not explain belief.
Look at yourself.”

To attribute truth to tragedy
is to insult truth.
If sorrow alone awakened the mind,
every human being
would be a sage.

Sorrow shakes the mind,
but does not free it.
Hunger may strip belief,
but does not end illusion.
Loss may crack the heart,
but it does not reveal the eternal.

Truth flowers
only when the mind stops running.

Belief is the most ancient escape.
It is fear crystallised into doctrine,
hope wrapped in ritual,
loneliness shaped into gods,
guilt projected into punishment,
desire painted as paradise.

Belief is the mind
begging for security
in a universe that offers none.

And so, man argues—
endlessly.

“The masters promised,”
“The scriptures assure,”
“The prophet declared,”
“The avatar came,”
“The book is sacred,”
“Our form is divine.”

But all this
is the restless movement of thought—
seeking certainty
through words,
through images,
through authority.

Beliefs differ,
but the root is one:
fear.

Fear of death,
fear of loneliness,
fear of insignificance,
fear of the unknown.

Fear built temples.
Fear consecrated books.

Fear sculpted gods.
Fear shaped morality.
Fear created saviours.
Fear decorated heaven.
Fear invented hell.

Seeing this
is the beginning of freedom.

Not rejecting belief,
not rebelling against belief,
not replacing belief—
but seeing the whole movement
of the mind that clings.

Krishnamurti would say:

“Do not look at my life
to find reasons for truth.
Truth is not in biography.
Truth is in attention.”

When you look at belief
as you would look at the movement of a bird—
without judgement,
without escape—
belief ends naturally,
like a leaf that falls
when its season is over.

And what remains?

Not disbelief.

Not emptiness.
Not despair.
But a clarity
untouched by story,
untouched by tradition,
untouched by the past.

In that clarity,
the mind meets something
that no scripture can offer.
Something without name,
without form,
without beginning.

A sacredness
as immense as the cosmos,
as intimate as breath,
as quiet as the space
between two thoughts.

That sacredness
is the Ground your book speaks of—
the Ground that breathes through all.

It is found
not by the death of a brother,
not by poverty or suffering,
not by any shock of circumstance,
but by seeing the false
as the false.

And when the false falls away,
what remains

is truth—
the immeasurable,
the uncreated,
the ever-present.

The Ground.

The silence behind belief.
The life behind sorrow.
The sacred behind story.
The reality behind illusion.

This is the only revolution
the mind ever needs.

*****

Truth is Not for the Comfortable Alone

They say,
“JK’s teachings are only for those
who are well-fed,
comfortable,
retired,
free from responsibility.”

But this reveals
not the truth about the teaching—
only the limitation of the mind
that says it.

Answer:

Sir, do you mean to say
that freedom from fear
is only for the rich?
Do you mean to say
that clarity,
compassion,
love,
and intelligence
belong only to those
who have full stomachs?

That is an extraordinary statement—
and a deeply cruel one.

Poverty does not take away
the human capacity
to see clearly.

Responsibility does not erase
the possibility of understanding oneself.

If anything,
those who struggle,
those who toil,
those who face hardship every day—
they have a greater need
to be free of confusion,
fear,
and sorrow.

It is not wealth
that gives the mind clarity.
It is not leisure
that awakens intelligence.
It is **understanding**,
and understanding belongs to anyone
who looks at themselves honestly.

Question
But sir, people burdened with family and work
do not have time for self-knowing.

Answer:
You have time to worry,
time to be angry,
time to fear,
time to compare yourself with others.
But you do not have time
to understand the source
of all this misery?

Sir, the moment you say
you have no time for truth,

you have already surrendered
to chaos.

Time is not required
to see oneself.
Only attention is required.
You can see your anger
as it arises.
You can see your fear
in the moment it appears.
You can see greed,
violence,
ambition,
hurt—
in daily living,
in relationship,
in the office,
in the marketplace.

Life **itself**
is the classroom for understanding.

Not retirement.
Not comfort.
Not safety.

They say these teachings
are for the privileged.
That is false.

**These teachings are for every human being
who suffers.**

It is the poor
who suffer fear.

It is the householder
who suffers conflict.
It is the labourer
who faces daily insecurity.
It is the mother
who struggles with loneliness.
It is the father
who battles anxiety.

To say they do not need clarity
is an insult to their humanity.

Freedom from sorrow
is not a luxury—
it is a necessity.

Those who say
“Only the rich can understand this,”
have misunderstood everything.

Awareness is not a luxury.
Awareness is life itself.
The ending of conflict
is not a privilege.
It is the natural right
of every human mind.

And let me tell you something more,
sir:

If a teaching applies only to the privileged,
it is not truth at all.

Truth is universal.
It belongs to the hungry
as much as to the well-fed,

to the labourer
as much as to the scholar,
to the one with burdens
as much as to the one with leisure.

Because truth is simply
the seeing of “what is.”
And “what is”
belongs to every living human being.

***

They say,
“These teachings are only for the rich,
for the retired,
for people with full stomachs,
not for those with real burdens.”

Sir—
what an extraordinary demonstration
of blindness.

Do you mean to say
that suffering belongs only to the privileged?
Do you mean to say
that the poor do not feel fear,
that the overworked do not feel anxiety,
that the struggling do not feel loneliness?

What arrogance.
What cruelty.

It is exactly the man crushed by responsibility
who needs clarity—
not the one reclining in luxury.

It is the tired labourer
who lives with insecurity.
It is the parent
who lives with fear for their children.
It is the poor
who know sorrow more intimately
than anyone else.

And you dare to say
that freedom from sorrow
is only for the well-fed?

Sir, that statement alone
shows you have never looked at life.

Understand this completely:

You have time to worry,
time to become angry,
time to judge,
time to gossip,
time to compare yourself,
time to chase pleasure—
but you say you have no time
to understand yourself.

That is not lack of time.
That is lack of seriousness.

Truth demands attention,
not leisure.
Seeing demands honesty,
not retirement.
Awareness demands intensity,
not comfort.

The man who says
“I have no time for truth”
is simply running away—
hiding behind the excuse of responsibility
because he is terrified
to look inward.

You say these teachings are for the privileged?

Then why do the privileged
run away from them?
Why do the comfortable
avoid self-understanding?
Why do the rich hide behind entertainment,
behind drugs,
behind rituals,
behind illusions?

Because clarity burns—
and they do not want to burn.

It is the one who suffers
who is closest to truth.
It is the one who feels conflict
who may question deeply.
It is the one who is cornered by life
who may finally look at himself
without escape.

And when they say,
“These teachings are vanishing,”
or
“They apply only to the elite,”
what they really mean is:

“We are too afraid to face ourselves.”

So, they dismiss the teaching
instead of looking inward.

They smear it as elitist
because they cannot endure
the mirror it holds.

They say it is “for full stomachs”
because they do not want to acknowledge
that their own misery
can end only through self-understanding—
not through comfort,
not through prayer,
not through rituals,
not through belief.

Let us be absolutely ruthless:

If truth depends on privilege,
it is not truth.

If awareness is available only to the rich,
it is not awareness.

If ending fear is only for the comfortable,
it is not freedom.

Truth is not a luxury.
It is the **core necessity**
of every human being living in sorrow.

Truth is for the hungry.
Truth is for the burdened.
Truth is for the frightened.
Truth is for the lonely.

Truth is for the poor.
Truth is for you.

It is not the teaching that is limited.
It is your courage.

***

Critic 1:
Your teachings are for people with full stomachs.
Not for those with real suffering—
the poor, the struggling, the burdened.

Answer:
Sir, do you realise what you are saying?
That the poor do not feel fear?
That those struggling do not feel sorrow?
That only the well-fed have the right
to be free from confusion?

What an insult
to the dignity of a human being.

Critic 2 (aggressive):
A man with ten problems
cannot sit and contemplate himself.
Only the privileged can follow your teachings.

Answer:
On the contrary, sir.
The privileged are the least capable—
because they are drunk on comfort.
It is the man cornered by life
who may finally look at himself honestly.

The man drowning
questions the nature of water
far more urgently
than the man sipping tea on the shore.

Critic 3:
But people with responsibilities
don't have time for truth!

Answer:
They have time for worry,
time for anger,
time for jealousy,
time for gossip,
time for scrolling through meaningless entertainment,
time for fear—
but no time for understanding the roots of fear?

Sir, **this is not lack of time.**
It is lack of seriousness.

You are not busy—
you are escaping.

Critic 1:
You don't understand the pressure of life.
Your teaching is too high,
too abstract,
too refined for common people.

Answer:
Truth is not abstract,
you are abstract.

Your arguments are abstract.
Your excuses are abstract.

Fear is not abstract.
Sorrow is not abstract.
Violence, confusion, loneliness—
are not abstract.

Why do you call the ending of fear “high”?
Why do you call clarity “refined”?
Because you have accepted misery
as your natural state
and now defend it with sophistication.

Critic 2 (mocking):
So you think a man working twelve hours a day
should suddenly become enlightened?

Answer:
No, sir.
But he can see his anger directly.
He can see his fear as it arises.
He can see his ambition, his hurt, his violence—
in the midst of life,
not outside it.

Life is the school,
not the monastery.

It is in relationship,
in conflict,
in daily struggle,
that the self reveals itself.

You do not need ten spare hours.
You need ten seconds of clear seeing.

Critic 3 (frustrated):
Still, your teaching doesn't bring bread to the table.
How can it help the poor?

Answer:
Sir—
it is the confused mind
that creates a society
where the poor suffer.
It is the frightened mind
that clings to authority.
It is the greedy mind
that hoards.
It is the ambitious mind
that tramples others.
It is the violent mind
that exploits.

When the mind is confused,
it produces a cruel world.
When the mind is clear,
it produces a just one.

The teaching does not give bread.
It dissolves the stupidity
that created hunger in the first place.

Critic 1:
So you deny that your teaching is only for a privileged few?

Answer:
I deny the stupidity of the question.
Truth is not a luxury.
Freedom is not a privilege.

Awareness is not a hobby.
The ending of fear is not a pastime
for retired minds with full bellies.

Truth belongs to whoever
looks without distortion.

It is not the teaching that is limited—
it is your courage
that is limited.

It is not the teaching that requires a full stomach—
it is your excuses
that require one.

Critic 2 (quiet now):
Then who are your teachings for?

Answer:
For the one
who is willing to look.
Whether he is rich or poor,
burdened or free,
educated or uneducated—
it makes no difference.

Truth chooses the one
who is not afraid of seeing himself.

*****

Why the Mind Calls Truth Dry?

Krishnamurti's perception of the Ground
—the reality beyond thought,
beyond time,
beyond the "me"—
often appears dry,
austere,
severe.

Why?

Because it **totally negates the illusionary "me"**
with all its attachments,
its memories,
its pleasures,
its sentimentalities,
its hopes for continuity.

The "me" is nourished by sensation,
fed by desire,
comforted by images.
It seeks warmth
in possession and relationship,
in belief and worship,
in tradition and belonging.

When Krishnamurti points to the Ground—
to that immeasurable intelligence
that is beyond the movement of thought—
the mind that clings to pleasure
feels threatened.

To the mind that lives on illusions,
truth appears dry.

To the mind that feeds on excitement,
silence appears empty.
To the mind that worships continuity,
freedom appears like death.

So, the Ground seems dry
only because the "me" sees it
from its own fragmentation.

But the Ground is not dry.
It is the source
of all life,
all order,
all beauty,
all compassion.
It is the pulsing intelligence
behind a leaf unfolding,
behind the birth of a star,
behind love without motive.

What is "dry"
is the *me*—
a bundle of memories,
a movement of fear,
a centre that does not exist
except in thought.

The Ground negates this illusion
completely,
leaving nothing to cling to,
nothing to hope for,
nothing to become.

And it is this "nothingness"
that frightens the mind.

But when the illusion of the self ends,
what remains is not dryness—
but **a vast energy**,
a profound sacredness,
a compassion that flows
without direction
and without measure.

Krishnamurti's Ground appears dry
only to the mind
that refuses to die to itself.

To a mind that sees,
it is the **fullness of life**.

Poem

They say the Ground
Krishnamurti speaks of
is dry—
a bare desert
where nothing grows,
a silence too stark
for the human heart.

But it is the **"me"**
that feels this dryness.
For the "me"
feeds on attachment—
on memories polished with desire,
on pleasures repeated,
on the warm illusions
that cradle insecurity.

When truth says,
"Let the illusion end,"
the mind trembles.

It calls the ending
“dry,”
“cold,”
“empty,”
because it cannot imagine
life without its own shadow.

But the Ground
is not dry.
It is the source
of all that lives:

the unfolding leaf,
the curve of a wave,
the fire in a star,
the compassion that arises
when the self is absent.

What is dry
is the “me” itself—
a bundle of memories
calling itself alive,
a flicker of thought
pretending to be eternal.

The Ground negates this illusion
utterly—
and in that negation
lies freedom.

To the mind that clings,
freedom feels like loss.
To the mind that sees,
freedom is abundance.

When the “me” dissolves
like mist in morning sunlight,
what remains is not emptiness
but an immense fullness—

a silence vibrant with life,
an order deeper than thought,
a compassion without motive,
a sacredness without name.

The Ground is not dry.
Only the illusion is.

*****

The Folly of Killing Living Gods

What greater foolishness is there
than this strange cruelty of the human mind—
to worship the dead
and destroy the living?

Man bows before idols
he himself has carved,
but turns away from the radiant humanity
standing before him.
He lights lamps for stone gods
while extinguishing the flame
in the heart of a child.
He offers flowers to silent statues
while wounding the living beings
who breathe,
who feel,
who suffer.

Is this devotion?
Or is it a form of blindness
so deep,
so ancient,
that we no longer see
its insanity?

We wash the feet of carved deities
while denying water
to the thirsty living god
at our doorstep.
We decorate temples
with gold and precious stones
while the living gods—
the poor,
the ill,
the abandoned—

sleep on pavements
beneath the open sky.

We kill their dignity.
We kill their hope.
We kill their trust
in a world that refuses
to recognise the sacred in them.

And we do this
while chanting prayers,
performing rituals,
seeking blessings.

What a strange contradiction—
to hurt life
in the name of the divine.

Krishnamurti would say:
Where love is not,
God is not.

The living human being
is the true temple.
The heart that can feel,
the mind that can understand,
the hand that can help—
these are the sacred spaces
in which the divine dwells.

But the mind,
shaped by centuries of conditioning,
does not see this.
It finds comfort in stone
because stone never questions,
stone never asks for compassion,
stone never reveals the truth
of our own indifference.

The living god, however—
the hungry man,

the grieving widow,
the frightened child—
asks something real of us:
care,
responsibility,
humanity.

And so, we turn away,
seeking refuge in ritual
because ritual does not demand
the ending of the self.

In killing the dignity
of living beings,
we are killing the sacred itself.
For the sacred
is not in temples,
not in scriptures,
not in images—
it is in the tenderness
that responds instantly
to suffering.

When the heart is touched
by the sorrow of another,
the living god awakens within us.
And where that awakening is,
there is heaven,
there is truth,
there is the real
and immeasurable sacred.

To harm life
is to turn our back
on the only god
that has ever truly existed—
the god that breathes.

Poem

What greater folly
has man invented
than this—

to worship stone
and wound the living?

He folds his hands before an idol,
but not before the trembling life
standing at his own doorstep.
He offers flowers to the silent statue,
while the living god beside him
withers without food.

He lights a lamp in temples of marble
but leaves the flame in his own heart
untended,
unlit,
forgotten.

Man bows before what cannot feel,
and bruises what feels too deeply.
He seeks blessings from stone
and refuses compassion
to flesh and blood.

What madness is this—
to decorate dead gods
while killing the living ones?

The living god
walks barefoot on the streets,
sleeps under torn cloth,
aches with hunger,
bleeds in silence.
But we do not recognise him,
for he asks from us
what stone never asks—
love,
responsibility,
humanity.

A carved deity
does not question our cruelty,
does not expose our indifference,
does not reveal the emptiness
of our hearts.

But the living god—
the neighbour in need,
the orphaned child,
the broken elder—
stands as a mirror,
showing us what we truly are.

So, we turn away
and call it devotion.
We hide in ritual
because ritual never demands
the ending of selfishness.

Yet remember this:
Where compassion is not,
the sacred is not.
Where love does not move,
God does not dwell.

To harm another
is to desecrate
the only true temple—
the human heart.
To ignore suffering
is to walk away
from the divine breath
that lives in all.

But when you touch
another's sorrow
as your own,
when your heart responds
instantly,
without calculation—

then the living god awakens
in your very being.

And that awakening
is holier
than all the temples
man has ever built.

***

Across the vast dark wings of the cosmos,
where galaxies whirl in silent fire,
where stars are born from dust
and return to dust again,
a strange question echoes:

Why does man worship stone
and wound the living?

He kneels before cold marble
that has never known suffering,
never breathed,
never wept—
yet walks past the living god
whose eyes carry
the pain of the whole universe.

He offers gold to temples
that glitter under sunlight,
but denies a crumb of bread
to the god who sleeps
beneath the same sky
that shelters the stars.

He chants hymns to what does not hear
and silences the cries
of what hears too deeply.
He builds shrines as high as pride
but lets the living sacred
die in the shadows.

What cosmic irony—
to decorate lifeless gods
while killing the living ones.

For the sacred is not carved
in stone or metal.
It is carved in the breath of life
that pulses through every being—
the same breath
that lifts oceans,
moves planets,
and stirs the seed in darkness
to become a flower.

The living god
is the child with dust in her hair,
the old man trembling with hunger,
the woman whose tears
no ritual can redeem.

But man, blind with conditioning,
cannot see the divine
in the trembling of a human hand.
He sees God only in symbols—
not in life itself.

He fears the living sacred
because it demands
the end of selfishness,
the end of indifference,
the end of the “me.”

Stone demands nothing.
Stone never asks for love.
Stone never confronts you
with the truth of your own heart.

But the living god—
the human being in sorrow—
is a cosmic mirror
in which all your illusions die.

So, man hides in ritual,
seeking comfort in the dead
because the living
reveal too much.

Yet the universe whispers:
The sacred is where compassion flows.
Where compassion does not flow,
even temples turn to dust.

To harm a living being
is to wound the cosmos,
for the cosmos lives
in every breath,
every cell,
every tear.

When you touch another's pain
as your own—
without motive,
without fear,
without calculation—
the living god awakens
in the centre of your being.

In that awakening
the stars recognise you—
for the same luminous intelligence
that moves the galaxies
moves through the human heart
when it is free of the self.

And then you see clearly:

The only true temple
is the universe.
The only true idol
is life.
And the only true prayer
is compassion.

To protect the living
is to bow before
the real god.

***

Long before temples rose from stone,
before scriptures were carved upon leaf or clay,
before man learned to name the stars—
the sacred walked the earth
in the form of living beings.

Every child was a temple.
Every breath was a prayer.
Every human face
held the quiet glow
of the eternal.

But somewhere along the long journey of time,
man forgot.

He began to worship what his hands could shape
instead of what life itself had shaped.
He bowed to the unmoving
and bruised the living.
He adored the stone
and ignored the living God.

What deeper blindness
can the universe witness?

For the sacred does not sit upon a throne;
it walks in the marketplace,
it lies shivering under torn cloth,
it waits in hospital corridors
with eyes full of unanswered longing.

Yet man, lost in the echo of tradition,
kills the living gods—
not always with weapons,
but with indifference,

with pride,
with coldness of heart.

He builds temples to eternity
while refusing to see
that eternity breathes beside him.
He chants sacred names
while neglecting the sacred life
that cries softly at his doorstep.

Is this devotion?
Or is it the sorrowful madness
of a mind terrified
of facing itself?

The truly sacred
has no need for offering or sacrifice.
It asks only this:
Where is your heart?
Is it awake?

For the living god
is not found in idols,
nor in rituals,
nor in scriptures bound by time.
The living god
is found wherever love moves
without motive,
where compassion rises
without the shadow of the “me.”

This god is found
in the wounded,
the forgotten,
the fragile,
the overlooked—
the ones whose suffering
silently reveals
the deepest truth of existence.

To hurt them
is to wound the fabric of creation itself.
To ignore them
is to turn away
from the eternal.

For the timeless whispers:

“I am not in stone.
I am in the pulse of life.
I am in the tear that falls unbidden,
in the small hand that trembles for help,
in the fragile breath that asks for nothing
but kindness.”

When one sees this,
not as an idea,
not as a philosophy,
but with the clear flame of awareness—
the world changes.

Compassion becomes prayer.
Attention becomes worship.
Action becomes sacred.

And in that sacredness
there is no stone god,
no imagined heaven,
no ritual of merit—
there is only the eternal presence
of the living divine
in every being.

To protect the living
is to bow to the timeless.
To heal the hurting
is to honour the infinite.
To love without condition

is to stand at the very heart
of the sacred itself.

***

Man is an extraordinary creature—
not extraordinary in wisdom,
but in **insanity**.

He worships the invisible
and destroys the visible.
He kneels before an imagined god
and kills the living beings
who breathe, feel, love, and suffer
right beside him.

He bows to symbols—
stones, books, idols, beliefs—
while trampling over
the living "other,"
never realising that the other
is himself.

He has created a god
out of fear, longing, and tradition—
a god he cannot see, touch, or understand—
and to that god
he offers prayers, food, rituals, money, devotion.

Yet the real sacred—
the living human being,
the child,
the neighbour,
the bleeding man on the street—
he insults, ignores, exploits,
or kills.

He does not see
that what he kills
is not another person

but the very essence
he calls “God”.

For the sacred
is not in temples
or in scriptures
or in the sky.
It is in the very life
he destroys.

Look at this astonishing contradiction:

— He bows before stone,
but rejects the living heart.
— He chants the name of God,
but abuses his own family.
— He builds monuments for holiness,
but refuses kindness to a stranger.
— He offers gold to temples,
but cannot offer compassion
to the hungry child outside the gate.

This is man’s insanity—
to create the divine in imagination
and destroy the divine in actuality.

Krishnamurti would say:

When the mind worships its own projections,
it becomes blind to the sacredness of life.

The violence you inflict on another
is violence against yourself.
The hatred you pour on another
is hatred that poisons your own mind.
The life you destroy outside
is the life you kill within.

The human being has separated
the “holy” from the living,
the “sacred” from the everyday,

the “divine” from the neighbour—
and in that separation
lies corruption, brutality,
and utter madness.

A mind that sees
that all life is one movement,
one pulse,
one indivisible current—
that mind cannot kill,
cannot harm,
cannot exploit.

For such a mind
the sacred is not an idea
but a living presence
in every being that breathes.

To harm another
is to harm the very ground of existence.

To kill another
is to kill the divine
you claim to worship.

And when man sees this clearly—
not as belief
but as direct perception—
his madness ends.

In that ending
begins the only true religion there is:
the religion of compassion,
of seeing,
of non-harm,
of deep reverence for life
as one indivisible whole.

***

Man—
the self-proclaimed crown of creation—

is in fact the **most insane creature walking this earth**.

He kills the living
and worships the dead.
He slaughters the breathing
and bows to the imagined.
He murders the visible
and adores the invisible.

What greater madness is there?

He invents a God
out of fear, loneliness, tradition—
a God he cannot see,
cannot touch,
cannot verify.

To this imagined deity
he offers flowers, gold, temples, prayers.
He kneels.
He prostrates.
He begs.

Yet the real sacredness—
the living man beside him,
the crying child,
the starving neighbour,
the fellow human who suffers—
he ignores,
exploits,
or kills.

This is man's insanity:
He worships a dream
and kills reality.

Look at this astonishing cruelty:

He calls the stone holy
and the human expendable.
He protects temples
and destroys lives.
He glorifies gods
and massacres men
made of the same life,
the same breath,
the same consciousness.

He calls it devotion.
It is not devotion—
it is **psychological savagery**.

He chants mantras
while stabbing his neighbour in the back.
He fasts for God
while starving the poor.
He performs rituals
while beating his own children.
He bathes idols in milk
while millions die thirsty.

And he calls himself religious.

Sir, this is not religion—
this is **institutionalized madness**.

Man does not see
that what he kills
is not an enemy,
not an outsider,
not a sinner—

but **the very life**
he claims to worship.

He does not see
that harming another
is harming himself.
That killing another
is killing the divine in himself.
That violence toward another
is desecration of the only temple that matters—
the temple of life.

He worships gods in heaven
and burns gods on earth.

He builds temples of stone
and destroys temples of flesh.

He loves the idea of God
but hates the living expression of God
standing in front of him.

This is not ignorance.
This is **collective lunacy**.

A mind that truly sees
would fall silent before life—
not before stone.

It would offer compassion
before ritual.
It would protect the living
before defending belief.
It would understand that the sacred
is not “out there,”
not in the sky,

not in scriptures,
not in imagination.

The sacred is life itself.
The sacred is the other.
The sacred is you.

To kill
is to spit on the very ground of existence.
To harm
is to corrupt the essence of creation.
To destroy another
is to destroy yourself.

Until man sees this,
he will remain what he is now—
a **brutal, frightened, superstitious creature**
clinging to his own projections
and destroying the living truth
that flows through all beings.

When he sees clearly,
his madness ends.
And when madness ends,
love begins—
for the first time
in human history.

***

From the silence before the first star ignited,
from the womb of galaxies turning in measureless order,
from the ancient breath of the cosmos
that moves without violence,
without division,
without ambition—

there arises one strange, tragic creature:
Man.

Among billions of galaxies,
among infinite worlds,
man stands alone as the one being
who destroys the very life that sustains him
and calls it virtue.

He kills what breathes
and worships what cannot respond.
He silences the living
and prays to the imagined.
He murders the visible manifestation of life
and bows before invisible projections
born of fear and tradition.

Across cosmic time,
intelligence expresses itself
as order, harmony, interdependence.
But in this small corner of the universe,
on this pale blue dot,
man alone defies that order—
and calls his defiance
“religion,”
“devotion,”
“faith.”

The universe expands in silence,
and man shrinks into superstition.

Stars do not claim holiness.
Galaxies do not ask for worship.
Planets do not demand obedience.
But man—this fragile, frightened animal—

creates gods in his own psychological image
and kneels to them.

He bends before stone
while crushing the living consciousness
that carries within it
the very pulse of creation.

He adores what his mind has fabricated
and annihilates what the universe has produced.

In galaxies far beyond thought,
order flows effortlessly.
But here,
in the mind of man,
chaos reigns.

He kills the sacred in front of him
while chanting the name of the sacred
he has never seen.

He burns forests—
the breathing lungs of the planet.
He slaughters animals—
the innocent expressions of cosmic life.
He murders fellow humans—
other sparks of the same primordial flame.

And he dares to ask:
“Where is God?”

He is killing God
with every breath of violence.

For what is God,
if not the life that moves in all beings?
What is the sacred,

if not the unbroken flow of existence
from star to stone,
from breath to breath?

In destroying the other,
man destroys the cosmic order within himself.
In harming life,
he tears the fabric of the sacred.
In shedding blood,
he spills not just the life of another—
he spills the very intelligence
that gave rise to galaxies.

He is the only being
who wages war against the universe itself.

No star kills another star.
No river poisons another river.
No tree hates another tree.
No bird condemns its neighbour to hell.
Only man—
the self-appointed image of God—
commits such cosmic blasphemy.

And this blasphemy is not against a deity in heaven,
but against the living sacredness
embodied in each creature,
each leaf,
each human being.

If man ever wakes from this insanity,
it will not be through scriptures,
rituals,
or belief.
It will be through the shattering realisation that:

To harm another
is to violate the order of galaxies.
To kill another
is to kill the cosmic intelligence within oneself.
To destroy the living
is to destroy God.

When this is seen—
with the force of a supernova,
with the immensity of cosmic silence—
man's violence ends.

And in that ending,
a new relationship is born:

A relationship with the universe,
with life,
with consciousness—
not as separate,
not as superior,
but as one indivisible,
sacred
movement.

Only then
does man cease to be
the cosmic madman
and become
a participant in the vast,
mysterious,
immeasurable order
of existence.

*****

When Images Demand Blood

Let us look at this statement plainly — "Die for your religion, die for your nation, die in war — and you will enter heaven."

Ask yourself: who invented that promise? Who gains when the mind accepts it without looking? Is it truth, or a comfort that hides a deeper fear?

1. **Belief as a shelter for fear.**

The man who clings to the idea of heaven after death is usually frightened — of death, of nothingness, of the unknown. Belief becomes a refuge. Promises of glory beyond the grave ease the terror of dying; they turn death into reward. But a refuge is not seeing. It is avoidance dressed up as courage.

2. **The image that demands sacrifice.**

"Religion", "nation", "honour" — these are words made into images. Once the image is revered, the mind will sacrifice anything to prop it up. The image becomes more important than life itself. Men kill and call it holy; they are obeying an image in their own minds, not truth. When the image rules, human beings become instruments, not human.

3. **Authority and the manufacture of virtue.**

Those who speak of heaven and glory often sit safe while others die. Promises of sacred reward legitimate the most violent acts. The command, "Die for us" becomes a neat way

to cleanse responsibility. Virtue that depends on reward — real or imagined — is not virtue: it is calculation.

4. **Sacrifice as self-deception.**

To call death noble because it leads to heaven is to deny the sanctity of the living moment. True nobility would never require the annihilation of another life. When one kills for an image and thinks it noble, one is deceiving oneself — believing that murder is sanctified because it serves a symbol. That is not truth; it is cowardice disguised as heroism.

5. **Psychological roots — the "me" and immortality.**

The urge to die for a cause often masks the desire for immortality — for one's name, one's tribe, one's belief to continue. The self hopes to live in legend. But true intelligence sees that seeking immortality through violence only multiplies death; it does not end the fear that produced it.

6. **The illogic of killing to reach a loving beyond.**

If there is a sacred intelligence or compassion at the heart of things, would it be honoured by hatred, by killing, by the denial of another's life? The idea that love requires murder is a perversion. A sacred order cannot be built upon violence and called sacred.

7. **Action that springs from understanding, not from image.**

Courage that is genuine is not the willingness to die for an idea; it is the clarity to see the whole movement of anger, fear, and hatred and to act so as to end it. True bravery looks

at the impulse to kill and asks why it has arisen, seeing its root and dissolving it. That is action with intelligence.

What then is the way out?

Not more slogans, not more images, not more promises of afterlife. The way out is *seeing* — seeing how belief, fear, and the image of nation or God breed violence. When the mind is silent and the heart sees suffering directly, there is no appeal to glory beyond death. There is only the immediate, compassionate response to live rightly — to protect life, to understand, to transform the causes of conflict.

Poem

They promise heaven's gates
to the hand that kills.
They gild the sword with words,
and call the slaughter sacred.

But heaven built on corpses
is the image of a corpse.
Where love is, there is no altar of death.
Where seeing is, the knife falls from the hand.

Die for an image — and nothing is gained.
See the movement of fear — and everything is changed.

*****

On World Peace

We talk endlessly about world peace—
peace between nations,
peace between religions,
peace between races,
peace in society.
We organise conferences,
sign treaties,
build institutions,
create slogans.

And yet the world remains violent,
divided,
full of fear,
tearing itself apart through war,
greed,
ambition,
and nationalism.

Why?

Because **the world is what we are.**
The world is not separate from you and me.
It is the projection of our minds,
our fears,
our desires,
our divisions.

A divided mind creates a divided world.
A violent heart creates a violent society.
A frightened human being
creates a frightened civilisation.

We want peace out there
while nurturing conflict within.
We want harmony on the planet
while we ourselves live in comparison,
competition,
jealousy,
anger,
and ambition.

How can a mind filled with turmoil
create a peaceful world?

It cannot.

You cannot plant the seeds of poison
and expect flowers to bloom.

World peace is not created by governments,
nor by treaties,
nor by armies,
nor by institutions—
because these are all extensions
of the human mind.

Unless the mind itself is peaceful,
its creations will not be peaceful.

World peace begins
not with nations
but with the individual
who understands himself.

The ending of conflict within
is the beginning of peace without.

When the "me,"
with its fears,

its demands,
its hurts,
its ambitions,
comes to an end through understanding,
a new quality of mind comes into being—
a mind without division,
without violence,
without the ache of becoming.

Such a mind does not belong
to any nation or religion.
It is not Hindu, Muslim, Christian,
American, Russian, Chinese.

It is simply human.

And only such a mind
can bring about peace on earth.

World peace is not the result
of collective action.
It is the result
of individual transformation.

One clear mind
is a revolution.
One mind free of hatred
affects the whole of consciousness.
One person seeing truth
shifts the human field.

The crisis is not in the world.
The crisis is in our minds.

When the mind is free
of the self-created centre—
the “me” that separates,

compares,
fears,
and desires—
there is peace.

Not the peace of agreement or negotiation,
but the peace that comes
when there is no division at all.

That peace is not something to seek.
It arises naturally
when the self ends.

And in that ending
is the beginning
of a new world.

***

Peace invented by Thought is not Peace

The peace that society talks about,
the peace celebrated on platforms,
inscribed in awards,
honoured by medals and prizes—
is not peace at all.

It is a peace invented by thought,
shaped by political needs,
maintained by agreements and treaties
that can break overnight.
Such peace is fragile
because its foundation
is the *me* created by thought—
and the *me* can never be peaceful.

Thought, by its very nature,
is divisive.

It divides the world into *my country* and *yours*,
my belief and *yours*,
my people and *their people*.
From this division
springs conflict,
and from conflict
comes the endless search
for a manufactured peace.

But how can the maker of conflict
also be the maker of peace?

As long as thought sustains the centre—the *me*,
with its ambitions, fears, and demands—
there can be no peace.
You may sign treaties,
organize conferences,
give Nobel Prizes,
praise the "peacemakers"—
but the fire continues to burn
in the human heart.

Awards for peace
are like garlands placed on a volcano—
beautiful on the surface,
but incapable of stopping the eruption.
They are entertainment,
a polite gesture,
a distraction from the fact
that peace cannot coexist
with the self-centred mind.

Real peace is not created.
It is not negotiated.
It is not honoured.
It is not the result of diplomacy,
religion,
politics,
or ideology.

Peace is when the *me*
is not.

When thought sees its own limitation
and becomes quiet,
when the mind is free from the burden
of becoming, comparing, achieving, possessing—
in that silence
there is peace.

That peace is not yours or mine;
it is not Eastern or Western;
it cannot be awarded or celebrated.
It is like the stillness of a lake
untouched by wind—
a silence that has no opposite.

True peace is the ending of the self.
Only then does love operate,
and where love is,
there is no conflict.

Everything else
is just the noise
of a restless world.

Poem

The peace of society
is woven from thought—
stitched with treaties,
decorated with speeches,
crowned with medals
and noble prizes.
But this peace is a mask
over a burning world.

For thought itself
is the root of division,
the maker of “my people”

and “your people,”
“my belief”
and “your belief,”
“my truth”
against “yours.”

How can the hand that divides
also unite?
How can the mind that breeds conflict
also give peace?

As long as the *me* survives—
the me of ambition,
the me of fear,
the me of status and story—
peace is an illusion,
a dream fragile as dust
on a restless wind.

They give prizes for peace,
praise the peacemakers,
celebrate the negotiations—
but the volcano within
still smoulders.
Honours cannot quiet
the noise of the self.

Real peace is not made;
it is not negotiated,
not celebrated,
not bestowed.
It flowers in the quiet
when the self is absent.

When thought sees its own limit
and falls silent,
when the heart stands free
of becoming and comparison—
in that stillness
peace is.

It has no opposite,
no boundary,
no name to protect.
It is the peace
of a lake without ripples,
of a star that burns
without noise,
of a mind untouched
by the movement of “me.”

Where the self ends,
love begins.
And where love is,
peace is the natural fragrance
of that wholeness.

Everything else
is only ceremony—
the theatre
of a world afraid
to look within.

*****

Why Man Struggles While Nature Rests in Order?

The stars move without effort.
The bird flies without anxiety.
The tree grows without ambition.
All of nature lives in effortless order—
not because it is passive,
but because it has no psychological centre
separate from life.

Man alone struggles:
struggles to become,
to achieve,
to compare,
to hold,
to protect,
to continue.

Why?

Because man lives in the **field of thought**,
and thought has created
a centre which it calls **"me."**

This "me" is the cause of all struggle.
It is born from memory,
sustained by comparison,
strengthened by desire,
and protected by fear.

The **star** does not say,
"I must shine brighter than the other."
The **tree** does not dream,
"I must grow faster than the rest."

The **river** does not worry
whether it will reach the sea.

But man compares,
measures,
desires,
projects,
resents,
fears.

He carries yesterday,
trembles for tomorrow,
and misses the beauty of now.

This is why man struggles
while the rest of existence lives in harmony.

What is the root of this struggle?

In simple clarity:

- **The self**, the "me," created by thought.
- Thought dividing life into "what is" and "what should be."
- The constant desire to become something.
- The fear of losing what thought has accumulated.
- The endless comparison with others.
- The psychological demand for continuity.

No star demands continuity.
No flower holds onto yesterday's fragrance.
No bird begs for tomorrow's sky.

Only man lives in the burden of time
and calls that burden *living.*

What is the solution?

Krishnamurti's answer is not a method,
not a discipline,
not a belief.
He says:

End the struggle where it begins —

in the psychological movement of thought.

See thought as it is:
a useful instrument for daily life,
but destructive when it creates the centre,
the "me,"
the image-maker.

When you watch the movement of thought

without escape,
without resistance,
without judgment—
thought becomes quiet.

Not suppressed,
not controlled,
but quiet because it sees its own limitation.

In that quietness,
the "me" fades like mist dissolving at sunrise.

Then action is free,
relationship is free,
life is free
from conflict and strain.

Where the “me” ends,

struggle ends.

And then you live as the stars live,
as the tree grows,
as the river flows—
not as imitation,
but in the same timeless order
that is the very movement of creation.

Poem

The stars move in silence,
unhurried,
untouched by tomorrow.
The tree rises from the earth
without ambition,
without fear of falling.
The river flows to the sea
without asking how far,
how long,
how difficult.

All of nature lives
without struggle—
not because it is idle,
but because it has no “me”
to protect,
to compare,
to become.

Only man struggles.
He struggles to be better,
to rise higher,

to not fall behind.
He clings to yesterday's memories
and trembles for tomorrow's dreams.
Between the past and the future
he wears himself out
and calls that exhaustion
life.

The bird does not ask
if another bird flies more beautifully.
The flower does not envy
the colours of its neighbour.
The mountain does not long
to be taller than the sky.

But man compares—
and comparison is the wound
from which all struggle flows.
He divides himself from others,
from nature,
from the whole of life,
and then tries to bridge the gap
that thought itself has made.

The struggle does not belong to life—
it belongs to the "me"
created by thought.
Thought, which is useful for work,
becomes chaos
when it builds the self
and seeks continuity for it.

End the "me,"
and struggle ends.
Not through discipline,
not through belief,

not through effort—
but by seeing
the whole movement of thought
as it arises,
without resistance,
without escape.

In that seeing
there is quiet.
And in that quiet
the heart moves
as the stars move—
effortless,
innocent,
whole.

Then you live
not as a separate self
pushing against the world,
but as part of the vast order
that holds the flower,
the cloud,
the ocean,
and the endless sky.

The struggle belongs only to man.
But freedom
belongs to the mind
that sees.

*****

Bliss — Born of the Ending of the Self

Bliss is not pleasure.
Pleasure is born of sensation,
captured by thought,
and pursued endlessly as memory.
What thought pursues
always carries its own shadow—
fear, disappointment, desire,
and the ceaseless ache to repeat
what can never be repeated.

Bliss has nothing whatsoever to do
with the movement of pleasure.
It has no continuity,
no beginning,
no cause.

Bliss is the stillness
which comes when the "me,"
with all its demands and fears,
falls completely silent.

It is not an achievement,
not a state to be cultivated.
It arises only when the mind
has understood itself entirely—
its motives, its escapes,
its ambitions,
its comparisons,
its endless fabrications of identity.

When this whole structure
is seen without distortion,
without resistance,

without the observer separating himself
from what he sees—
in that very seeing,
thought becomes quiet.
Not disciplined,
not suppressed—
quiet because the truth of it
has been understood.

In that silence,
in that unpremeditated stillness,
something extraordinary takes place.

Awareness becomes whole.
Perception has no centre.
There is no experiencer gathering experience.
There is only seeing—
pure, untouched, innocent.

And in that seeing,
the Ground perceives itself.

The Ground—
the immensity of energy,
the supreme intelligence of existence,
the order that holds the stars and the leaf—
shines without the screen of the "me."

This shining,
this self-revealing of the Ground
through a mind emptied of itself,
is bliss.

Bliss is not a feeling.
Feelings rise and fall.
It is not ecstasy.
Ecstasy is a heightened form of sensation.
It is not joy.

Joy still belongs to the movement of emotion.

Bliss is the nature of the Ground
when the mind stands completely still.

It is the Ground
being aware of its own boundlessness
through the clarity of a silent mind.

In that moment
there is no division at all:
the observer is the observed,
the seen is the seer,
the Ground is its own mirror.

This is bliss—
the Ground awakening to itself
in the absence of the “me.”

It is as natural as dawn,
as effortless as breath.
It cannot be sought.
It cannot be kept.
It cannot be remembered.

It is the sacredness
that flowers only
when thought has come to its rightful end.

Poem

Bliss is not pleasure—
pleasure is a spark
caught by thought,
guarded, pursued, repeated,
and therefore shadowed
by fear.

Bliss is not joy—
joy trembles,
rises and falls
like sunlight on moving water.

Bliss is not ecstasy—
ecstasy is sensation
seeking height.

Bliss is none of these,
for bliss belongs
to no movement of thought.

Bliss is the stillness
when the “me”
has quietly vanished,
as a star disappears
when dawn arrives
without asking.

It is the silence
that comes uninvited
when the heart has finished
all its searching,
all its longing,
all its naming.

It is the moment
when perception stands clear
without a centre,
when seeing flows
without the seer,
when awareness moves
without effort.

In that unclaimed stillness
the Ground shines—

not as something separate,
not as something to be reached,
but as the very essence
of the seeing itself.

It is the Ground
perceiving its own vastness
through a mind
emptied of itself.

It is the Ground
touching its own immensity
through a silence
that thought cannot enter.

This is bliss—
the sacred whisper
of the immeasurable
revealing itself
in a mind
that has become a clear sky,
unclouded by desire,
unburdened by memory,
weightless in its innocence.

There is no owner
of this bliss,
no experiencer
to capture it,
no word
to hold it.

It flowers
only in the absence
of the self.

A breath,
a leaf stirring,

a star trembling in blackness—
and the Ground
sees itself,
is itself,
as bliss.

*****

The Universe Is Ancient; Your Gods Are Infants.

The universe is about 13.8 billion years old.
Life on Earth began around 3.5 to 4 billion years ago.
Human beings in their present form
have walked this planet for only two to three hundred thousand years.

Just pause,
and look at this immensity.

For billions of years,
stars have been born and extinguished,
galaxies have collided and merged,
black holes have spun in their soundless gravity,
the elements of life have been forged
in the cores of exploding suns,
and light has travelled
across distances the mind cannot even imagine.

In that vast ocean of cosmic time,
the appearance of a human being
is not even a moment—
it is a flicker,
a breath,
a grain of dust drifting through a sunbeam.

And yet,
in this tiny sliver of time,
the human mind—
restless, anxious, frightened—
has created gods
in its own image.

A god with a human face.

A god with human emotions.
A god who blesses and curses,
who rewards and punishes,
who behaves like a king,
a parent,
a judge.

How can such a god—
so recent, so local, so utterly human—
represent the vastness of the cosmos?

This is not irreverence.
It is simple, direct observation.

Your gods,
your rituals,
your mythologies,
your heavens and hells,
your sacred stories—
all arose within a few thousand years
in one corner of one small planet,
created by a brain
struggling with fear,
with hunger,
with the loneliness of existence,
with the terror of death,
with the longing for protection and permanence.

When this is pointed out,
man invents explanations.

The Muslim says,
“We do not make images of God.
We have only the sacred book.”
But that book too
was written by human hands,
shaped by human thought,
born of a culture,

a language,
a history.
It is still the product
of a frightened mind
seeking certainty in words.

The Hindu says,
“Yes, your logic is right,
but the human mind cannot meditate on the abstract;
so, we created forms—
faces to worship,
symbols to hold the wandering mind.”
But these faces
have divided the earth.
They fight one another,
each claiming its form
is the doorway to the sacred.

Others say,
“God’s son came to the world;
his face is divine,
and we worship that face.”
But that too
is still an image—
a human form lifted into the sky
by centuries of belief.

Different religions,
different symbols,
different narratives—
but all born of thought,
all shaped by fear,
all promising security
to a mind that feels insecure.

Thought, longing for comfort,
projects an authority beyond itself—
a protector,

a saviour,
a watcher.
But thought, however ancient,
remains limited.
Whatever thought constructs
carries the taste of its limitation.

The sacred
is not born of fear.
Reality
is not a projection
of a frightened mind.

When you look at the cosmic timeline—
not as a theory,
but as a direct perception—
you discover something extraordinary:

Your gods are very young.
Your fears are ancient.
And your beliefs are born out of those fears.

Fear created the protector.
Loneliness created the companion.
Insecurity created the authority.
Desire created the reward.
Guilt created the punishment.
And thought called all this “God.”

But what thought creates
is inevitably fragile.
It trembles with the mind that made it.

Stand under the night sky.
Look at the stars—
some of them may have died
millions of years ago,
yet their light touches you only now.

Look with that vastness in your mind.

Where are your gods in that immeasurable silence?
Where is your heaven,
your hell,
your ritual,
your scripture,
your promise of reward?
Where is the god with a face,
the god of one tribe,
one book,
one revelation?

They dissolve like mist
in the morning sun.

What remains
is a sacredness
that cannot be named,
cannot be carved in stone,
cannot be worshipped through fear,
cannot be bought,
cannot be contained in any book or image.

To see this clearly
is not to lose God—
it is to lose illusion.

And in the ending of illusion
there is a freedom
that has nothing to do with belief,
with reward,
with authority,
with tradition,
with the past that has shaped you.

In that freedom

there is a sacredness
as vast as the universe itself—
a sacredness untouched by thought,
untouched by fear,
untouched by the images
human beings have created.

It is in that sacredness—
not in temples,
not in scriptures,
not in the inventions of frightened minds—
that the mind discovers
the ground that breathes through all.

Poem

The universe is ancient—
thirteen point eight billion years
of silence, fire, and unfolding space.
Life on Earth is younger,
a delicate bloom
of three and a half billion years.
And the human being,
in this vast cosmic story,
is but a whisper—
two or three hundred thousand years,
a breath,
a flicker of dust
moving through sunlight.

Pause here.
Feel that immensity
pressing gently on the mind.

For billions of years,
stars have risen and died
like sparks from an unseen fire.
Galaxies have danced and collided,
black holes have spun
in their invisible gravity,
and the elements of your blood
were forged
in the heart of exploding suns.

And in this immeasurable expanse,
the human mind appears—
fragile, frightened,
seeking shelter
from the winds of existence.

It begins to create.

It creates gods
with human faces,
human tempers,
human love,
human punishments,
human rewards—
gods who behave like kings,
like parents,
like judges.

How can such gods—
so new, so local, so human—
represent the vastness
that birthed galaxies?

This is not irreverence.
It is the clarity of looking.

For your gods,
your rituals,
your mythologies,
your heavens and your hells—
all arose in the last few thousand years,
in a corner of a small planet,
from a mind
trembling with fear,
hungry for protection,
lonely in an infinite night.

When this is seen,
the mind begins to argue.

One says,
“We have no images of God—
our book is sacred.”
But the book
was written by human hands,
steeped in memory,
shaped by culture,
born of a mind
seeking certainty
in words.

Another says,
“We accept your logic,
but man cannot meditate on the abstract;
so, we gave God a face—
a form to hold the wandering mind.”

Yet these faces
divide the earth.
They clash,
they quarrel,
they spill blood
in the name of the sacred.

Another says,
“God’s son walked this earth;
his form is holy,
and we worship that face.”
But that too
is an image—
lifted, adorned,
woven into centuries
of longing and belief.

Different forms,
different books,
different stories—
but born from the same source:
fear.

Fear created the protector;
loneliness created the companion;
insecurity created the ruler;
desire created paradise;
guilt created hell.
And thought crowned them all
with the name “God.”

But whatever thought creates
is bound to the limits of thought.

Look at the night sky.
Gaze at the stars—
some of them died long ago,
yet their light only now
touches your eyes.

Where are your gods
in that ancient silence?
Where are your rites,
your scriptures,
your promises of reward?
Where is the god of one tribe,
one book,
one revelation?

They vanish—
like mist
before the rising sun.

What remains
is a sacredness
without form,
without name,
without fear—
a vast, unmeasured presence
that thought can never touch.

To see this
is not to lose God;
it is to lose illusion.

And in the ending of illusion

there is a freedom
that does not belong to time—
a freedom from belief,
from fear,
from the gods of thought,
from the past
that has shaped the mind.

In that freedom
there is a sacredness
as boundless as the cosmos,
as quiet as starlight,
as deep as the space
between galaxies.

It is in that sacredness—
not in temples,
not in scriptures,
not in the inventions
of frightened minds—
that the heart discovers
the ground
that breathes through all.

***

When the Universe Laughs at Man's Gods

The universe is 13.8 billion years old—
a span so immense that the mind trembles
trying to hold even a fragment of its darkness.

Life on Earth began 3.5 to 4 billion years ago,
a thin ripple in an ocean of time.

And the human being—
this fragile creature with ambition and fear—
has existed for only two or three hundred thousand years,
a wink in cosmic night.

Pause.
Feel how small this is.
Feel how insignificant.

For billions of years,
stars have exploded with the fury of a hundred million suns,
galaxies have torn each other apart,
black holes have swallowed light whole,
planets have formed,
dissolved,
reformed—
all without a single prayer,
a single scripture,
a single god.

And into this unimaginable immensity
arrives the human mind—
frightened, lonely,
clinging to its tiny life,
seeking protection in a universe
that owes it nothing.

So, it invents.

It creates gods
with human faces,
human vanities,
human tempers,
human forgiveness.
A god who rewards those who flatter him,
punishes those who disobey,
keeps accounts like a bureaucrat,
loves like a parent,

judges like a king.

A god as small
as the fear that created him.

How can such a god—
so new,
so local,
so desperately human—
stand even for a moment
before a universe
where stars die in silence
and galaxies devour each other like shadows?

This is not blasphemy.
This is cosmic fact.
This is observation without fear.

Your gods,
your rituals,
your heavens and hells—
all emerged within a few thousand years
on a speck of dust
floating in a minor corner
of an ordinary galaxy.

And yet man argues.

One says,
“We do not make images; our book is sacred.”
But the book was written
by human hands
shaking with longing and fear.
Ink is no more sacred than stone.

Another says,
“We cannot meditate on the abstract,
so, we gave God a face.”

But those faces have drawn
borders of blood across the earth.
They have not united humanity—
they have divided it more fiercely
than any war.

Another says,
“God’s son walked here;
we worship that form.”
But that too
is an image—
a human shape elevated
by centuries of desire.

Different religions,
different myths—
but the same root:
fear.

Fear carved the protector.
Loneliness sculpted the companion.
Insecurity invented the eternal judge.
Desire produced paradise.
Guilt manufactured hell.
And thought crowned all of this
with the word “God.”

But thought—
the architect of these heavens—
is itself brittle,
narrow,
shaped by time.
It cannot touch the timeless.

Stand under a night sky
and look.

Look until the mind falls silent

before the sheer scale of it all.
Light from stars that died
millions of years ago
is only now touching your eyes.

Where is your god
in this ferocious immensity?
Where is your scripture,
your doctrine,
your temple,
your promise of reward?

Where is the god of one tribe,
one book,
one revelation,
in a universe with two trillion galaxies?

They vanish.
They crumble like clay.
They evaporate like morning mist.

What remains
is a sacredness without body,
without form,
without fear—
a sacredness as vast as space itself,
as silent as a black hole,
as uncreated as the first light.

To see this
is not to lose God—
it is to lose illusion.

And in that shattering,
in that burning away of every lie,
there is a freedom
older than stars,
younger than thought,

beyond every religion ever made.

A freedom
untouched by scripture,
untouched by ritual,
untouched by belief.

It is in that fierce, boundless silence—
not in temples,
not in books,
not in faces carved by frightened minds—
that one discovers
the ground that breathes through all,
the sacredness that belongs
to the universe itself.

*****

When the universe Laughs at the ‘Me’

Man: “I feel lonely.”
Cosmos: “How fascinating. You live inside me, made of my atoms, breathing my air—yet you feel separate. That is quite an imagination.”

Man: “I want meaning.”
Cosmos: “I gave you stars, galaxies, oceans, birth and death.
You ignored all of it and looked for meaning in your neighbour’s opinion.”

Man: “I want to be important.”
Cosmos: “Important? My dear fellow, entire suns explode without announcing it to anyone.”

Man: “I’m afraid of being nothing.”
Cosmos: “But you are nothing—stardust temporarily dancing.
If you understood that, you would laugh, not fear.”

Man: “I must control my life.”
Cosmos: “Control? I move galaxies with less fuss than you require to handle one Monday morning.”

Man: “I have many problems.”
Cosmos: “Your biggest problem is thinking you’re separate enough to have problems.”

Man: “I’m searching for God.”
Cosmos: “He keeps asking where you are. You hide behind beliefs too much.”

Man: “Please give me a sign.”
Cosmos: “I’ve given you supernovas, thunderstorms, butterflies, birth, silence—
but you prefer motivational quotes.”

Man: “Why am I suffering?”
Cosmos: “Because you built a little cage called ‘me’ and insist on living inside it.”

Man: “I need peace.”
Cosmos: “Then stop dividing yourself from the whole. The moment you drop the ‘me,’ you and I are the same sky.”

Man: “Teach me awareness.”
Cosmos: “I teach you every second.
It is you who keeps closing the window.”

Man: “Why is my mind so noisy?”
Cosmos: “Because you keep arguing with yourself instead of listening to me.”

Man: “Will you guide me?”
Cosmos: “I am guiding you constantly.
You are too busy guiding yourself.”

Man: “What is my purpose?”
Cosmos: “Being fully alive this moment.
The rest is your ego’s homework.”

Man: “Life is hard.”
Cosmos: “You make it hard.
I only gave you breathing, seeing, being.
Everything else you added voluntarily.”

Man: “Why is there so much chaos?”
Cosmos: “Because thought is rearranging the furniture inside a house that has no walls.”

Man: “I want certainty.”
Cosmos: “Certainty? Even stars don’t get that luxury.”

Man: “I wish to transcend my limitations.”
Cosmos: “Begin by seeing that your biggest limitation is wanting to transcend.”

Man: “What is the final truth?”
Cosmos: “When you stop asking, you will hear it.”

Man: “Cosmos, do you love me?”
Cosmos: “I don’t even notice your existence until you stop making noise.”

Man: “I want to be special.”
Cosmos: “Special? You are one temporary arrangement of atoms that will be recycled without a receipt.”

Man: “I am suffering.”
Cosmos: “Naturally. You keep hugging your ego like a dying star hugging its own gravity.”

Man: “Please protect me.”
Cosmos: “I gave you intelligence.
If you choose fear over clarity, that’s your private tragedy.”

Man: “Why don’t you answer my prayers?”
Cosmos: “Because I don’t speak the language of your illusions.”

Man: “I am important.”
Cosmos: “To whom—your own thoughts?
Space doesn’t even bother to curve around your importance.”

Man: “My opinions matter.”
Cosmos: “Yes, to your dog and maybe to your mirror.”

Man: “I deserve respect.”
Cosmos: “Stars die quietly after ten billion years.
You can try that humility.”

Man: “I feel insecure.”
Cosmos: “Stop building cities inside your skull.”

Man: “I will find truth.”
Cosmos: “Not with your ego holding the torch.

It only lights its own shadow."

Man: "Teach me how to live."
Cosmos: "First stop rehearsing your funeral in your head."

Man: "Why am I so lonely?"
Cosmos: "Because you sit inside your self-made black hole and complain about darkness."

Man: "I want enlightenment."
Cosmos: "Your ego wants a promotion, that's all."

Man: "Why is my mind so confused?"
Cosmos: "Because you treat your thoughts like divine revelations instead of electrical signals."

Man: "I need a sign."
Cosmos: "I literally gave you the entire visible universe. You still want a text message?"

Man: "I must fix myself."
Cosmos: "You are the one who broke yourself by dividing what can never be divided."

Man: "I want peace."
Cosmos: "Then stop negotiating with your illusions."

Man: "Do you punish me?"
Cosmos: "No. Your own thought does that efficiently."

Man: “Why is life difficult?”
Cosmos: “Life is simple.
It is you who insist on being complicated.”

Man: “What is my destiny?”
Cosmos: “To stop pretending you are the centre of anything.”

Man: “Cosmos, why is my life erupting?”
Cosmos: “Because you keep throwing your illusions into the volcano and expecting flowers.”

Man: “I feel intense emotions.”
Cosmos: “Naturally. Your ego is a pressure cooker without a safety valve.”

Man: “Everything around me is collapsing!”
Cosmos: “Good. Now maybe you’ll stop gardening your problems and let them burn.”

Man: “I feel like I’m breaking apart.”
Cosmos: “That is the magma cracking the shell of your conditioned mind.
Let it break.”

Man: “I want a peaceful transformation.”
Cosmos: “Transformation is not a spa treatment.
It’s a volcanic blast.”

Man: “I want to keep my identity.”
Cosmos: “Then keep your suffering too.

They erupt from the same crater."

Man: "Why does truth feel so harsh?"
Cosmos: "Because you want it to stroke your ego, not incinerate it."

Man: "I'm afraid my beliefs will be destroyed."
Cosmos: "That's the point of a volcano — to melt the old landscape so new ground can form."

Man: "Give me a gentle awakening."
Cosmos: "Gentle awakening? My dear fellow, even stars wake up by exploding."

Man: "I want clarity!"
Cosmos: "Then stop pouring petrol on your thoughts and lighting matches."

Man: "Why is my ego so reactive?"
Cosmos: "It's a dormant volcano pretending to be a mountain."

Man: "I keep losing control!"
Cosmos: "You never had control. You were just rearranging furniture in a house that was already on fire."

Man: "Can't the universe give me a break?"
Cosmos: "I give you silence, stars, space, breath.
You set your mind on fire and blame me for the smoke."

Man: “I want enlightenment immediately!”
Cosmos: “Fine — jump into the volcano of truth.
But you can’t bring your ego as luggage.”

Man: “Why do my desires erupt so violently?”
Cosmos: “Because you keep feeding the lava of your cravings and calling it ‘love’.”

Man: “I want inner stability.”
Cosmos: “Then stop building your identity on a fault line.”

Man: “Will my life ever be calm?”
Cosmos: “When you stop digging new tunnels in your volcano and complaining about eruptions.”

Man: “I want to understand myself.”
Cosmos: “Then watch your thoughts melt.
You cannot understand a solid rock;
you can only understand a flowing lava.”

Man: “What is the fastest path to freedom?”
Cosmos: “One step: throw the ‘me’ into the crater.”

Man: “What remains after the eruption?”
Cosmos: “Silence. New ground.
And a life not built on ashes.”

Man: “Cosmos, I feel like everything is pulling me down.”
Cosmos: “That’s not me. That’s your ego collapsing into its own gravity.”

Man: “Why is my life so dark?”
Cosmos: “Because you keep orbiting the same thought until the light cannot escape.”

Man: “I am stuck in my habits.”
Cosmos: “You made them into a black hole.
Now stop feeding them.”

Man: “Help! I’m falling into despair!”
Cosmos: “The event horizon of your illusions has no handrails, my friend.”

Man: “Why is it so hard to change?”
Cosmos: “Trying to change the ego is like trying to reshape a black hole.
It only gets denser.”

Man: “I think too much.”
Cosmos: “Yes, your mind curves space around nonsense.”

Man: “Why do I repeat the same mistakes?”
Cosmos: “Because your thoughts orbit the same centre—
a centre that doesn’t actually exist.”

Man: “Where does all my energy go?”
Cosmos: “Into fuelling your self-image.
It’s the hungriest black hole in your universe.”

Man: “I want to escape my problems!”
Cosmos: “Nothing escapes a black hole,

especially the one you've built inside your skull."

Man: "My mind feels so heavy."
Cosmos: "That's the gravitational collapse of your insecurities."

Man: "Why can't I stop overthinking?"
Cosmos: "Because you think the thinker is different from the thoughts.
That illusion traps you like light at the event horizon."

Man: "Do my beliefs matter?"
Cosmos: "Only to the black hole sucking everything into itself."

Man: "Why do relationships feel complicated?"
Cosmos: "Because two black holes cannot form a healthy orbit."

Man: "I want clarity."
Cosmos: "Step away from the gravity of your conclusions. They bend your perception."

Man: "Why do I feel so separate?"
Cosmos: "A black hole is literally isolation given form. Your ego functions the same way."

Man: "Can you pull me out of my suffering?"
Cosmos: "I can't. Not even light escapes the event horizon of your self-pity."

Man: “Is there any hope?”
Cosmos: “Of course.
Don’t jump into your thoughts—they are singularities of confusion.”

Man: “What is the fastest way to freedom?”
Cosmos: “Stop orbiting your self-image.
Break free of its gravity.”

Man: “What remains when the ego collapses?”
Cosmos: “The same thing that remains when a black hole evaporates:
pure, immense, unburdened space.”

Man: “So what should I do now?”
Cosmos: “Do nothing.
Just stop feeding the black hole you call ‘me.’
It will evaporate by itself.”

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THE GROUND THAT BREATHES THROUGH ALL

Beneath thought, emotion, and struggle lies a quiet, untouched Ground — the living essence of existence itself. It Is pure awareness, silent intelligence, and compassion moving as one.

This book invites you to discover that Ground directly — not through belief or practice, but through the simple act of observing the mind as it is.

When thought realises its limits and becomes quiet, a different order appears. Compassion is not cultivated, it blooms naturally.

The image of the surgeon on the cover reflects this: that the sacred lives in attentive action, in responsibility, tenderness, and total presence.

Dr Venkata Rao Potluru